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Saratoga Horse Farm

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Fashion designer Adrienne Vittadini's Long Island guest room. Page 94.



Actress Kelly Miller and her daughter play near their beach house in the Hamptons. Page 64.

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VER *Twine iture fills the 'Azur salon of aris antiques rs. Page 80. otograph by çois Halard.*



Mediterranean-style house, above, by Robert A. M. Stern. Page 112. Left: A Soviet porcelain plate incorporates the word pravda (truth). Page 102.





are unable to avoid a frontal impact, the 325i is also designed to launch an entire sequence of events to help minimize injuries.

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JULY



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Cosmic Clock table by François de Watteville. Page 30.

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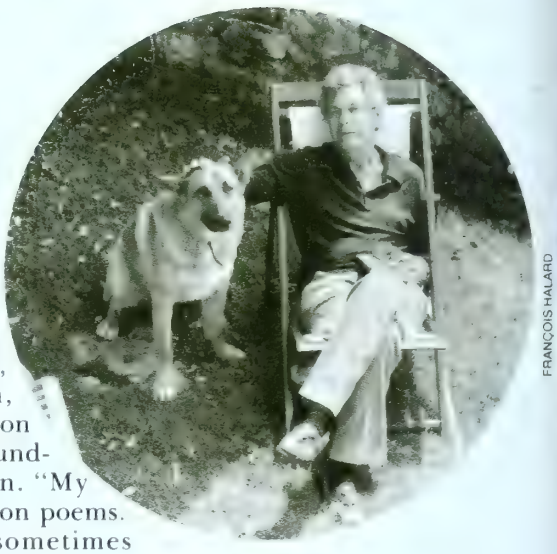
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Contributors Notes



WILDER FULFORD

Dana Cowin has been preparing f her position as managing edit since early childhood. She fondly calls counting pennies, piling th by date, and stashing them in an a tique cigarette box. For HG, Cow not only counts pennies but also involved in every stage of the pr duction of the magazine—fro coming up with ideas and assigni stories to signing off on final proof



FRANCOIS HALARD

Teddy Millington-Drake (seen here with his Alsatian, Sandy) writes about his renovation of a dilapidated eighteenth-century Tuscan farmhouse. A native of England whose paintings have been exhibited in New York, London, Paris, and Milan, Millington-Drake draws upon more than his idyllic surroundings for artistic inspiration. "My paintings are based mostly on poems. They spur me on, and I sometimes include a relevant line or verse."



SCOTT FRANCES

Scott Frances is photographer on roll—he recentl joined the Esto ager cy ("It is to archite tural photograph what Magnum is t photojournalism") completed his firs book, *Contemporar Australian Architec ture*, due this fal from Craftsma House; and had son, Samuel (see with Dad). For H he captures the Man hattan studio of artis Roy Lichtenstein.


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Mildred F. Schmertz, a forme editor in chief of *Architectural Re ord,* is a member of the New Yor City Landmarks Preservatio Commission and a fellow of th American Institute of Architect For this issue Schmertz explore a New Jersey summer house b Robert A. M. Stern. "Stern show nerve in the way he persists in go ing against modernist ideology. she says. "He has a great respec for the traditions he works i without being overly academic."



Peggy Knickerbocker sings the praises of ripe tomatoes in the "Food" column. Formerly a caterer and restaurateur, Knickerbocker ended her culinary career because "it was an eight in the morning to eleven at night job. I'm more comfortable writing about food because I can be creative without having to stir the pot for a hundred people."

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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold









Three larger-than-life topiary rabbits play host at the Longwood Children's Garden, where the young—and the young at heart—can hop through a magic hoop that leads to a vine-covered maze and stroke lamb's ears' furry leaves. "We wanted the garden to be a playful hands-on experience for the children, where they can be in charge," says former Longwood student Catherine Eberbach, who codesigned this indoor botanical wonderland with Mary Allinson. Open 365 days a year, in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. For information (215) 388-6741.


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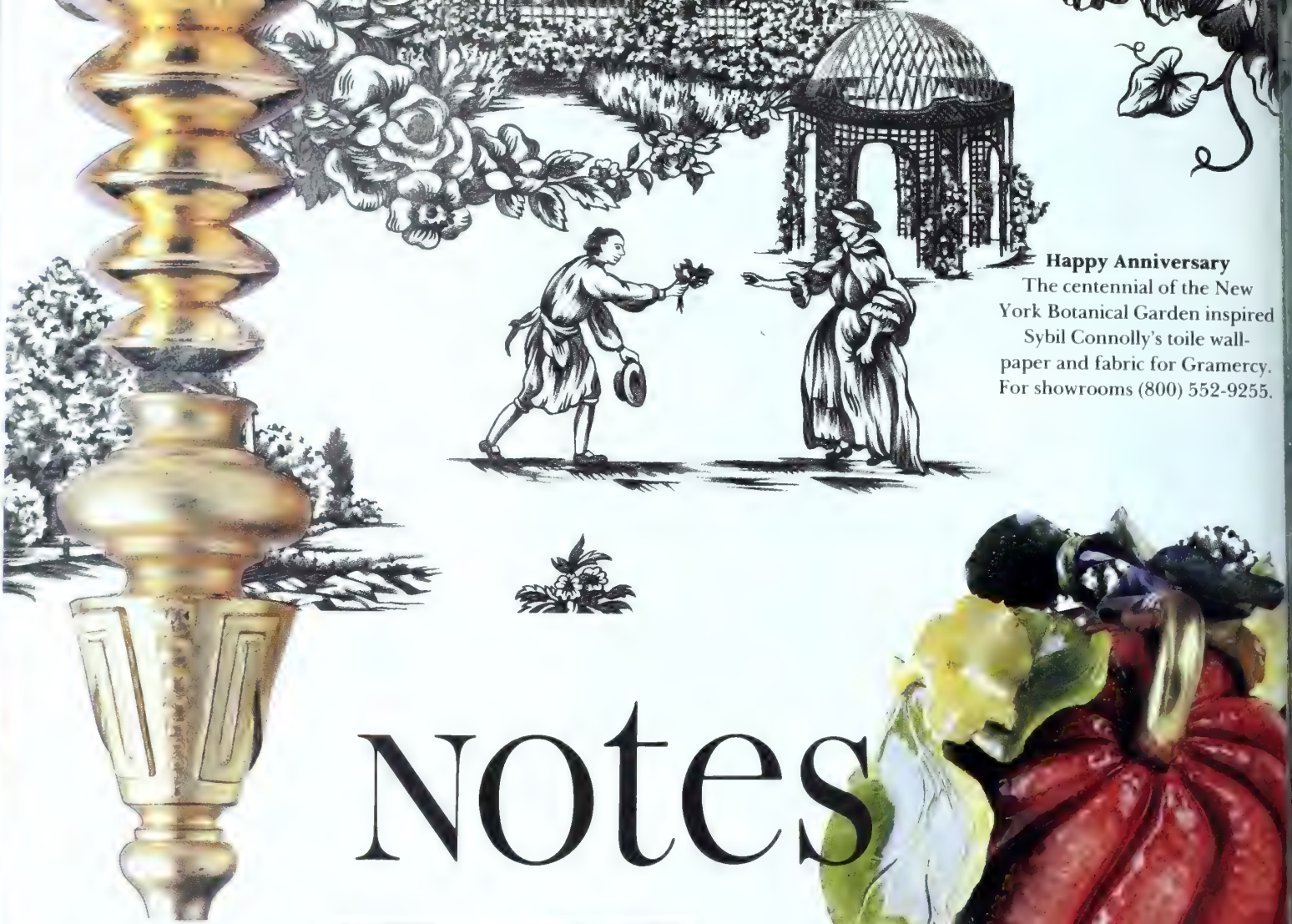
From the first design sketch, through years of development, to the final turn of the last screw on the production line—the driving idea behind every Mercedes is to keep rewarding its owner, long after the new-car glow is gone.

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notes





In Good Standing Joseph Biunno designs and carves legs (*left*), including more than forty possibilities for an ottoman (*above*). Call (212) 629-5630.

Fancy Fruit
Katherine Houston's *Flemish Melon* (*above*), in porcelain, is available at Jonal, NYC. For other stores (508) 475-8904.



À la Grecque
Jewelry designer Ilias Lalaounis turns his hand to sterling-silver table accessories (*left*), available at his store at 4 West 57th Street, NYC.



Child's Play
Lartigue's *Zisse in His Tire-Boa* (*left*) sets the to for a photograp show for childr through July 3 James Danzige Gallery, 415 W Broadway, NY


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Tea Time in Dallas Vivian Young and Caroline Rose Hunt (*left*) preside over Victorian silver-plate tea sets, glass epergnes, and other treasures at Lady Primrose's, (214) 871-8333.



Presidential Timber George Washington desk (*above*) is handmade in England for Trosby, Atlanta. For dealers (800) 243-5141.

Notes



Cubist Space The Vitra Design Museum in Weil am Rhein, Germany, salutes such Czech cubist works as a 1913 apartment house (*above*), July 12–Sept. 22.



Hide and Seek Umbrellas or walking sticks stay within reach in a wooden topiary stand (*left*), $160, at William-Wayne & Co., 324 East 9th St., NYC.

Finish Line Trompe l'oeil by Laurie Sagalyn and Cheryl Henry animates a tole cachepot (*below*). For stores (212) 289-3094.

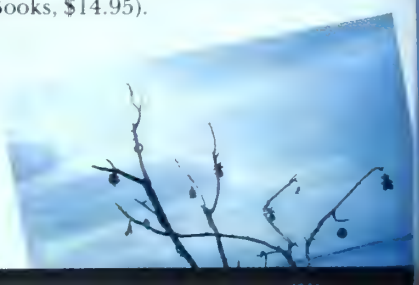








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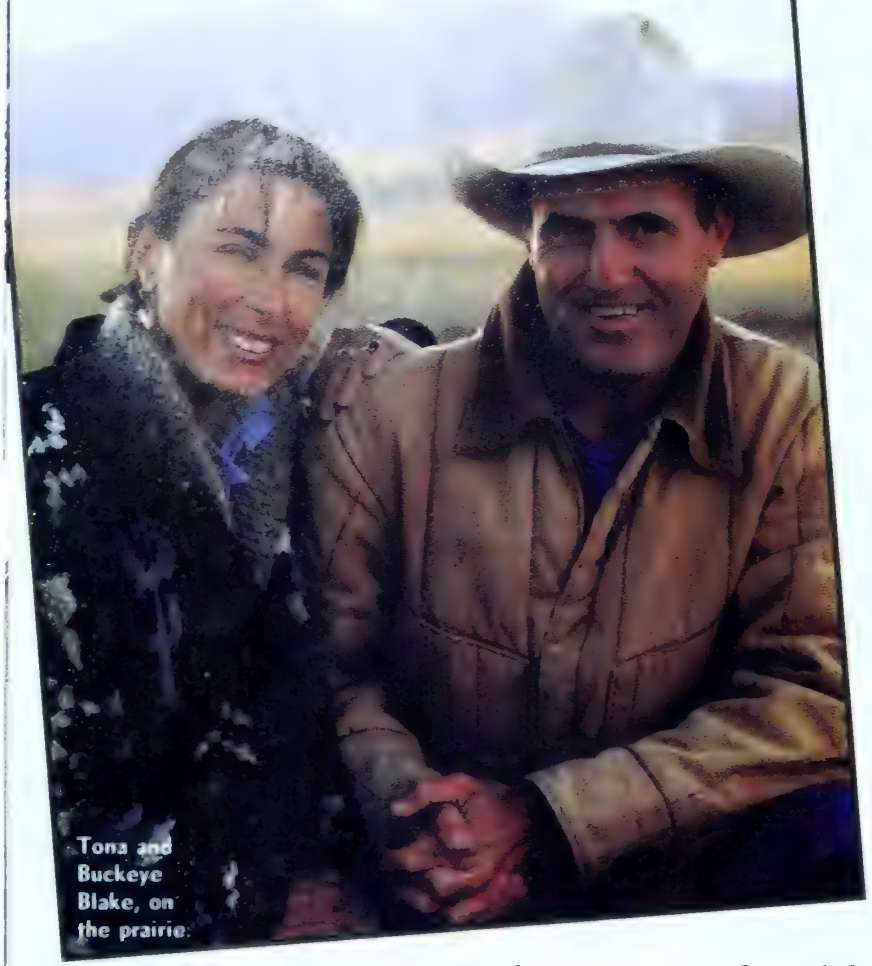
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The Compleat Cowbo

Buckeye and Tona Blake gallop into the wide open spaces of western desig

BY PILAR VILADAS



Tona and Buckeye Blake, on the prairie.

Americans are in the throes of a love affair wit things western—a phenomenon that coul please Buckeye and Tona Blake more. Buck a bred-in-the-saddle painter and sculptor whose sub matter is the American West, and Tona, a docto daughter from Pennsylvania who lit out for the w open spaces when she was a teenager, have built a life their fascination with the West.

The couple and their twelve-year-old son, Teal, liv the tiny town of Augusta, Montana, near the Continen Divide, "where the prairie meets the Rockies," as T says. The Victorian house they share with Boogie Labrador retriever and Ringo the parrot was a wr when they moved in a dozen years ago. But Tona, a man whirlwind, transformed the place, armed with m order fabrics and a stash of treasures culled from all o the country, including a spice cabinet that she bou when she was eleven years old. Tona says she owes penchant for acquisition to her late mother, who t her antiquing "as soon as I could sit in a car seat."

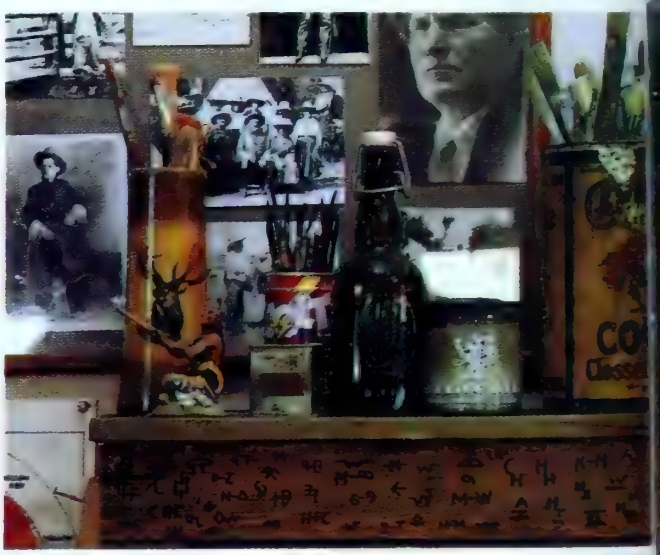
Buckeye Blake's studio—an 1880s barn on forty ac of prairie just down the road from the house—is full evidence that he joins in his wife's enthusiasm for f markets and thrift shops. Blankets, sa dles, old photographs, assorted memo bilia, and artworks by Blake and vario friends produce a suitably nostalgic au "I like to surround myself with old-tim stuff—it creates an atmosphere that hel me with my art," explains Buckeye, whose lanky a American good looks and laconic manner invite compa isons with actor-playwright Sam Shepard.

His work, which will be the subject of a retrospecti tentatively scheduled for 1993 at the Buffalo Bill Histo

> Being around "old-time stuff," says Buckeye Blake, "helps me with my art"







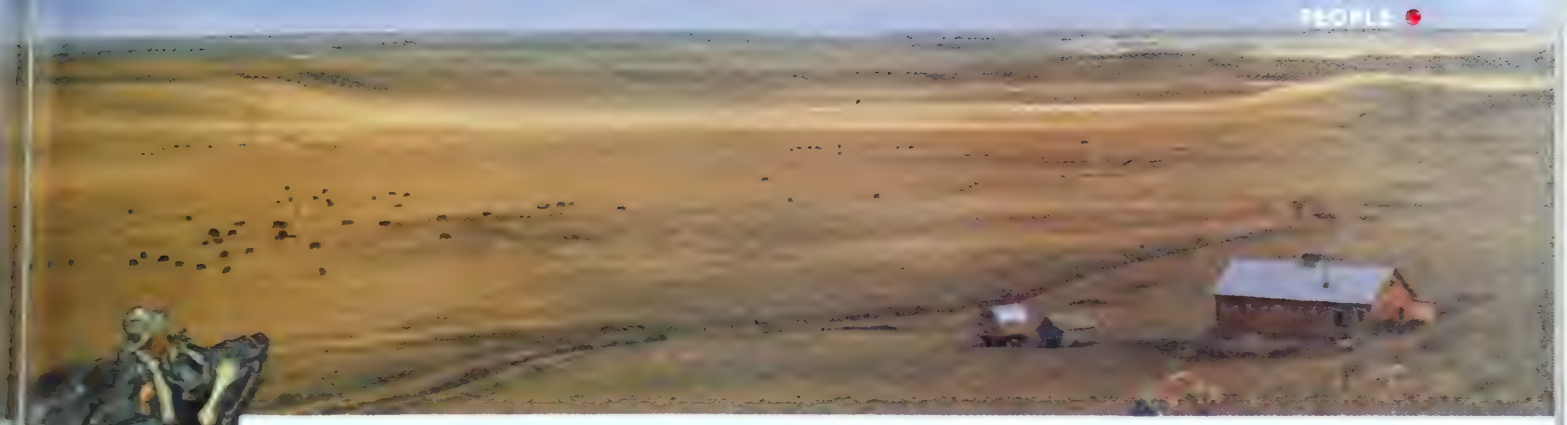
Buckeye, above left, welcomes flea market finds in his studio, above right. Center: From Buckeye's sketchbook.



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e studio sits on
fty acres of prairie,
ll. A Buckeye
ke sculpture,
bve, and his Cow
mp china, right.
al Blake, below,
Lindsay and,
ttom, his father
the studio. Details
e Resources.



Going from canvas and bronze to plates and scarves doesn't faze Buckeye: "It's what I've always done"



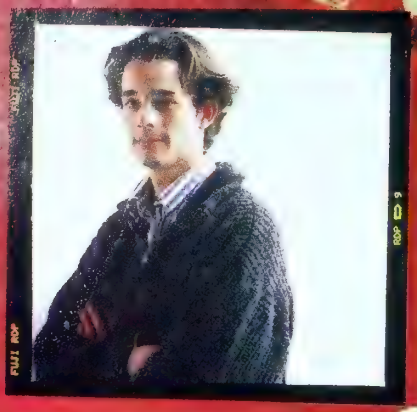
cal Center in Cody, Wyoming, ranges from a Kit Carson statue in Buckeye's hometown of Carson City, Nevada, to tabletop-size bronzes and a series of paintings for New York financier Dan Lufkin. Buckeye says he finds the newfound popularity of western artifacts a boon to creativity: "It's what I've always done, but now it's a lot lighter—sort of a Hollywood approach. It's an opportunity for me to do more whimsical things."

Those whimsical things include designs for posters and greeting cards, scarves with cowboy motifs (sold through the Wyoming-based Cattle Kate company), and Cow Camp china. The china is manufactured by Nostalgia Station, a Freeland, Maryland, company owned by Kathleen Kindig, in partnership with Dudettes, the company that Tona started with her friend and fellow Montanan Laurie McGuane, wife of novelist Thomas McGuane. Dudettes also markets Buckeye's canvas Cowboy Bags, painted with Wild West images, and will soon produce fabric napkins and place mats.

When she isn't handling her husband's business affairs, Tona is at work developing a movie based on the life of a once-great cowgirl: Fannie Sperry Steele, the first winner of the women's world bronc riding championship and a star of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. When Tona met her in 1979, Steele was ninety-one years old and living in a convalescent home in Helena with "three trunk loads of her life under her bed," Tona recalls. Smitten with Steele (who died in 1983), Tona hopes to get her story on the big screen.

But, as Tona admits, "selling art and movies can be very frustrating," so when the going gets tough, the Blakes saddle up. The family has raised horses for years; Buckeye's grandfather, Samuel Coke Blake, was one of the country's founding breeders of American quarter horses. More recently, they have taken up the very western sport of cutting. Originally a roundup procedure in which a rancher's best horses would be used to force, or cut, cattle from herds, cutting became a sport in the 1930s. All three Blakes are tough competitors.

"The horses take us away from everything," Tona says. But if the Blakes' one-family western industry keeps growing, they're going to have to pencil riding time into their Filofaxes, just like city slickers. ♠



The Analysis of Dreams

Drawing upon fantasy, a young furniture maker puts surrealism to good use

BY ALEXANDRA DE ROCHEFORT









François de Watteville, inset top, with recent pieces, clockwise from above, the Landing on Mars desk; a detail of its topographic surface; a zoomorphic leg from Orbital Flight; Ice Age; the Daliesque Cosmic Clock table. Details see Resources.

François de Watteville gre in an eighteenth-cen French manoir full of L XV antiques. Now that he is des ing furniture of his own, it is fi rooted in the present, its style fa somewhere between the baro and science fiction. "My pieces very formal at first glance," he "but the second look exposes a s of humor. They are rather decad with sensuous lines and curves with a hint of the absurd inspire surrealism."

This allusion to surrealism is m than incidental: Watteville says e of his creations begins with a dre "I see them very clearly," he a "although sometimes there's a difference between what I see what I can do." Watteville says aims to create provocative furnit whose shape and scale both intri and bewilder the viewer.

A fascination with space and sky is reflected in his current wo including Landing on Mars, a la desk with a raised gold-leafed s face that hovers over the writ area, suggesting the rim of a cra and Orbital Flight, a small table w paws and two antennae.

Since coming to New York fo years ago, Watteville has earned grees in architecture and indust al design. He credits the city w enabling him to follow his creat impulses, free from the rules of t ditional furniture making.

"My ambition is to be as absurd, logical, and unmindful of expe tations as I can be," he explai "When a piece is finished, i as much a surprise for me for the viewer." Each su mer Watteville returns Alsace and his family's vin yards, leaving his woo working tools behind. dream during the summ months, but I don't create thing," he says. "When I r turned to New York last Se tember, I let my imaginatio run wild with the dream These pieces, for better worse, are the results." ♠

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Penne with tomatoes, mozzarella, and arugula. Dinnerware from Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

Eating Red

Tomatoes serve up a spectrum of culinary possibilities

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

Red was the color of choice in our family. Our dining room was lacquered in Chinese red, my mother's lipstick was Certainly Red, and we all wore red sweaters. We even called my mother Big Red behind her back because she tended to get a little flushed when she got tipsy.

I don't remember many meals unpunctuated by red either. For lunch on Saturdays, my mother served Friday's leftover poached fish accompanied by a wobbly oval of tomato aspic surrounded by parsley. My father whipped up his homemade mayonnaise every Saturday morning, beating the oil with one hand and holding *The New Yorker* with the other. The mayonnaise tasted rich and dense with the aspic and cold fish. My parents began their lunch with Bloody Marys, always sprinkled with Beau Monde seasoning salt. During the week, we had broiled tomatoes with lamb or pork chops, and on Thursdays we ate meat loaf, red with a catsup, wine, and bacon sauce. When we went to Edsel Ford Fong's for our monthly Chinatown outing, the only thing we ever dared to order was tomato beef chow mein. For cocktail parties my mother made tiny tomatoes stuffed with taramosalata. I remember with embarrassment a bag of fully ripened tomatoes that begged to be thrown at passing cars from the balcony of my parents' bedroom. I also seem to recall a red rear end when I was found out.

Memories of all that red came back to me recently when three of my favorite cooks served variations of the same pasta in different parts of the country. It wasn't some esoteric truffle tortellini alla panna with caviar that grabbed my attention during my travels but that fine old standby, pasta with chopped fresh tomatoes, good Italian olive oil, garlic, ribbons of arugula or basil, fresh mozzarella, and a little Parmesan.

Something juicy has been happening to tomatoes lately, and I just discovered what it is. Our generation tends to be more sophisticated about food than our parents were. We won't tolerate inferior produce, and mealy tomatoes just won't do. Too many varieties are bred to be insect- and disease-resistant. They are also being handled more carefully all the way down the line, from grower to shipper to retailer, ensuring a higher quality product and better taste.

> I don't remember many meals unpunctuated by red

It is common knowledge that once a tomato is refrigerated, the ripening process stops. When a tomato is subjected to cold, its cells burst and it becomes mushy (or "woolly" as an English friend of mine so aptly put it). If a tomato is not ripe when it is bought, it should be ripened in a paper bag at room temperature for a day or two. (If tomatoes are put in a bag along with an apple or a banana they will ripen even more quickly.)

The Spanish imported tomatoes to Europe from Peru in the sixteenth century. In the 1700s, tomatoes made their way to Italy, France, and England as ornamental plants; as part of the deadly nightshade family, they were thought to cause insanity. By the end of the cen-



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B L E N D I N G O F A R T A N D M A C H I N E



On Saturdays, my mother served Friday's leftover poached fish with a wobbly oval of tomato aspic



Zesty tomato sangrita, above, in a Laure Japy glass. Below: Tomato salad is enhanced by a colorful Limoges pattern. Glass and plates from Bergdorf Goodman. Details see Resources.

tury their culinary properties were finally recognized, and they became established in Spain and northern Italy as well as France, where they were called love apples. Shortly afterward, Thomas Jefferson grew some of this country's first tomatoes. Today there are some 175 varieties.

Actually a fruit, the tomato is extremely easy to grow in your own backyard and is adaptable to many cuisines. Once one is spoiled by homegrown tomatoes of the late summer, it's difficult to go back to the durable, uniform, seasonless yield of commercial origin. A friend and artist, William Passarelli fondly recalls his family's long-standing tradition of growing their own tomatoes in Port Chester, New York. I talked to his father, also named William, who told me it all started when his grandfather brought dried tomato seeds over from Italy when he emigrated to this country. The first crop was so sparse it was eaten exclusively as salad, cut into small wedges and served at room temperature with an extra-virgin olive oil, salt, pepper, a pinch of oregano, and a sprinkling of basil—never any vinegar. On Sundays, sliced onion or buffalo mozzarella was added. William Senior also recalls using hunks of Italian bread to sop up the oil that glistened with the gel of the encased seeds. When the crop became well established in the summers that followed, Grandmother Passarelli made a paste with the excess tomatoes at season's end. She reduced a big pot of tomatoes by simmering them in a little water for a couple of hours. After removing the skins, she spread the result on top of a four-by-four-foot board and let it dry in the sun for three days, draping cheesecloth over the board to [illegible] insects and birds away. Next [illegible] scraped the paste into mason jars [illegible] used it during the winter to thi[illegible] soups or to make sauce.

It is hard to improve on a [illegible] ripened tomato, and a wise [illegible] wouldn't dream of trying. M. F[illegible] Fisher writes, "The best way to [illegible] [the love apples] is in the garde[illegible] warm and pungent from the vin[illegible] that one can suck unashamedly, [illegible] bend over if any of the juice escap[illegible] I think she's right, so go find your[illegible] a tomato plant, have a feast in [illegible] summer's earthy heat, and pick a [illegible] extra to use in these recipes.

PENNE WITH TOMATOES, MOZZARELLA, AND ARUGUL[illegible]

½ cup olive oil
6 cloves garlic, peeled and sliced
6–8 ripe tomatoes, Roma or round
1 scant teaspoon salt
1 bunch arugula (or basil)
1 pound penne
½ pound fresh mozzarella
Parmesan cheese
Dried pepper flakes

Heat oil. Add garlic and sauté u[illegible] golden. Pour into a serving bowl. Cl[illegible] tomatoes into small cubes and toss w[illegible] salt. Cut arugula (or basil) into str[illegible] and toss most of it in with the tomato[illegible] saving a little for garnish. Mix togeth[illegible] oil, tomatoes, garlic, and greens wh[illegible] boiling a large pot of salted water [illegible] pasta. While penne is cooking, cut m[illegible] zarella into cubes and grate Parmes[illegible] When pasta is al dente, drain and t[illegible] everything together. The mozzare[illegible] will melt with the heat of the penn[illegible] Sprinkle with remaining greens and[illegible] few dashes of pepper flakes, servi[illegible] Parmesan on the side. Serves 2–4.

CHERRY TOMATO VINAIGRETTE PASTA

2 cups red cherry tomatoes, halve[illegible]
1 cup yellow cherry tomatoes, halved
4 large cloves garlic
¾ cup olive oil
¼ cup balsamic vinegar
Salt and freshly ground pepper[illegible]
1 pound fettucine
Breadcrumbs
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 bunch basil

Marinate the tomatoes in garlic, o[illegible] vinegar, salt and pepper. Cook fett[illegible] cine, drain, and mix with marinated t[illegible]



nal es. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs
n Parmesan. Cut basil into strips and
bla over pasta. Serves 4.

PUNGENT TOMATO SAUCE

tablespoons olive oil
yellow onions, chopped
cloves garlic, chopped
large fresh tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped
28-ounce can peeled Italian plum tomatoes with juice
tablespoons chopped oregano
tablespoons chopped basil
tablespoons chopped thyme
tablespoons brown sugar
shakes Worcestershire sauce
Niçoise or Kalamata olives, pitted
tin anchovies, drained
Salt and coarsely ground pepper
tablespoons chopped Italian parsley

t olive oil in a large skillet. Add on-
s and garlic and cook until caramel-
d. Add tomatoes. Turn the heat
wn and add the remaining ingredi-
s. Simmer 10 minutes. Spoon over
ta. Serves 6.

MR. PASSARELLI'S TOMATO SALAD

6 ripe tomatoes
Salt
Basil leaves
Freshly ground pepper
5 cloves garlic, finely minced
½ cup extra-virgin olive oil
½ pound buffalo mozzarella (optional)
1 red or yellow onion or 3–4 scallions (optional)
2 anchovies (optional)
Pinch of oregano (optional)

ce tomatoes and place on a platter.
rinkle with salt. Cut basil into strips
d place over tomatoes. Sprinkle with
pper. Top with minced garlic. Driz-
with olive oil. If you like, add slices
buffalo mozzarella, onions, scal-
ns, or anchovies over the top before
ding oregano and a final dusting of
pper. Serves 6.

INDIANA MARKET TOMATO BASIL GRANITA

2 cups tomato juice
¼ cup white wine
2 tablespoons Champagne vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
¼ cup chopped basil
Zest of 1 lemon
4 sprigs basil

Mix all ingredients except basil sprigs. Put into 6x8x2-inch pan and place in freezer. After 30 minutes, stir to break up ice. Replace in freezer about 2½–3 hours, stirring every 30 minutes until mixture has a snowy consistency. Remove from freezer and serve in wineglasses. Garnish each with a sprig of basil. Serves 4.

TOMATO SANGRITA

1 shot tequila
1 dash Triple Sec
1 shot orange juice
Juice of ½ lime
3 shots tomato juice or salsa
Coarse salt
1 tablespoon finely chopped cilantro

Pour tequila, Triple Sec, orange and lime juices, and tomato juice or salsa in a martini shaker filled with ice cubes and shake briskly. Rub the lime half around rim of a chilled glass. Dip rim in salt and cilantro. Strain liquid into glass. Serves 1.

GRACE BAKING COMPANY'S TOMATO BREAD

12 ounces fresh tomatoes
½ ounce fresh yeast
20 ounces high-protein bread flour
½ ounce sea salt
¼ ounce chopped basil
½ ounce chopped garlic

Core and coarsely chop the tomatoes, saving all of the juices. In an electric mixer or food processor fitted with a hook, add tomatoes and juice, yeast, and half of the flour. Mix 2 minutes at low speed. Add the remaining flour and mix until all flour is incorporated. Add salt and mix 3 minutes. Add basil and garlic and continue to mix 30–45 seconds until evenly incorporated. Place the dough in an oiled bowl, cover with plastic wrap, and let it rise 1½ hours at room temperature (65–75 degrees). When it has almost doubled in size, punch down the dough. Cut it in half and shape into round loaves. Place each loaf on a lightly oiled baking sheet, cover loosely with plastic wrap, and let rise 30 minutes.

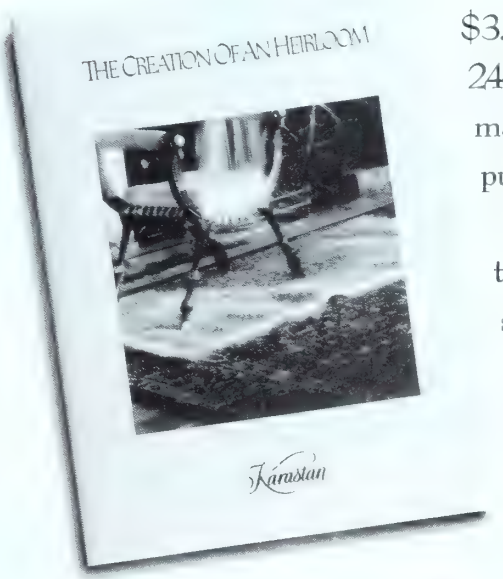
Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Brush loaves lightly with water and slash once across the top with a sharp knife or razor blade. Place in oven and bake 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 325 degrees. Bake additional 20–30 minutes until done. (Loaves will sound hollow when tapped on the bottom.) Remove from oven and cool on wire racks. Makes 2 loaves. ▲

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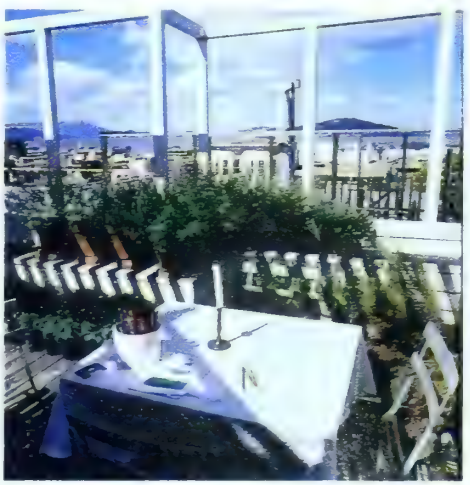
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Calling Nature to Order

Landscape architect Barbara Stauffacher Solomo



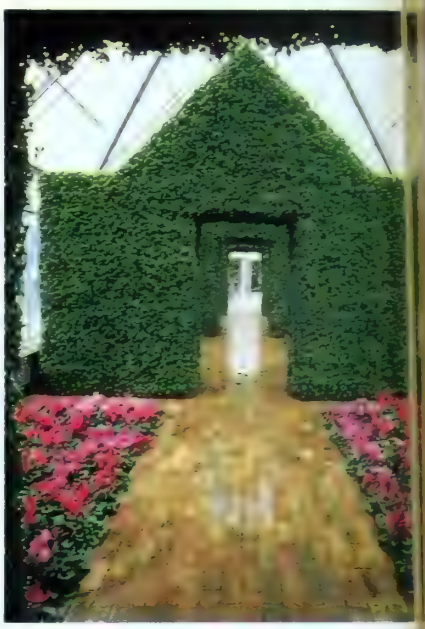
So far, California landscape architect Barbara Stauffacher Solomon has produced more garden plans on gallery walls than in the ground. Nevertheless, her composite drawings and photographic collages, which convey the essence of place and time in historic landscapes, have made her an influential scribe and seer in the field of garden design. It is not surprising that the wall is fertile ground for Solomon; starting out as an artist in the 1960s, she gained immediate fame as the inventor of supergraphics when her bold stripes and huge letters became murals at Sea Ranch in Sonoma.



Solomon did a professional about-face after receiving a master of architecture degree from the University of California at Berkeley, where she learned to draw trees in a plant materials course. Since then, from a studio in her native San Francisco and on sojourns abroad, she has been turning out magical combinations of plans and elevations with maps and scenery—only now she usually compresses these elements into 8½-by-11-inch images executed in colored pencil. These drawings can be compared to the experience of garden visits as preserved in memory, which is indeed the basis for her technique, along with historical research. Sudden shifts of scale and dotted sight lines reproduce the sensation of travel or of a passing train of thought.

Solomon's memories of garden architecture begin with childhood walks on San Francisco's Marina Green, the green rectangle surrounded by the bay which she has defined as her personal archetype for pairidaeza, the ancient Persian concept of enclosure. From this bit of urban paradise she has traced garden history back to the basic form of the tilled field, the agrarian garden. The straight lines of man's first holding become for her the origin of the architectural grid. These theories are put forth in Solomon's 1988 book *Green Architecture and the Agrarian Garden*, a stream of consciousness that includes her own thoughts and those she has gleaned from literature. Drawings and photographs move in cinematic sequence through European gardens like the Villa Lante, Marly, and Rousham and on to the grid of San Francisco streets.

She has a considerable following in Paris, most notably the young garden designers Pascal Cribier[illegible] Louis Benech, who have reinve[illegible] the French classical style in mo[illegible] idiom. As joint contenders for th[illegible] design of the Jardin des Tuileries[illegible] extension of François Mitterra[illegible] Grands Projets, the team invited [illegible] omon to collaborate on the artw[illegible] that would present their versio[illegible] what is in essence the front garde[illegible] the Louvre. Solomon flew to P[illegible] and walked the allées where long [illegible] she had sat with her infant dau[illegible]



ters. After her usual reconnaissa[illegible] with a camera and subsequent d[illegible] cussions with the French team, [illegible] returned to California. A f[illegible] months later, on the eve of her [illegible] parture for the final charrette in P[illegible] is, her passport was stolen and [illegible] was left on her own to draw the ce[illegible] tral panel of the proposal that w[illegible] this team the commission last ve[illegible] Keyed to Jacques Wirtz's redesign [illegible] the adjacent place du Carrousel, t[illegible] scheme envisions a park inspired [illegible] many ways by the Tuileries garde[illegible] André Le Nôtre laid out in 1664.

Solomon's conception reveals t[illegible]

Solomon, top left, with photographs and drawings for her book *Good Mourning Californ[illegible]* Above left: Outside her San Francisco studio. Above: Green arches at the Walker Art Center, 1988. Opposite below left: The drawing that won the commission to redesign the Tuileries gardens. Opposite above: Solomon's photograph of a French lavender field. Opposite below right: A 1989 drawing for Lee's Orchard, near San Jose, California.

As I See It #10 in a series
Douglas Fraser
'Original View'
Acrylic on Canvas



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Welcome Wagon

Honda's new Accord station wagon greets growing families

BY PILAR VILADAS

Because I grew up in the golden age of station wagons, I have a soft spot for them. They were huge lumbering boxy things, invariably clad in fake wood paneling, which would line up at the train station every night to wait for Dad, ferry you to Girl Scout meetings, and majestically endure the vicissitudes of your first tentative attempts at driving.

Those big gas-guzzling vehicles went the way of the dinosaur, and things haven't been the same for station wagons since. They've taken a beating from the hugely successful minivans, but there will always be a segment of the car-buying public that prefers the look and handling of an automobile to those of an APV. I'm in that group. But nostalgia only goes so far. Not only must today's station wagon be smaller and more fuel-efficient, it must also entice baby boomers with the once-familiar feel of that snappy sports sedan they drove before they acquired the kids, the groceries, Fido, and the stroller.

So when Honda announced plans for a station wagon in its 1991 Accord line, my only question was, what took them so long? After all, Honda's combination of good looks, reliability, and sporty drive have made the Accord America's best-selling car for the past two years. Surely many Accord owners must have wished for a model that could accommodate the goods and chattels of a young and growing family. Well, wish no more.

The Accord wagon is just a fraction larger overall than the Accord sedan, but its 34.5-cubic-foot cargo area increases to 64.6 cubic feet when the 60/40-split rear seats—handy for skis or garden tools—are folded down. A dual-position cargo cover, which, when rolled up, looks like a portable movie screen, not only conceals valua from view but also contains a pl mesh screen that separates the c and passenger areas. In a second sition, closer to the tailgate, screen creates a handy storage small enough to prevent bulg grocery bags from toppling when you round a corner.



The 1991 Honda Accord EX: a sleek look and a smooth ride.



Standard features include air ditioning, power windows, mirr and childproof rear door locks, there are nice touches such as a h dle that makes it easy to pull d the tailgate and a retractable holder (we car-bound Californ are crazy about this). The conso clean, clear, and easy to use, and can even reach the stereo with taking your eyes off the road.

Last but not least, the Accord tion wagon has get-up-and-g spare. Its 2.2-liter, 16-valve fuel jected engine gives it a wholes zip that some of its 6-cylinder co terparts would envy, while its dou wishbone suspension allows for a tinctly unsuburban ride.

Still, I have a few minor beefs. front seat seems a trifle short on room, and I am what is known as tite. To say that the rear seat is fir an understatement at the very l —but it does encourage good p ture in children. And I found sunroof rather noisy with all the w dows closed. But these kinks are e to iron out; all in all, driving the is, I'm happy to report, a vast provement over navigating th boatlike station wagons of yore.

Prices start at $17,300 for the cord LX and $19,050 for the E which has a bit more horsepower electric moonroof, a remote en system, and alloy wheels. Autom transmission for either of these m

Today's wagon must feel like a snappy sports sedan



els runs another $750. Interestin enough, this is the first automob Honda has designed, develop and built in the United States— all-American venture, so to spe But then, what could be more American than a station wagon?

ere's nothing old fashioned about this romance.



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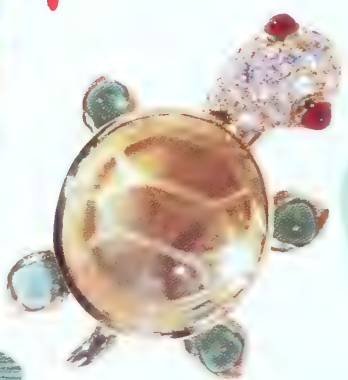
LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN









Turtles galore. Clockwise from top right: Stacked turtles from Daum; detail of floorcloth by Mike Raglin; Hirschfeld drawing of Pauline Trigère; the Body Shop's turtle soap; earring by Dominique Aurientis; table from Yale Burge, NYC, topped with turtle boxes from John Rosselli, NYC; Bulgari pin; Trigère at La Tortue; two portraits of Trigère, one turtle-style, the other by Avedon, overlooking a medley of turtles. Details see Resources.



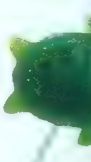


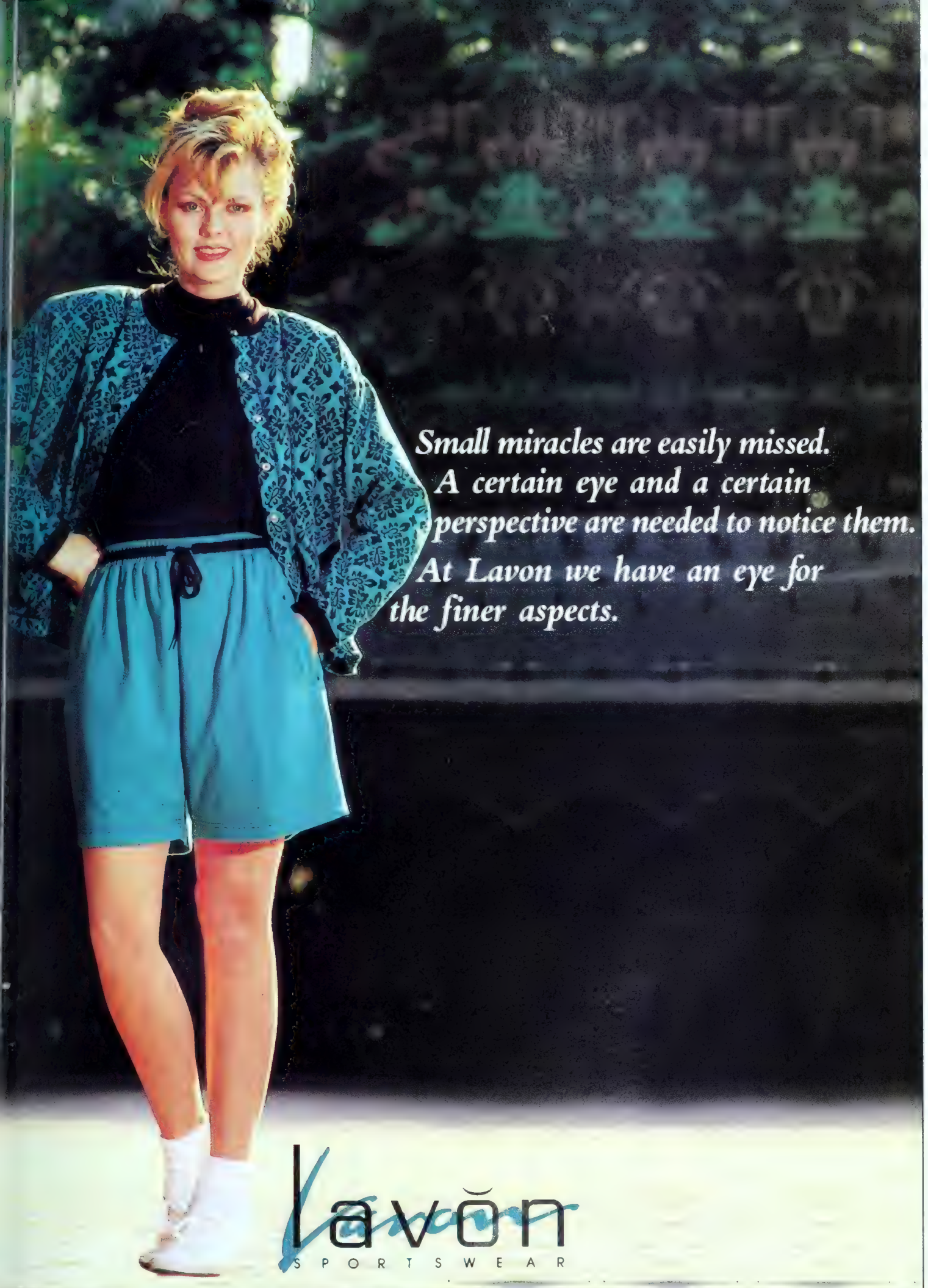
Always a winne with Pauline Trigère, turtles are fast becomin favorites



pauline trigère

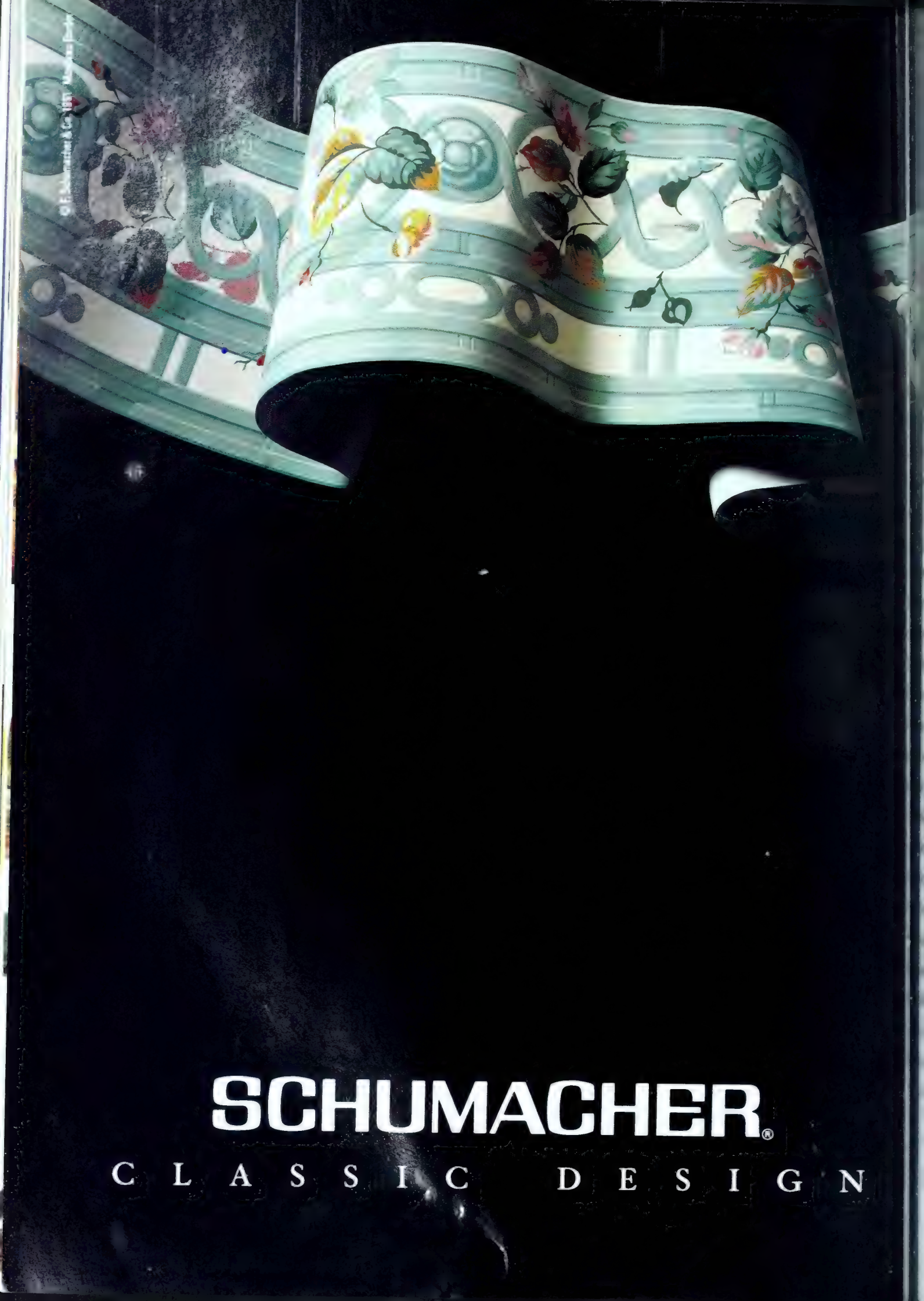
CHINESE CALENDAR not, it's the year of the turtle. Not, course, the real thing in these cons vation-conscious times, t the image of the turtl Turtles are show- ing up as ble bases, ear- rings, box even soaps. Brass or bronze, bedra gled or bejeweled, every species c be found in Pauline Trigère's 1,00 plus collection. Turtles have be her passion since 1949, when s received a Fabergé turtle pin congratulations for her first Co Award. The couturière accessoriz her collections with turtle jewelry her design and always wears at lea three gold turtle brooches. H country house, called La Tortue a ter the turtles she saw sunning then selves on her first visit, brims wi turtle motifs. "Everybody sends n turtles, but I want dia- monds instead!" laughs Madame de La Tortue.





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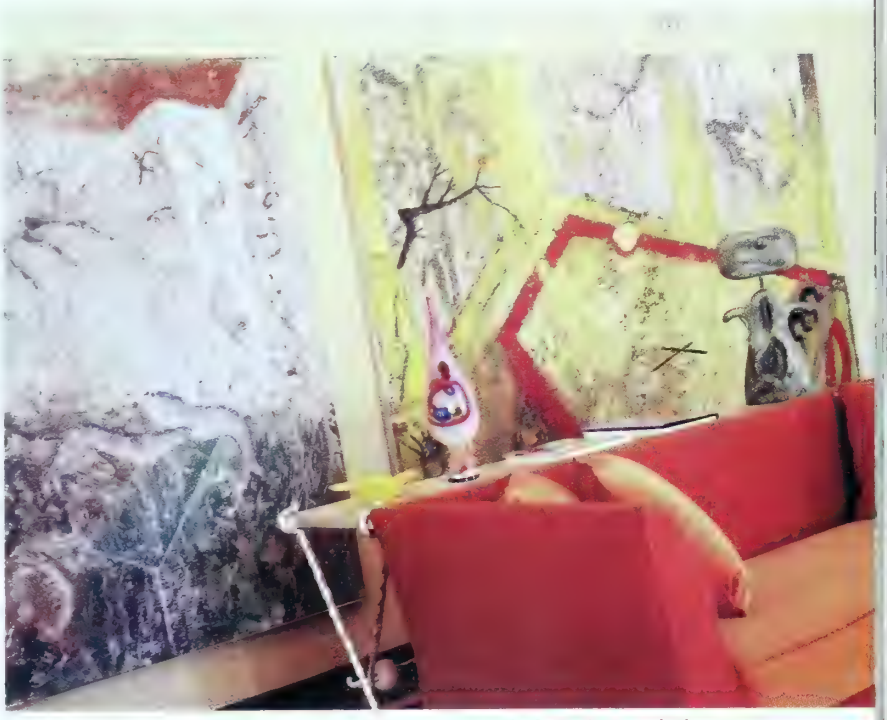
SCHUMACHER®

CLASSIC DESIGN

July

Editor's Page

TELY I'VE BEEN passing through a lot of rooms created for imagi- people—by this I mean designer rooms at New York's Kips Bay Decorator Show se and furniture showrooms at the biannual market in High Point, North Caroli- The inhabitants are very often aesthetic types, collectors of good black and white ographs and art. There are working couples' libraries with hideaway computers, elors' bedrooms with plenty of grade-A reading matter, and the modern per- s kitchen with TV and lounging area. When you stop to think about it, the cre- s of these spaces are as much philosophers social theorists as decorators. The start- points of their transformations of space are ements about what Americans really want: ople are no longer willing to accept rooms posed of one style of furniture." "People t drama." "People want rooms that express mselves." "People want comfort." But the dec- tor's quest for truth, while laudable in itself, ieves less than the actuality of rooms where people live. Take, for instance, the Saratoga se farm we show this month where many es of furniture are accented by a lifetime of ections. Or the drama of a villa on the Côte zur that comes complete with staggering Mediterranean views. In a house outside sanne the combination of blue-ribbon modern art and a design scheme by Mattia netti and Elizabeth Garouste is surely an expression of one couple's distinctive sen- ility. A former fisherman's shack on the dunes in Sagaponack offers relaxed com- t open to the freshness of cool clean sea air. The rarefied air of culture and taste s the rooms decorated for imaginary people—but there is nothing so bracing as true-to-life surprises of the places where real people live.



Sofa and console by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste with a Miró sculpture and paintings by Miguel Barcelo in the Edelmans' living room.

Mary Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Across the
from the
opposite left
the owner
racetrack
opposite rig
A rocking
hooked rug
needlework
a taste for
folk art wi
and patron

Saratoga Purebred

Parish-Hadley brings an upstate New York horse farm into the winner's circle

By John Richardson

Photographs by Oberto Gili



Sister Parish approved of all the "antiq

FOR TOO MANY YEARS this charming 1880 house, attached to one of Saratoga's principal racing stables, was closed down—mothballed like a destroyer. Fortunately, it has now been rehabilitated, and for the five weeks a year that constitute the Saratoga racing season it lives again, more gracefully, albeit more privately, than ever before.

The rehabilitation began some four years ago. The lady who had inherited this and other properties asked her friend and decorator, Mrs. Henry Parish II, to "rescue a Sleeping Beauty of a house." Their horses had always gone to Saratoga for the racing season, the lady explained, but she and her late husband seldom accompanied them for more than a flying visit: they preferred to summer on Fishers Island. She had almost forgotten she owned the house. "Come to Saratoga and see what can be done," she urged.

The two friends made the mistake of arriving in winter; the place was unheated, the furniture dust-sheeted. Dismal, they thought. Nevertheless they decided to have one more look. On their next visit, the heating was on and the shrouds had been removed. They were thrilled. The house had great potential—there was even a flower room stocked with vases. But the furniture was a mixed bag: the sofas were rock hard, though the shapes were good, and there was a cache of hooked rugs, a set of gentlemanly dining room chairs, and some amusing lamps.

Sister Parish and Gary Hager, her associate at Parish-Hadley, set to work "joyfully" (Sister's word). So



In the living room, country Windsors, a rattan child's armchair, a galleried table with ivory spindles, and other antiques are comfortably mixed with floral chintz and a ribbon swag wallpaper border, both from Brunschwig & Fils. Rose-colored Bailey & Griffin fabric on the chair in the foreground is keyed to Parish-Hadley's summery palette, as are traditional green roller blinds. Braided wool carpet from Rosecore. Details see Resources.

ent says with some relief. "It's not as if that's always the case"





Wallpaper custom-made by Parish-Hadley is the background for a 1929 racing picture by T. P. Earl above the dining room mantel, *top*, and a Lynwood Palmer painting of one of the family's horses above a Federal sideboard. *Above:* A rustic gazebo. *Right:* Antique needlework pillows cushion the window seat behind a grouping of 19th-century majolica and a ceramic steed.

did the owner. For once the decorators were delighted that their client insisted on being involved in every detail. This was going to be very much her house. "She made it a labor of love for all of us," Sister says, "especially for Gary, who masterminded the job and pulled it all together." There should be no "haute époquery," the client decreed, no overegging of the pudding. As much as possible should be done by local craftsmen, using materials from l cal sources. The emphasis should b on Americana, but not exclusivel The decorators also had to bear i mind that the house is part of a spor ing estate, that everything should b appropriately low in key. Simplici was not always easy, given the scale o the infrastructure. Just out of sigh of the house is the chef's cottage Space also had to be refurbished fo maids and other personnel that a establishment kept up to the highes prewar standards demands.

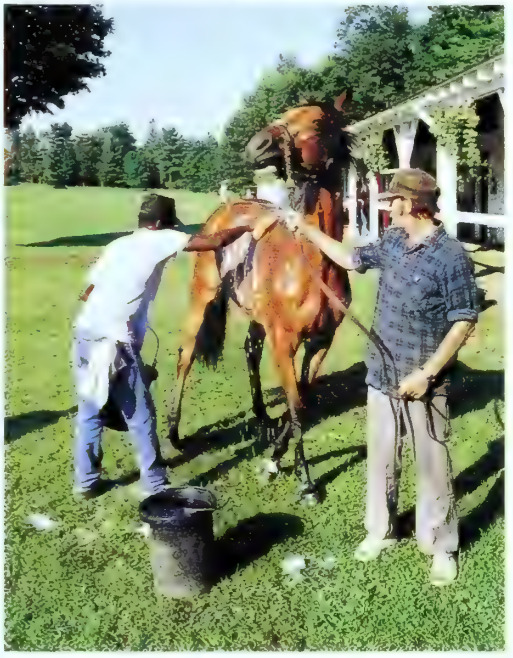


Because the house had been add ed onto many times, Gary Hager ex plains, "We felt that our work simply continued a long history." All the same, he saw to it that structura changes were held to a minimum One bedroom was turned into a bathroom, another into a sitting room. The principal bedroom was given a more genial aspect. The living room was likewise kept informal: elegantly cheerful and casual in the inimitable Parish-Hadley manner.





The flower room, *left. Right:* The kitchen. *Below:* Grooms washing down a Thoroughbred. *Bottom right:* Americana surrounds a 19th-century weather vane on an old quilt in the front hall. The checkerboard floor is painted. *Bottom left:* One of the double rows of stalls.



he private track is the envy of very Saratoga trainer; the horses re almost as spoilt as the guests







An Italian wooden horse stands behind a bistro chair on the porch while an American rooster struts above majolica displayed on a hunt table. The Windsor chair has a Brunschwig cotton pillow and the Stark sisal carpet is bordered with a hand-painted Greek key motif.

The owner gave the stuffier New York antiqu



le berth: she intended to have some fun



Simplicity was not always easy, given the scale of an establishment





The 19th-century tole bed in the master bedroom, *left*, is hung with Cowtan & Tout cotton. Walls are covered in the same Brunschwig print used for the curtains and the seat cushion of a lacquered side chair. *Above:* Staffordshire figures line a guest room mantel above an antique rocking horse. The wallpaper is from Rose Cumming.

the highest prewar standards

The same life-enhancing look prevails in the plant-filled porch room where everyone forgathers during the day and usually lunches. The windows of this charming room are always hung with a dozen geranium-filled baskets. (To facilitate watering, a duplicate set is kept at a florist's shop in the town.) The porch looks out across a vast lawn toward the private racetrack, which is the envy of every trainer in Saratoga. (On my first visit, I mistook this for the public course. "How convenient," I said. "Yes, it is," the lady of the house agreed, "especially as it's *our* racetrack.") Beside the track is a double range of stables—as pretty as any in the country. The horses are almost as spoilt as the guests; identical baskets of geraniums hang in the arcade outside their stalls.

Although there are rooms full of things at other houses to draw upon, the owner says she liked the idea of going in search of new furniture. This would make the project more of an adventure. She gave the stuffier antiquaires a wide berth: this time she intended to have some fun. Encouraged by Sister's discovery in Atlanta of a birdcage in the form of a doll's palazzo—it now dominates one end of the living room—she proceeded to cast her net far and wide. True, many of the more eye-catching pieces (the great wooden horse in the porch room and an exotic wicker chandelier) came from an old and greatly missed friend in New York, the late

(Continued on page 125)



High Art

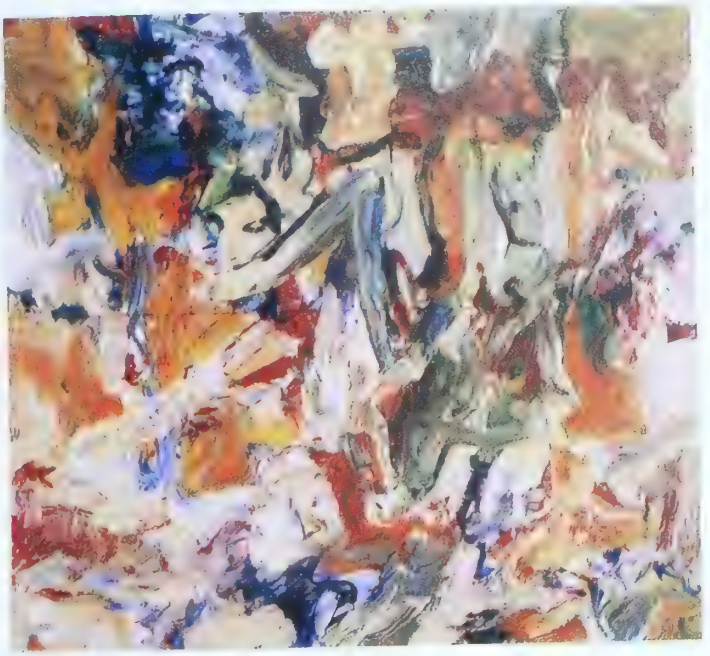
Asher and Regina Edelman take Switzerland by storm with a new museum— and house by Bonetti and Garouste

By Charles Gandee Photographs by François Halard

A de Kooning
guards the ent
and Regina Ed
house outside
Left: In the livi
Paris-based de
Mattia Bonetti
Elizabeth Garo
conjure up an
theme with vib
luxurious mate
nature-derived
The lead wall
by Jannis Kour
Opposite: The E
in front of thei
opened museur
by Pully on Lak
Details see Res



MUSÉE D'ART CONTEMPORAIN
FONDATION EDELMAN



ING ELECTRICITE BETELEC SA LAUSANNE
ING ECLAIRAGISTE RICHARD J SHAVER NEW YORK

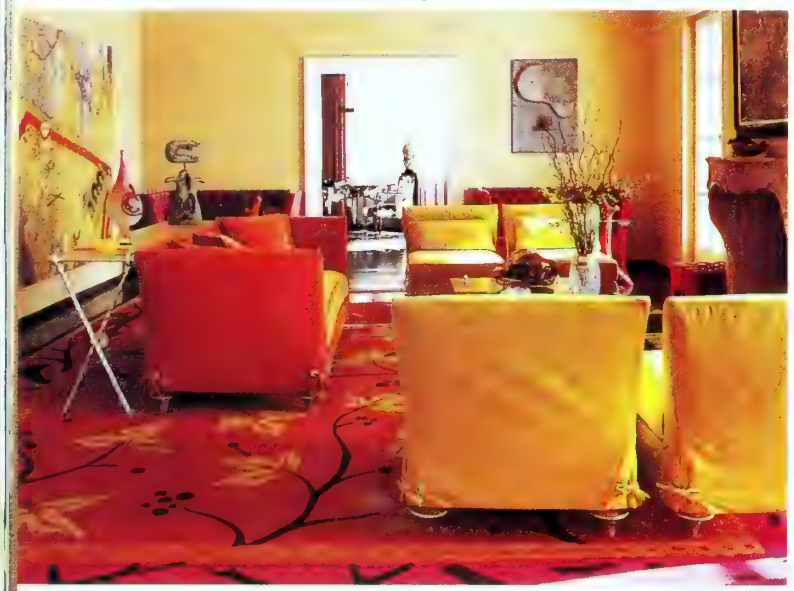
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ARCHITECTES. RICHTER ET GUT BUREAU D'ARCHITECTES SA
AVENUE DAPPLES 7 1006 LAUSANNE TEL. 021/617.04.24



ASHER AND REGINA EDELman's house in Switzerland is a pretty conventional affair: white, two stories, with a slate roof, lots of dormers, and a driveway that leads right up to the front door. There's a Mercedes in the garage. A golf course down the street. In other words, if it weren't for the snowcapped Alps in the background, you could easily be persuaded that you were in any number of upscale American suburbs—say, Scarsdale, Greenwich, or Grosse Pointe.

But like a sable-lined raincoat, Asher and Regina Edelman's house in Switzerland misrepresents itself.



Outside: the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie. Inside: the talk of the town of Lausanne.

"It's rented," explains Asher, whose acumen as an arbitrager made him something of a legend in the New York financial world during the go-go eighties. Rented? For foreigners in Switzerland, buying property





is a process that could diplomatically be described as difficult (involving, as it does, labyrinthian red tape). So after Asher and Regina decided to move their home base from New York to Europe—and the geographic field narrowed to Switzerland when the couple was "invited" to live in Lausanne—the search began for an interim house, something more substantial than the chalet they had occupied each winter in Saint Moritz.

Although Regina had visions of a grand old château in the mountains, she discovered that grand old châteaux in the mountains have an unfortunate tendency to come with six bedrooms and one bathroom—unsatisfactory accommodations for a household that includes two children, a live-in cook, butler, housekeeper, and nanny. Regina altered her expectations and chose the best of what was available. And then she put in a call to Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste in Paris: "Au secours! Venez tout de suite!"

"They're as close to a modern-day equivalent of Diego Giacometti as could possibly exist," says Asher of the design duo best known for introducing le style barbare to the world. "Maybe they're better, because they deal with the soft as well as the hard." Such immodest praise takes on added resonance coming from Edelman, who is a voice worth listening to when it comes to matters not only financial,



Raffia-covered walls provide a neutral backdrop for two canvases by Miguel Barcelo, *above* and *above left*, and orang yellow, and red velvet seating—with silv plated feet—by Bonetti and Garouste. *Left:* A custom carpet laid over an ebonized wood floor repeats the startling palette as well as the broken-branch motif of the cigarette tables. *Top:* Above the mantel, a Dubuffet. On the coffee table, a glass sculpture by Dale Chihuly.



netti and Garouste are as close to a modern-day equivalent of
Diego Giacometti as could possibly exist," ventures Asher Edelman

Although remarkable, the Edelman house is in many ways a mere preamble to the Edelman museum down the mountain in Pully



but cultural, visual, and aesthetic.
present, the fifty-one-year-old
coon serves as chairman of the bo
of the Brooklyn Academy of Mu
In the past he has served as v
chairman of the board of the Am
can Ballet Theater. And then the
the impressive credential of Ed
man's somewhere-in-the-neighb
hood-of-650-piece art collecti
"Asher is one of the important coll
tors in New York," offers Leo C
telli, the soft-spoken éminence gr
of New York's art world. "There
perhaps half a dozen others," ad
Castelli, who, when pressed, s
ceeds in naming two.

The Edelmans are also no strar
ers to the decorative arts. In 19
Asher had the foresight to comm
sion Tod Williams and Billie Tsien
renovate his 10,800-square-fo
Manhattan apartment (originally t

me of Vincent Astor and currently
e Edelmans' New York pied-à-
re). Then in the mid eighties, af-
Regina had entered the picture,
ndrée Putman and the late Max
ordon were called in to undertake a
efurbishment." In Paris, where the
delmans maintain another pied-à-
re, Thierry Despont did the deco-
tive honors. It is also worth noting
at the Edelmans are no less sup-
rtive of the avant-garde than of
e venerable. On the one hand, the
uple's retreat in Rio de Janeiro is
stimony to the talent of the Milan-
sed design group Memphis; on the
her hand, the couple's 100-foot
cht is a meticulously preserved
39 British classic.

"They know things," notes Mattia
onetti. "They are very confident.
hey understand immediately. We
dn't have to educate them." Bonet-

With the exception of a large de Kooning, *opposite above*, the dining room is devoted to the work of Lucio Fontana, *opposite below*—which explains why Bonetti and Garouste designed a carpet with Fontana's signature slash motif as a border and why Regina Edelman commissioned hand-painted porcelain, *right*, inspired by a Fontana canvas, *above*. The one-of-a-kind thirties dining table and chairs were found at Fifty/50, NYC.

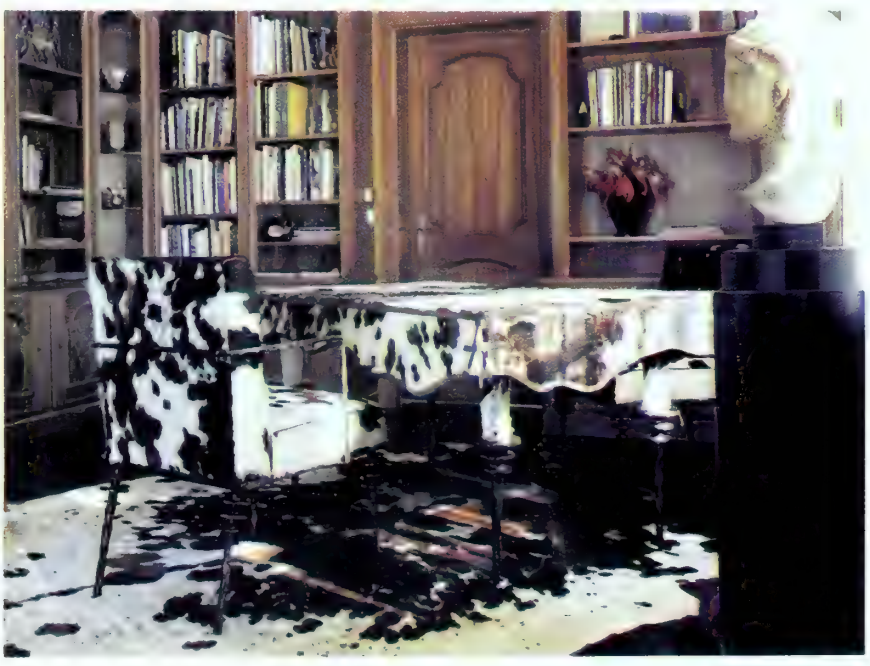




ti's appraisal is confirmed by
speed with which Regina produc
commission for the young desig
after she stumbled across their w
in the faubourg Saint-Honoré s
of couturier Christian Lacroix. (E
etti and Garouste outfitted the s
in 1987.) Regina knew immmedi
ly that le style barbare was for
and though Thierry Despont ha
but completed the Edelmans' F
apartment, there was one minus
space left undone—the break
room. Which Regina presente
Bonetti and Garouste. Which wa
large a success as a tiny room co
possibly be. Which is why a call
made to Paris the day Regina
Asher signed the lease on the ho
in Switzerland.

Bonetti characterizes his and G
ouste's approach to the house
"prêt-à-porter versus couture." A
relying on furniture and surf
treatments rather than costly mod
cations makes sense. This is, after
a rented house. Bonetti and G
ouste were wise to neutralize the
distinguished architecture. Cov
ing the walls in natural raffia and
onizing the floors was, in effect
decorative disappearing act. Th
were no less wise to rely on reac
available furniture from existi
Bonetti and Garouste collections.
the living room, for example, the u
holstered seating piec
were culled from Patc
work, a much-praised c
lection first introduced
the 1990 Salon Intern
tional du Meuble in Paris. Her
however, the Patchwork sofa a
armless lounge chairs have been sli
covered in flamboyantly colored v
vet that announces the room's ther
and palette—autumn. A custom ca
pet in a fiery *(Continued on page 12*

The designers characterize their approach to the house as "prêt-à-porter versus couture"



A bronze étagère, *opposite*, by Bonetti and Garouste holds fifties and sixties Murano glass, from Sotheby's, Geneva. *Above left:* The decorators' bronze broken-branch bed, flanked by French majolica lamps, in the cotton-draped master bedroom. *Left:* In the library a wrought-iron and cowhide desk with matching chairs introduces the avant-garde to a conventional paneled room.

On the Beach

A former fisherman's shack takes on a simple elegance

By Amy Taran

Photographs by William Waldron









In the living room, *above*, white walls, blond floors, and white sailcloth cushions and slipcovers glow in the sunlight. *Top from left:* For Kelly and Bob Miller and their daughters Samantha and Elissa, life at the cottage is like summer camp, with horseback riding on the beach, dinner at the picnic table on the front deck, and time to lounge in the hammock. *Opposite below:* A vase of cosmos and an assortment of blue and white pottery add touches of color to the kitchen.

TO THE BEACHCOMBE
the unassuming structu
on the ocean in Sagapo
ack, Long Island, calls
mind a bit of driftwood wash
ashore and bleaching in the sand a
grasses. Although the small shingl
building bears scant resemblance
its grander Hamptons neighbors.
has become a summertime sanct
ary for actress Kelly Harmon Mill
and publisher Robert L. Miller a
their five children. While respecti
its utilitarian, somewhat eccentr
architecture and its unpretentio
charm, the Millers have transform
the former fishing shack into a bea
cottage of understated elegance a
uncloying prettiness.

Kelly Miller, the perennially ene
getic spokesman for Tic Tac, is also
painter and self-styled decorato
She approached the shack with a v
sion of clean-scrubbed ease. "W
come to Sagaponack to live simply, t
get the 'city slick' out," she explain
"And I come to paint." With no hea
no insulation, and only a single clo
et—the rafters serve as storage fo
everything from diapers to suit
cases—cottage living is a bit lik
camping dressed-up. "Our enter
tainment is swimming in the ocean
running on the beach, and collectin
seashells." She continues, "We hav
no VCR or television, but we have ev
erything you need to make a goo
meal or take a bath.

"And there are always the horses
Wherever we are, we incorporate



Standing opposite a mirror on an easel, Roy Lichtenstein works on *Reflections on Séverin*. In the background, *Reflections on Painter and Model* and *Reflections on Water* are supported by an adjustable easel system of the artist's own design.

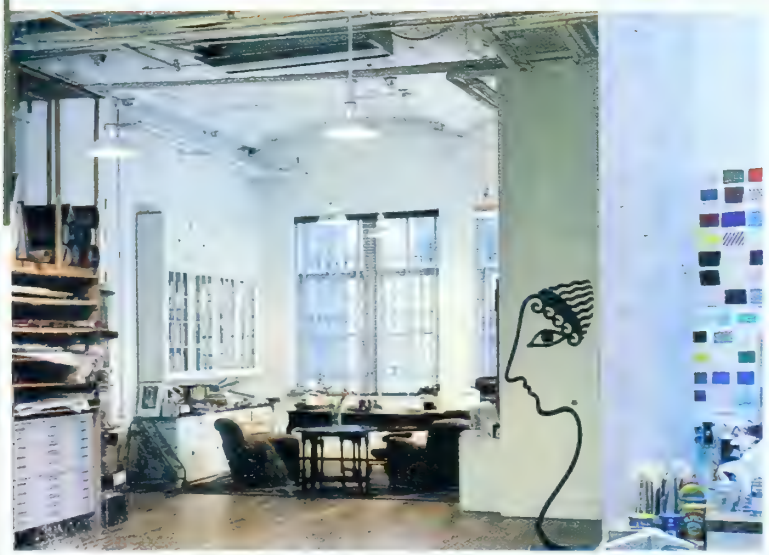
Heather Smith MacIsaac Photographs by Scott Fran

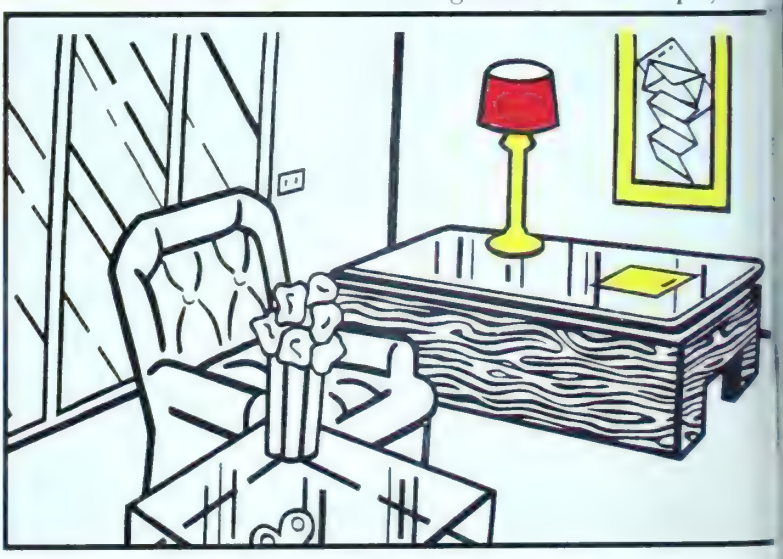
FOR ARTIST ROY LICHT
stein, 4,500 square fe
just about the optimum
for a studio—"not so l
you need roller skates or can't fi
pencil" but big enough to allow
space to work on many painting
the same time. For a painter of m
(and large) canvases, ground-fl
space is also prime, and in this
it's what initially attracted Lich
stein to a 1912 Greenwich Vill
warehouse once occupied by a s
fabricating business.

By the time Lichtenstein got
hands on the two-story building
1988, the lower level was clutte
with columns supporting various
ditions. "It was like a forest t
needed to be thinned," says Da
Piscuskas of the firm 1100 Archit
which undertook the renovati
Over the course of a tense tw
month period—during which Li
tenstein called from his studio in
Hamptons to ask, "Is it still sta
ing?"—several structural colun
were removed and three new one-
steel encased in concrete were ado
to carry massive steel beams. To ke
the new space clear, Piscuskas a
his partner, Juergen Riehm, cl
tered the office, kitchen, and ba
room near the entrance and install
the heating system in reconfigur
skylight wells where, says the arti
"it will not cook my paintings."

In Lichtenstein's new studio an e
sel system of his own design allo
him, aided by gravity, to hang pai
ings—large or small—anywhere
the wall. Another of his inventions
revolving easel, makes it physica





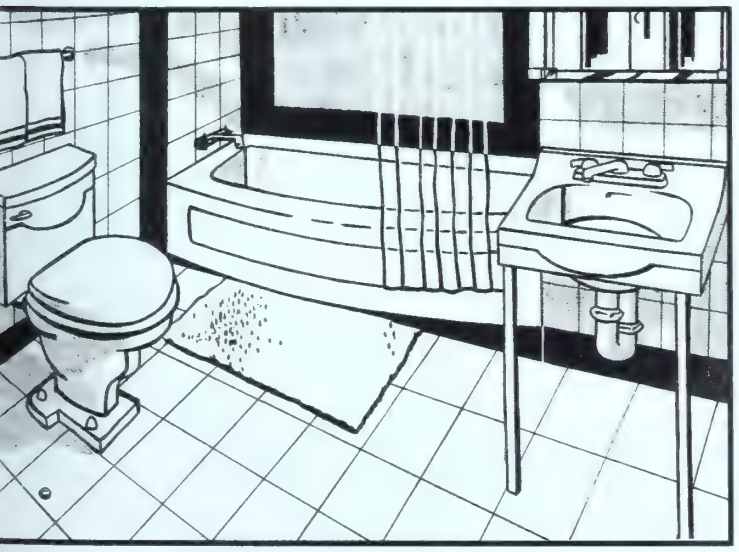


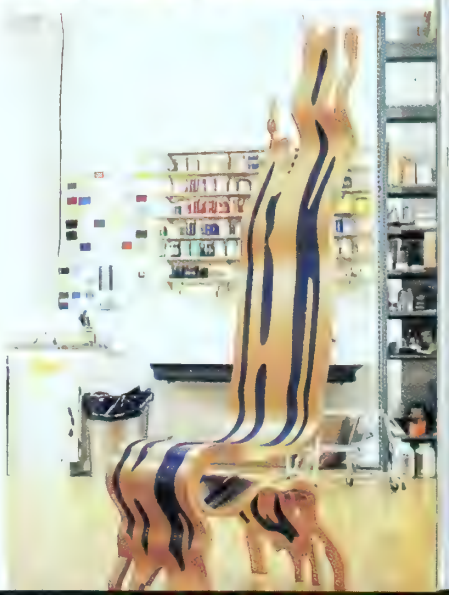
si to work on segments of a can- s d enables him, by turning a r g upside down for instance, r ew the composition and colors a ore abstract fashion. An enor- n mirror attached to an easel on s serves a similar purpose.

htenstein is relaxed and hu- n us in person but, says Riehm, c ulous by nature. He laid the a out—this here, that there— d ad a list in his pocket for every t ng." Though the studio is often n of activity, it is never a mess. A r on wheels holds pots of paint t brushes taped to the lids. Clip- n of line drawings from comic c s, newspaper ads, and the yel- p ages are pasted in notebooks. h her cart holds paper painted in l colors and custom-printed in e s and dots, h Lichten- n cuts out applies col- style to his v ases. He gradually a ces the pa- with paint. k ed to a wall t to shelves d with jars g gment are paint chips that make he artist's deliberately limited t te. Says Lichtenstein, "Yellow is w and red is red." Artists rave ut the light in the Hamptons, but one would just as soon work in city studio because "to me, skies the same everywhere: a sky is ply blue dots." ▲

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

> The studio is often a hive of activity but never a mess





Lichtenstein, *above*, in a corner of his 4,500-square-foot studio. *Left: Bathroom*, 1961. *Right:* The artist's Brushstroke chair. *Opposite above:* His bronzes, *Archaic Head* and *Galatea*, are as graphic as his paintings. *Opposite below left:* In the office alcove of the studio, cabinets salvaged from Benny Goodman's kitchen hold books and catalogues. *Opposite below right:* A recent collage study for *Den*. Details see Resources.



Up and Down

Inside an island garden, get



he Garden Path

e is half the fun. By Mac Griswold





"BY THE SEA, BY THE SEA, BY THE beautiful sea." By July that's where everyone wants to be, and if it's on an island off the New England coast, so much the better. But to make a real island haven here took more than just buying a bulky old shingle cottage and preserving the extraordinary harbor view with its Childe Hassam–esque lighthouse, strand, and marsh. A big busy summer hotel lies behind the property, and a main road doglegs within thirty feet of the house. Inventing privacy, shelter, and quiet took the skills of both architect Jaquelin T. Robertson and landscape designer Edwina vonGal. He has a passion for siting and a gift for a subtle path-drawn geometry. She has a passion for plants but nonetheless retains the agreeable attitude that growing what flourishes is better than constant experimenting. If Concord grapes and ordinary 'New Dawn' roses will grow on an arbor like this, why grow anything else?

Lindens, locusts, maples, and Russian olives underplanted with hostas and ferns shield the house from the road and from its neighbor to the southeast. Nine mossy-trunked apple trees make an orchard off the octagonal breakfast room, focusing the cinematic harbor view to a narrow glance beneath a cool green eyeshade of summer foliage. The view, as at most great summer houses or country places, governs all; the way it has been sliced by garden architecture and plantings and directed with paths is the main attraction.

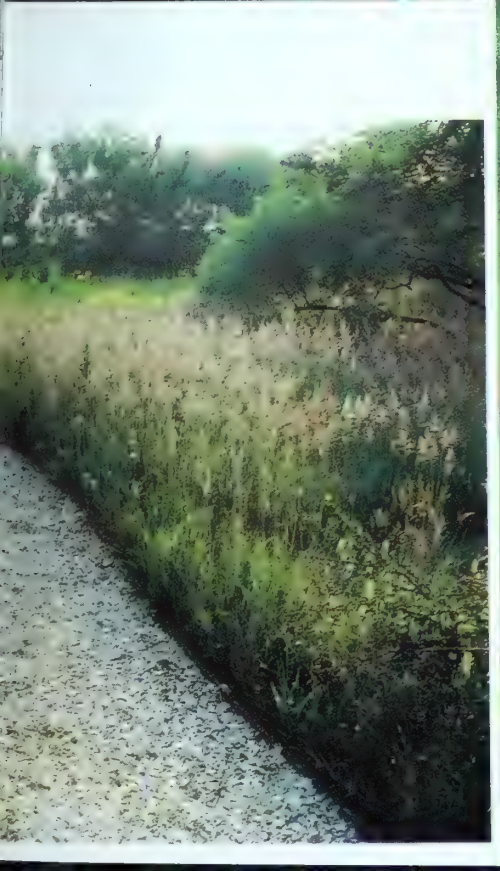
A green eyeshade of foliage focuses the harbor view to a narrow gl





Plantings by landscape designer Edwina vonGal are events in the garden journey mapped out by architect Jaquelin Robertson. *Clockwise from top:* Lady's-mantle, *Alchemilla mollis,* next to a grassy path. A "bird temple" outside the breakfast room, with the apple orchard beyond. Shock-headed allium in the kitchen garden. Cutting a swath through native grasses. Variegated hostas along a soft pine needle path. *Gaillardia* × *grandiflora* 'Dazzler'.









Both Robertson and vonGal know about
journeys of the eye. Robertson, born in Virg
grew up among some of the most beautiful
mestic architecture in the world, the brick pla
tion houses and dependencies of the eighteen
century Tidewater, and is deeply familiar
the gardens of Persia, China, and England
sense of place is integral to his art. "Workin
landscape is a good discipline for an archite
says Robertson, "because site planning sho
make an architect create a landscape of sug
tion based on what's there: space, light—how
what it strikes—and the stuff that grows wi
He is aware of what creation actually means,
away from the inflexible idealizations of bir
eye views and axonometric drawings.

VonGal is perhaps the only garden designe
recent years to create "landscapes" at Rockefe
Center that were as eye-catching as their tow
ing stone surroundings: one of her first, in 19
was a topiary zoo, well before the topiary craze
garden making; another was a free-flowing g
den of grasses. Long familiar with the isla
house on its sandy bluff, she got her chance wh
the sheltering screen of Japanese pines along t
road died of blight, leaving the building expos
to view—and to the possibilities of making a g
den. First came a new screen of trees, and the
when Robertson made additions to the hou
came an entrance court, hedges for the swi
ming pool, and a cutting garden. According
Robertson, the owner knows the difference b
tween the vernacular and the grand and enjo
the traffic that can go on between them. In o
part of the cutting garden, which is arranged
blocks of flower color and herbs, everyday plan
give way to vonGal's garden version of this side
her client's character. To fill the house with flo
ers, a king's ransom of exotic tender bulbs (i
mene, sprekelia, watsonia, tuberose) are plante
like corn at two-week intervals all summer long-
a gesture that instantly equates grand luxu
with common sense.

Six acres provide ecologically sound niches fo
a coreopsis field, an "olive grove" of silvery Ru
sian olives, a wood-floored pavilion roofed wit
grapevines, and a tennis court wedged in ju
above the back line of the dune grass. The stee
drop to water level is made much of, bridged wit
two flights of plain wood steps that angle dow
from the corners of the lawn above. Railings ar
wreathed with sweet *(Continued on page 123)*

A hedge, a fence, and climbing roses, *opposite*, create privacy and order by the front door. *Above left:* Fourth of July red, white, and blue: the rose 'Betty Prior', *Centranthus ruber*, Montauk daisies, catmint, and caryopteris 'Blue Mist'. *Left:* Companions in the field: pink rugosa roses and yellow coreopsis.


"The worst mistake
in an informal garden,"
says the architect,
"is a 'comprehensive
master plan' "



Riviera Moderne

The past looks fresher than ever at the Côte d'Azur house of Paris antiques dealers

By Stephen Calloway

Photographs by François Halard



In the salon, woven twine furniture, made locally in the 1940s, has a special appeal for Côte d'Azur native Bob Vallois. The 1940s plaster wall sconces and the ottoman in the alcove are by Serge Roche. Details see Resources.





The air of relaxed elegance recalls the 1930s with dashes of postwar spice



WE ARE IN THE HOLY OF holies at Vallois, one of the most chic of all the galleries in the enanted maze of streets that centers the rue de Seine on the Left Bank Paris. We are talking of the great rniture makers of the 1920s and 0s, of Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann d Jean-Michel Frank, and of their nse of style and quality. Monsieur llois sits behind an elegantly or-red desk, surrounded by exquisite ings. He speaks of lacquer and agreen, vellum and bronze, punc-ating his comments with expan-ve gestures and puffs on an ever-resent cigar.

Bob Vallois and his wife, Cheska, me to Paris in 1970 and rapidly es-blished their gallery as one of the ey places to seek out fine pictures, ulpture, and furniture of the art eco period. Today their shop and heir nearby apartment are set out ith groups of extraordinary muse-m-quality objects. In Bob's office ne watery gray light of Paris creeps n, caressing the forms of the re-arkable collection of small early wentieth century sculptures crowd-ng the shelves and standing on ped-stals around his desk.

The quality of sunlight, Bob Val-ois muses, is so different in the outh; there it is clear and brilliant, reating strong colors and rich shad-ws. Warming to his theme, he talks f the beauty of the area where he grew up on the Côte d'Azur. "That," he says with an evident pride, "is my country." Two years ago he and Cheska found a house there on the old coast road from Monte Carlo at Cap d'Ail, once a favorite haunt of Winston Churchill's for his painting holidays and for many years the hideaway of actor Sacha Guitry. Now it must be one of the few remaining unspoiled spots on the Riviera.

Cap d'Ail seems a magical place, miraculously preserved from the rash of hideous building that has ruined so much of the Corniche. As you turn off the road onto the promontory, you glimpse white walls and colorful balconies half hidden in the trees. There are no more than twenty villas, mostly dating from the turn of the century. There are no hotels; above all, there is no concrete. Even the vista across the little bay offers nothing to mar the period charm of fresh paint and old roofs under a blue sky and blue blue water.

The Vallois house has the perfect blend of imposing grandeur and informal elegance of Edwardian seaside architecture at its best. Since it was built by an Englishman in 1905, the house had been owned by just two families. Indeed, it first came onto the market only by a stroke of fate, Bob and Cheska explain. Two daughters, who inherited the villa from their parents, its original owners, fought bitterly. Since neither sister would allow the other to have the house, it had to be sold.

The villa was dilapidated, but its plan and proportions were perfect. The new owners determined to make as few changes as possible, ensuring that everything they did was in keeping with the spirit of the place. Restoration work nevertheless took the better part of a year. Meanwhile they began to assemble furniture that would be both comfortable and practical, together with a collection of period and contemporary art that seemed appropriate to the character of the villa. Bob is quick to point out that they always wanted the house to have an identity very different from that of the gallery or their Paris apartment. Here there are no vellum-lined walls or smart pieces of 1925 Exposition–style veneered fur-





In the dining area, Hollywood baroque reigns, *opposite left,* with a table and chairs designed in the 1940s by Jean-Charles Moreux and another pair of Roche sconces. A totemic owl, *opposite above right,* by ceramist Guidette Carbonell keeps watch on the gardens, while a table with a ceramic top on a wrought-iron frame, *opposite below right,* adds a whimsical note to the salon. *Above right:* Bob and Cheska Vallois on the terrace outside the salon. The blue ceramic balusters were made to match a surviving baluster. *Right:* Guidette Carbonell's ceramic lamp from the 1940s illuminates a 1969 gouache by Robert Malaval.

The eye carries across the pool



The new pool is magnificently sited and ingeniously designed; the heated water that flows over the edge of the terrace is recycled directly back into the pool.

o the Mediterranean in an unbroken vista



The original tile floor sets up a crisp rhythm and carries the blue and white color scheme through the house and onto the terrace



niture that would be destroyed by the climate. The dominant feel at Cap d'Ail is one of relaxed elegance redolent of the 1930s, spiced up with a few pieces from the 1940s and more recent decades.

On the principal floor of the house the adjoining salon and dining area have fine proportions with stately full-length French windows opening onto terraces. The high ceilings retain their original delicately painted floral decoration, which the Vallois have had carefully restored. Charming marble chimneypieces survive, as does the tile floor, cool and crisp with its small repeating pattern in the blue and white color scheme that recurs both inside and out.

The centerpiece in the salon is an ottoman by 1930s decorator Serge Roche. But it is the woven twine sofa, table, and chairs that hold a particular nostalgic charm for Bob Vallois. Although he found them in Paris, he says they were made on the Riviera during the bleak war years when a few craftsmen kept the spirit of French chic alive despite the extreme scarcity of materials. Plain plaster candle sconces, also by Serge Roche, hang above the mantel; the Vallois have cleverly echoed the antique barbaric feel of the sconces with a pair of lamps in the form of vases on tripods by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, the current darlings of the Parisian decorative arts scene.

The dining area is dominated by a gloriously exuberant table and set of high-backed chairs in Hollywood baroque style by that much undervalued master of the 1930s, Jean-Charles Moreux. The pictures here include a large 1988 painting by Arman as well as several smaller works by Robert Malaval and other painters of the school of Nice in whom Bob Vallois has a special interest. The room also features a number of ceramic pieces on the grand scale, including a 1940 Cazaux vase and a clamshell-like lamp by the seventy-six-year-old ceramic artist Guidette Carbonell. Another of her works, a totemlike bird from about 1940, stands guard outside.

During the summer Bob and Cheska more or less live outdoors—on the terraces, in the gardens, and beside the magnificent new pool—and it is here that they have done most to improve the villa. Groups of tables and chairs catch the sun or take advantage of a patch of deliciously cool shade. Lavish replanting has rescued the gardens, which now form the perfect setting for the house and the pool. The pool, which the Vallois themselves conceived, is a masterpiece of planning, its siting and levels so carefully contrived that the eye carries across the water and out to sea in an unbroken vista.

The views from the bedrooms on the upper floor are superb. The Vallois added terraces, repeating the pattern of the balustrades below. All the balusters are ceramic, glazed in a rich Mediterranean blue; they were reproduced from a surviving baluster. One of the guest rooms is decorated entirely with furniture by Bonetti and Garouste. Bob and Cheska's own bedroom is light and spacious with a number of fine pieces. An impressive anonymous pair of deco lyre-front armchairs flanks the view of the bay, and a low table by Pierre Legrain stands in the center of the room, but the eye is most immediately drawn to a 1927 coiffeuse made in the most spectacular moderne style by Eugène Printz for the princesse de La Tour d'Auvergne. Of metal with pivoting glass shelves, it is handsome, inventive, and—thanks to its materials—invulnerable to the heat and the light that drew Bob and Cheska Vallois back to the Côte d'Azur. ♠

A guest bedroom, *left*, features furniture by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste available from Neotu, NYC. *Opposite above:* Among the art deco pieces in the master bedroom are a small round table and lamp by Jean-Michel Frank, a low table by Pierre Legrain, and a coiffeuse made in 1927 by Eugène Printz. The curtains and bedspread are an Indian cotton available from Shyam Ahuya. *Opposite below:* For tea on the terrace, 1940s porcelain from Vallauris, near Nice, and a table and chairs by Philippe Renaud and Patrice Gruffaz.






CORONA

Out of Denmark

Back from Africa, Karen Blixen launched her literary career from her family house

By Clara Selborn

Photographs by Eric Boman



Karen Blixen, *right*, wrote her books on the typewriter she had used in Kenya. In winter she worked in the guest room, *left*, painted in greens inspired by oriental ceramics.





I HAD A FARM IN AFRICA, AT THE FOOT OF THE Ngong Hills." To most readers Karen Blixen is Isak Dinesen, and her proper place is the coffee plantation she memorialized in *Out of Africa*. But the Danish writer began and ended her life in a sixteenth-century farmhouse named Rungstedlund, midway between Copenhagen and Elsinore. It was from Rungstedlund—"the old inn, red-tiled, close to the road" of her story "The Supper at Elsinore"—that she escaped to East Africa and to which she returned to write the books that made her famous.

Karen Blixen's house (where the author of this article spent much time working as her secretary from 1944 to 1962) came like her pseudonym from her father, Wilhelm Dinesen, who acquired Rungstedlund in 1879. He intended to move into more stately quarters after his marriage, but he had become so attached to the old house that he and his wife settled there instead.

Theirs was a busy household, with three daughters and two sons and sometimes a governess. The lively scene in "Peter and Rosa" in which Rosa meets a "fish-wife from the coast" having coffee with the servants is





nt out of the servants' quarters at Rungstedlund. Karen often walked with her father in the woods near the house. Many years later in a radio address she remembered how he taught her about migratory birds: "A whole world was opened to me when I heard about bird migrations, that mighty net which is spun around the earth as a result of some inexplicable call."

Then came the blow of Wilhelm Dinesen's suicide, in 1895, when Karen—Tanne to her family—was almost ten years old. Three years later a fire destroyed some of the outbuildings. The rest of Tanne's childhood was not happy. As a young woman she enjoyed her relatives' country houses and the parties they gave in Copenhagen. Her talent for drawing won her a place at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, and she published stories that showed literary gifts. But when she became engaged to her Swedish second cousin, Baron Bror von Blixen-Finecke, and at twenty-eight emigrated with him to East Africa, it was a flight from the world of Rungstedlund.

Eighteen years later, in 1931, she was back at home. Completely broke, she moved in with her mother and set up in her father's old study her worn Corona typewriter, the one she had used in Africa for typing business letters headed "The Karen Coffee Co., Ltd." The manuscript of *Seven Gothic Tales* was completed two years later.

Karen Blixen shared her mother's house until 1939, when Ingeborg Dinesen died. The following spring the Germans occupied Denmark. Two severe winters followed; in 1940 the Sound outside her windows, between Denmark and Sweden, was frozen over, a phenomenon she had described in "The Supper at Elsinore," set in 1841: "At night. . . this flatness and whiteness of the sea was very strange, like the breath of death over the world."

It was not until the spring and summer of 1944 that she began to adapt the house to her own taste. She gave away her mother's grand piano and heavy tablecloths. In the midst of wartime shortages, she saw an advertisement for a set of lace curtains being sold privately and

It was not until 1944 that she unpacked all the things she had brought back from Africa



In 1931 Blixen took over what had been her father's study, *Opposite above*, called Ewald's Room after a Danish poet who stayed at the house when it was an inn. The Masai and Somali weapons on the wall belonged to her brother Thomas. *Opposite below:* Blixen painted the two portraits of Kikuyu in the 1920s. *Top right:* Blixen in the drawing room about the time of her mother's death in 1939. *Above right:* In 1944 Blixen began to change the house. One of her purchases was lace curtains for the drawing room in the summer. *Right:* The Danish long-case clock accompanied her to Africa and home again.



bought them to hang in the drawing room in the sum
mer. They were too long, but she didn't have the heart t
cut them down, so the lace fell in graceful pools on th
floor. And she unpacked her things from Africa—th
painted screen that stood by the fireplace in the house a
Ngong and inspired the stories she told her lover, Deny
Finch Hatton, along with the gramophone he gave her.

Once she began to make Rungstedlund her own, sh
pursued a distinct vision. She bought threadbare orien
tal carpets because she thought new ones, with their dee
pile and rich tones, were vulgar. And she had a frien
mix and remix colors for the walls until she was satisfied
For the dining room she settled on a grayed neutra
shade that is light in the summer yet cozy in the winter
just as she pictured.

She enjoyed having houseguests but also wanted t
concentrate on her writing, so she transformed her
mother's bedroom and an adjacen
room into a guest apartment. Visitors
were not supposed to show up in the



During her last two years, Blixen and Rungstedlund were finally at peace

main wing until lunch. To make the
guest sitting room harmonize with the
lawn outside, she decreed a color
scheme unusual—even outrageous—
for a Danish interior of the day: bluish
green walls with light yellow-green
woodwork, a combination she said
was inspired by oriental ceramics.

Rungstedlund had no central heat-
ing until 1960. Wood fires were kept
burning in the open fireplace and in
the rococo, *(Continued on page 124)*





ld's Room,
nd *opposite*
Harald
in's 1935 bust
en Blixen
on a bookcase
ice held her
s guns. *Opposite*
eft: The hall on
rden side of the
Opposite below
Blixen with
Schweitzer,
she had
ted about
up a hospital
asai children.



Adrienne Vittadini, *right*, in green silk separates, has created a setting for civilized country living at her secluded weekend house, to which she and her husband, Gianluigi, *below*, commute by seaplane. *Left:* On the porch, antique wicker chairs surround a table dressed with a cloth from Patrick Frey. Details see Resources.

Shingle-Style Chic

At Adrienne Vittadini's Long Island retreat, the fashion designer dresses down

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili







IT WAS A MOMENT OF TRUTH FOR me," Adrienne Vittadini recalls. "We had gone from a place right in East Hampton to a beach house on the dunes, but it felt too barren. So we decided to build from scratch. When we were driving back to the city from the land we were going to buy, I sighed that someday we would have our dream house. I knew then that we would never build: I wanted an old house, a house with a history and lawn and trees."

She found her ideal on a bay in a secluded part of eastern Long Island: a gray shingle-style house from 1904 on fourteen acres of land with spacious porches, an old-fashioned tennis court nestled in the trees, and lawns that tumble down to the water. "Initially when I saw this property, I fell in love with the land and the spectacular setting," says Vittadini. "There was some major cleaning up to be done inside, but it had exactly the right feeling. After living in a contemporary beach house, I wanted a real contrast—something that personified the area's traditional architecture."

Adrienne and her husband, Gianluigi, bought the Long Island property in 1987. It has become their haven from a flourishing business built on giving women elegant modern clothing that feels great to wear. The Vittadini line, which began with Adrienne's knitwear designs in 1979, now includes three fashion divisions and fourteen licensees, from bedsheets and swimwear to a fragrance scheduled to launch in 1992. Keeping this empire on the move requires hard work and constant travel. "To me, my house is about unwinding, being totally free and wearing no makeup," the designer confides. "We go there every weekend in the summer except when we're in Europe. There are usually ten or even twenty people. We also love to spend holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas when we can. It's such a great family house."

Adrienne, who was brought up in Philadelphia and studied fine art there at Moore College of Art and Design before launching her design career in Italy, fell in love with the area when she and some college friends rented a house in Quogue. "When I first brought Gianluigi—Gigi—out here, he was disappointed," she says. "I think he was expecting, or perhaps hoping for, a bit of Capri. But eventually it started getting under his skin."

Realizing Adrienne's vision of the house took about two years, during which time she worked closely with two architects and a decorator. The main challenge for architect James D'Auria, who oversaw the initial restoration of the main house and the boathouse, was to give the American shingle-style architecture that attracted Adrienne a Mediterranean flavor that would appeal to Gianluigi. To do this, D'Auria replaced the windows looking out on the pool with French doors that provide graceful access to the porch, which serves as an open-air dining room.



Outside, *above right*, the house is distinctly American; inside, the flavor is Continental. *Opposite:* Under an Italian landscape in the living room, a paisley shawl from Etro is draped over a French straw chair. Carpet from Kamdin Designs, NYC. *Right:* The study's wool wallcovering from Le Décor Français, NYC, and curtains and upholstery fabrics from Etro depart from the light palette.

"Color always caught our attention first," says decorator Larry L.



In the dining room, walls incorporating antique panels and a 19th-century painted Venetian chest cast a spell of muted greens and golds, while the cool crispness of the custom-dyed dhurrie and the table linens from Jesurum, Venice, and Hinson & Co. set off the Empire chairs.

'd say, 'Look at that green chest!' "





At the foot of the pool, architect Alexander C. Gorlin created a pavilion that echoes the double colonnade of the porch. The pool house accommodates a small kitchen, changing rooms, and a miniature sitting room curtained in white canvas. "I wanted to create a little classical temple in the landscape," says Gorlin.

The pool itself was rejuvenated and retiled in blue green. "We had the tile installed," says decorator Larry Laslo, "and then Adrienne went out to see it. It was sunset and the whole place turned periwinkle, not at all what she wanted. Then the next morning she opened her curtains and the pool was brown! During the night a huge rainstorm had washed the hillside into the pool." Now, says Laslo, the pool is the perfect shade—"exactly the color of the Mediterranean in the sun."

The decoration of the house was a collaboration between Adrienne and Laslo, who has been working with Vittadini for three years on her boutiques, showrooms, and window displays. In the *(Continued on page 123)*





A Biedermeier armoire and secretary, *right,* anchor the whites of the master bedroom. *Above:* A guest room with bed linens designed by Vittadini for Fieldcrest. Sisal carpets in both bedrooms from Stark. *Below:* For the pool house Alexander Gorlin designed what he calls a "little classical temple."



"Shopping for the house was more play than work," says Vittadini



After October 1917, Soviet artists put imperial porcelain to work for the cause

By Andrew Solomon

Farming tools and a fishnet adorn a 1922 plate, *above. Right:* Detail of a Soviet propaganda poster, c. 1920. *Far right:* A 1920 platter shows Soviet soldiers forging weapons for the war against Poland. Details see Resources.

DURING THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION everything was transformed and very little changed. An absolutist government gave way to another absolutist government; appalling rural poverty combined with appalling urban poverty; solipsism gave way to idealistic selfishness. In the Imperial Porcelain Factory, renamed the State Porcelain Factory in 1917, the tradition of making exquisite plates for the czars and their circle eas-


SERVING THE
REVOLUTION



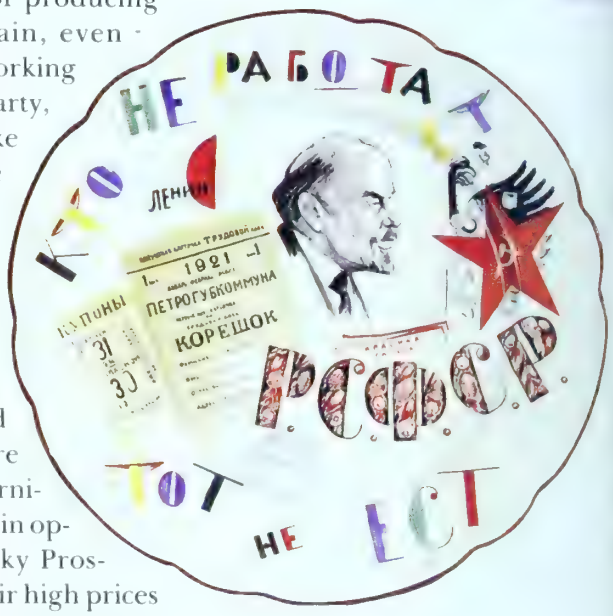
If each meal could be made an occasion for the celebration of the people's state, then the success of the cause was assured

ily became a tradition of making exquisite plates for the cause of the Revolution. Thus one of the most material grace notes of Nicholas II's decadence was sustained by the new regime. Lenin's fixation on revolutionary education meant that exponents of beauty did not have to give up their cause if they could twist it into the service of agitprop. Few did this more successfully than the porcelain workers. The Revolution established both a new moral system and a new standard of tableware in one fell swoop.

The notion that all men's parity could be enforced with dinnerware seems, from the harsh perspective of post-Communism, more than a bit naive. Nonetheless, plates were among the many ordinary things that could be transformed into message bearers for the Revolution. If each meal could be made an occasion for the celebration of the people's state and its triumphs, the success of the cause was almost assured. The Imperial Porcelain Factory was full of unglazed dishes that had yet to be decorated for members of the court, and these were immediately painted with slogans and other designs associated with Communism. The idea was mad, of course. The store of blanks, though substantial, could never have extended to the tables of the ordinary people of the new Russia, and the expense of producing hand-painted porcelain, even when the artists were working for the glory of the party, was far too great to make its distribution to the proletariat even a reasonable fantasy.

Instead dinner sets were sent off to the new nation's embassies where they attracted much notice and attention, and they were sold in the former Korniloff porcelain shop, still in operation today on Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad. Their high prices meant that they were usually bought by foreigners, and they were most valuable to the Russians as a source of foreign currency, always eagerly sought by the fathers of Communism. After 1921, propaganda ceramics were also sold at international exhibitions where they attracted welcome francs, dollars, and lire. Pieces that failed to find buyers at these shows were distributed through a shop in Hampstead, England, called Fortunate Finds.

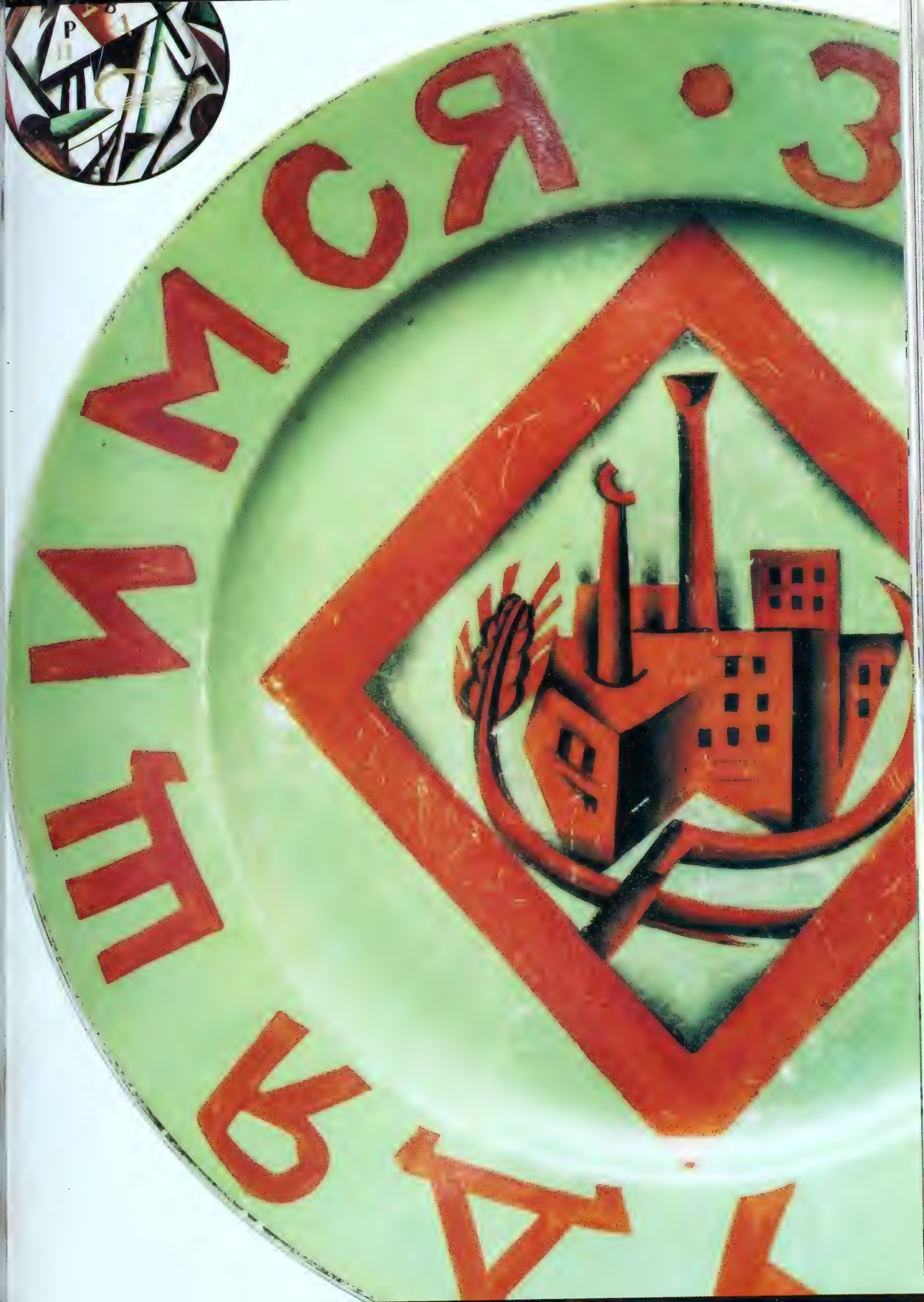
The French-born princess Nina Lobanov-Rostovsky's *Revolutionary Ceramics: Soviet Porcelain, 1917–1927,* published last fall by Rizzoli, is a remarkably detailed account of the period, illustrated with many of the finest pieces made in those years. These were selected from the collection of the late London antiques dealer Nicholas Lynn, who was among the first to recognize the artistic and social significance of propaganda ware. Lobanov-Rostovsky's immense *(Continued on page 124)*







Czarist and Soviet symbols appear on the bottom of a plate painted in 1922, *above. Clockwise from right:* A 1919 pattern by Sergei Chekhonin. *Motherhood,* c. 1920, by Alexandra Shchekotikhina-Pototskaya. Mikhail Adamovich's 1923 Lenin plate with the slogan "He who does not work does not eat." Suprematist plate by Nikolai Suetin. A 1910 design incorporating the word pravda (truth). *The Land Is for the Workers,* by Natan Altman, honoring the first anniversary of the Revolution.


УЧИМСЯ · ЗА







Teddy Millington-Drake, *above*, inside the converted barn, *right*. *Opposite:* The pergola shades a table by John Stefanidis and chairs he based on one designed for Palladio's Villa La Malcontenta in the 1930s. Details see Resources.

An Englishman in Italy

A painter applies his art to the restoration of a Tuscan farmhouse. By Teddy Millington-Drake

Photographs by François Halard





I CAME TO TUSCANY BY chance, like the passenger in the music hall song: "Oh! Mr. Porter, whatever shall I do?/I want to go to Birmingham and they're taking me on to Crewe." For three months I had been looking for a house near Rome and was leaving for Bombay a week later when I saw an advertisement in the Rome *Daily American:* "For sale, house in Tuscany, 14 rooms. . . ." I drove up on a foggy day in December, and at the end of a rough rocky road found a solid, almost square house with a pigeon tower. There were holes in the floor and no windows or doors, but I sensed immediately from the layout and proportions of the rooms and the huge ruined barn that this could again become a place to live and work. The fact that it was in Tuscany was secondary, even a disadvantage. "Too far away and gloomy," said the Roman Cassandras. "You're mad to buy a house now." It was 1974. "The Communists are coming; you'll be kidnapped by the Red Brigades." I was determined, however, and signed a commitment before departing for India.

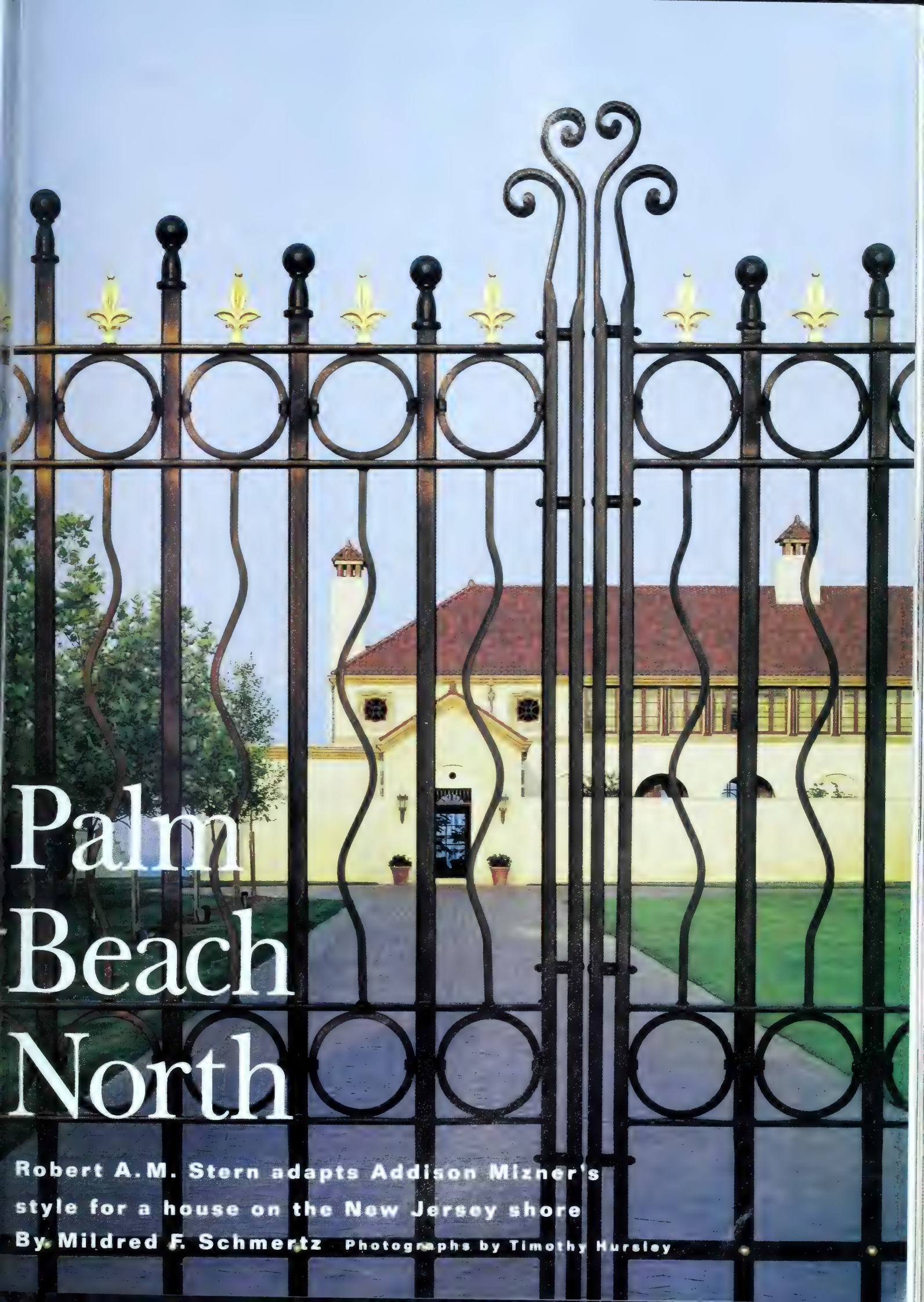
Poggio al Pozzo, as the house is called, stands on the Ricasoli estate, one of a hundred more or less similar structures built there during the past two or three centuries, with walls of local stone and floors and roofs of tile made in the landowners' own ovens. Many of these houses were abandoned in the 1950s, when the age-old Italian system of farming known as mezzadria came to an end. Th was an arrangement whereby t tenant farmer was given some lan and a house in return for half h produce. The first cherries, the be cheeses were sent to the landlord the castle. After the war farme were unwilling to continue with me zadria and landlords were unable modernize the houses, which had drainage, plumbing, or electricit The young people went to work i factories, and their parents moved t small blocks of flats in the villages. was then that adventurous Englis men driving about the Tuscan cou tryside first began to buy vacan buildings to use as holiday house often putting in only the most basi plumbing. A new period had starte for so many of the properties th farmers left behind.

When I returned from India, I re alized what I had taken on. Ther was hardly any water, no telephone a terrible road, and everything to b done. But the woods, where onl birds disturbed the silence, and th distant views of Ricasoli castles an of Monte Amiata, a pale blue outlin on the horizon, made it all worth while. I rented a flat in a castle, an with the help of John Stefanidis, wh came to visit from London, the hous began to take shape.

In traditional Tuscan farmhouse the animals were kept on the ground floor, while the family lived upstair in rooms giving onto a big kitche with a large fireplace. Because th entrance to my house was up an out side flight of stairs, an inside stair case had to be built. Bathrooms had to be installed, new doors and win dows fitted, and the stables turned into a hall, pantry, and dining rooms. Stefanidis decided to build on a new



Rustic stonework was restored at Poggio al Pozzo, *above left. Left:* The new kitchen reuses an old archway. *Opposite:* In the kilim-carpeted living room, a sofa in John Stefanidis cotton available at China Seas stands near inlaid Middle Eastern chests, a 17th-century Italian mirror, and a batik-covered Tuscan chair. A Millington-Drake canvas hangs above one of a pair of 18th-century Roman armchairs.



Palm Beach North

Robert A.M. Stern adapts Addison Mizner's style for a house on the New Jersey shore

By Mildred F. Schmertz **Photographs by Timothy Hursley**

EVERY WORK OF ARCHITECTURE has a secret language, that of the place to which it really belongs. The language of this fine house on the New Jersey shore, used by its owners only in summer, is the romantic idiom of the great winter houses built in Palm Beach during the 1920s by Addison Mizner. Given a few coconut palms, this northern variation on the theme, recently completed by architect Robert A. M. Stern, could almost pass for a Mizner original.

No American architect since Mizner has been more imaginative or dedicated than Stern in setting the scene for privileged existence. In a sense, this house is pure literature, Jay Gatsby's dream of the good life incarnated in stucco, limestone, terra-cotta, mahogany, and tile. Stern's clients did not ask for a specific style of architecture or decoration. The couple, parents of three college-age sons, wanted a setting that would echo various regional vernaculars of southern Europe and the Mediterranean—evoking their family origins, travels, and cultural interests in a golden retreat by the sea.

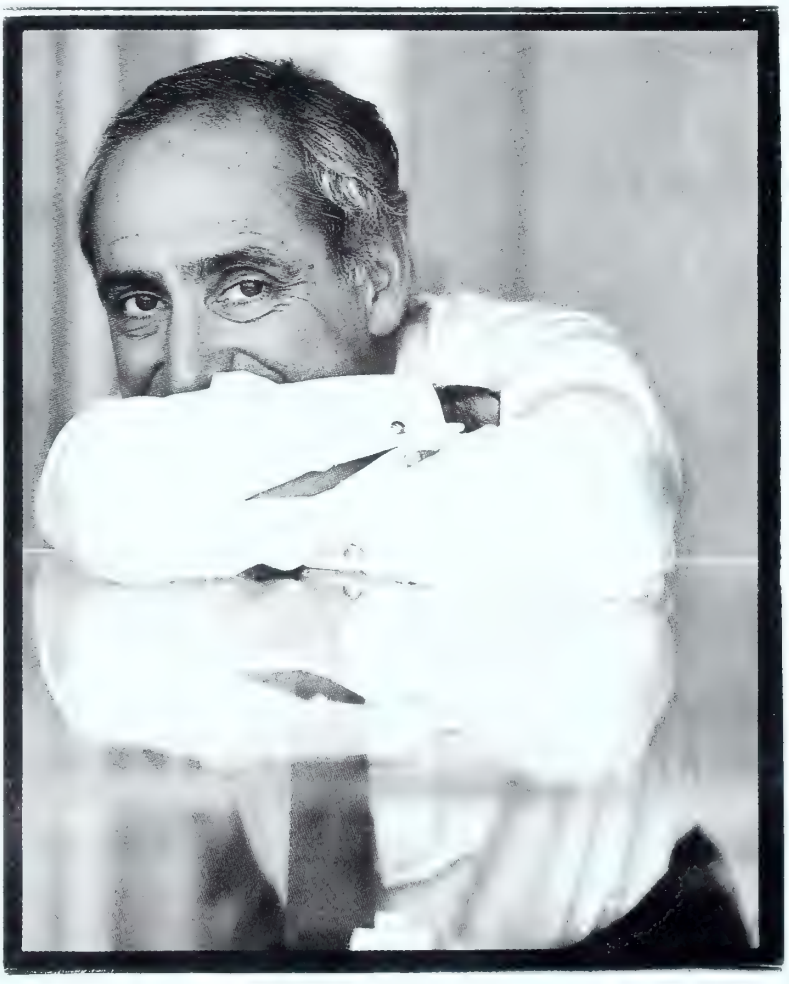
Stern is an eclectic architect, one of the first of a generation trained as modernists to reinvent himself as such. He views each commission as an opportunity to extend and enrich his repertoire of styles. Best known for his creative adaptations of the nineteenth-century shingle style, Stern has also successfully tried his hand at reinterpreting a broad range of classical precedents. He is not only a highly productive architect, by any measure of work built, but a prolific architectural historian as well. Most recently—and appropriately, in light of the stylistic provenance of his New Jersey villa—Stern has written the introduction to *Palm Beach Houses*, just published by Rizzoli with a text by Shirley Johnston.

"My interest in architecture and my interest in history are totally intertwined," Stern explains, "and I like to write about things I can't find in books already. It is not by chance that I have worked on books about Palm Beach and Newport. A few years back the photographer Roberto Schezen and I hatched the idea of doing a series on those wonderful places where the intersection of money and society produced a good deal of really important architecture, but where the very presence of money and society blinds people to architectural quality. We have tried to pull away the cobwebs of cash."



On early visits to Palm Beach, Stern admits to having angled for invitations to houses that looked promising. "Architects should have special privileges to snoop," he says. He regrets that many of the Mizner houses in Florida he loves best are now gone. Given the chance, the least he could do in homage to the master was to reinvent a Mizner house on the New Jersey shore. The fact that Mizner's architectural palette included every imaginable version of Spanish and Italian style only added to the interest of the task Stern set himself. Scorning academic copybook correctness, Mizner sometimes happily combined Venetian with Tuscan and Saracenic details in a single building, along with other not too closely related Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance motifs.

Stern's choosing Mizner as model says much about how he goes about selecting a style for a particular client at a given place. "I always try to reinforce strong or interesting characteristics of the area where I find myself



Robert A. M. Stern, *right. Opposite:* Ground-floor rooms open off an arcaded hall where potted ficus trees are set on Vermont slate tiles. Obelisks crown a mahogany credenza designed by Stern's project architect, John Ike, with assistant Augusta Barone. *Above right:* In contrast to the discreetly enclosed street front, the side overlooking the ocean is wide open to sea and sky as Mediterranean-style architecture allows. Like Mizner, Stern, Ike, and their landscape associate Robert Ermerins deployed subtle changes of level to define the stately progression through interior and exterior spaces.

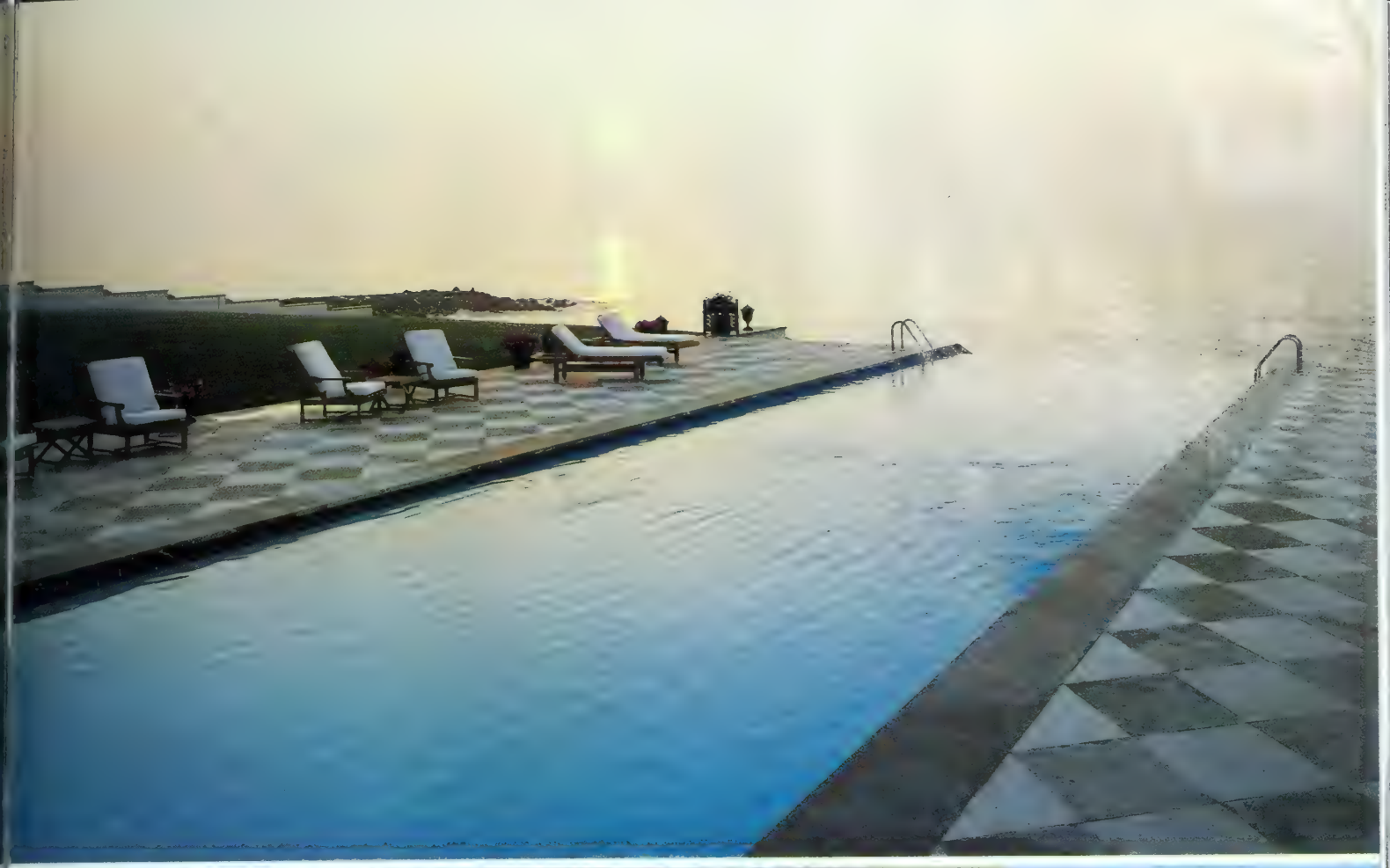




building. Often I choose a period before the Second World War, when the use of styles and regional ideas was more robust than it became in the postwar days of air conditioning and increased automobile travel. Of course, no one style dominated all across the United States. In most places a stylistic laissez-faire was encouraged. Along the New Jersey shore, between the turn of the century and the thirties, a number of houses were built in a Mediterranean-inspired mode." There was no reason why Mizner Spanish wouldn't fit right in and look as though it had been there for a long time. Stern furthermore believes that the clients for this house live in a private world very much like that of Mizner's clients. "The house is the center of family life. They do give big parties and people come over to play tennis or sit around the pool, but the owners like their privacy. You don't drop in on them. You're invited many many times."

Of all Stern's houses, this is one of the most richly

Abstract curves in the living room's French limestone mantel, *above*, allude to baroque ornament; Mizner would have brought the real thing back from Spain. The carpet is custom Portuguese needlepoint. *Opposite above:* Poolside chairs and tables from Summit Furniture are set out on a stone terrace. *Opposite below:* The unglazed vaulted entrance loggia recalls pre-air-conditioning Palm Beach. Details see Resources.







imagined, painstakingly studied and detailed, and meticulously constructed. Every material is what it seems, and the walls are thick, allowing the windows to be deeply set. The exterior walls are stucco trimmed in French limestone; terra-cotta cornices band tile roofs. Checkered terraces paved in two colors of limestone add immeasurably to poolside luxury. There is much to delight the family and guests during their passage through the wrought-iron gate at the curved street wall, along the vaulted entrance loggia, past the garden court geometrically patterned in river-washed pebbles of many colors, and into the high-ceilinged light-filled interiors with their views through large French windows toward more loggias, terraces, and the ocean. Throughout the house, the major pieces of furniture have been custom-designed by Stern. Other objects are from various sources; many are antique and nearly all are Spanish or Moorish in style. All the interior finishes —ceilings, floors, carpets, and fabrics—are lighter than Mizner would have made them. He tended to stain his wood paneling, molding, and ceiling timbers dark, and often distressed surfaces to make them seem old.



Stern takes special pride in the splendidly proportioned living room. He points out how the beamed ceiling "gives it a casual quality that undercuts the basic formality of a long axial room." He also likes the subtle play of light across the baroque-curved frame-within-a-frame carved into the vast limestone mantelpiece. By pure happenstance he found a rococo fire screen with a profile to match. Similar care has been extended outside to the chimneys, which Stern topped with tempietto-like wind caps that he claims out-Mizner Mizner. In truth they appear to be an homage to Michael Graves.

Only one room in the house *(Continued on page 126)*



In the master bedroom, *above*, interiors associate Lisa Maurer combined curtains in Schumacher fabric with silk upholstery, antiqu a coffee table from Luten Clarey Stern, and custom pieces such as t cherry headboard, *left*. Linens fro Pratesi; carpet from Stark. *Above l* The marble-lined master bathroo



Stern was one of the first of a generation trained as modernist architects to reinvent himself as an eclectic

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Great ideas

BY ALLAN SCHWARTZMAN



Two little girls settle into the perfect playhouse



WHEN THE HUDSON-PRICE GIRLS, Annie, age six, and her sister, Gen, age four, decided to build a little country getaway, they chose a modest forest clearing in Long Island, just behind the house of their parents, Judy Hudson, a painter, and Richard Price, a novelist and screenwriter. Then they scoured the area for ideas. The wooden balls that frame the porch came from a salvage shop, and the old ducks on the roof were spotted at an antiques fair. It was serendipity that led them to place a store sign in the form of a top hat where a chimney would go.

Gen and Annie Hudson-Price, *above* and *left*, mingle with the sunflowers at their playhouse. Details see Resources.

Great ideas

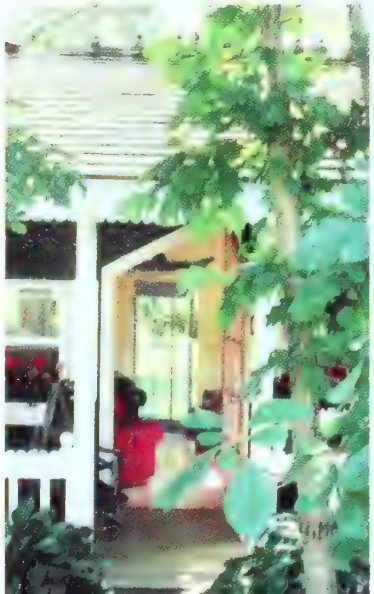


Some starfish on the ceiling, flowers all around, and the house was done

Nowadays, Annie and Gen give tea parties for their "not not-real" friends Medgie, Fluffy, and Measuro, and they talk about the future. Annie plans to be an acrobat and a doctor. Gen intends to open a pet shop; she's also considering a career in tap dancing. One corner of the house is given over to a modest kitchen, the rest is a salon. For furniture they contacted their friend Georgia Grace Anson, then age one and a quarter, who was living in Bangkok. With the assistance of her mother, Amanda Kyser, a designer and importer, Georgia produced overstuffed furniture with lots of pillows in kookily colored Thai silks. Their pals Zena and Malia Scharf goaded their dad, Kenny, into making paintings for the walls. A sleeping balcony, some starfish on the ceiling, flowers all around, and the house was done. "It was easy," says Gen.

Oh, and Mom helped. ♠







Annie, *above,* **dusts vintage wallpaper from Secondhand Rose, NYC.** *Left:* **The salon side of the room features Amanda Kyser's silk furniture, tulle curtains by Judy Hudson, and a sleeping loft with a Laura Ashley border.** *Below:* **The porch trim is from Great American Salvage Co. Gen and Annie,** *below right,* **with Kenny Scharf paintings,** *detail above,* **a folk art fish, and stuffed animals.**

Garden Path

(Continued from page 78) autumn clematis or trumpet vine; the bottom landings are punctuated with clumps of pennisetum. The bank itself glows with 5,000 daylilies in every shade of yellow and orange—no pinks need apply, says VonGal. A clamshell path heads straight for the ghost of a gazebo, a little square platform set barely above the tidal pool. As the path skirts the tennis court, it runs through "walls" of trellis and beneath two squared arches, a device that makes the distant lighthouse even more of a visual event. Not incidentally, it also transforms the tennis court into a thing of beauty—the walls froth with pale roses all summer. The occasional brush with thorns, running back to catch a lob, is more than worth it.

It has taken ten years for the house and garden to become what they are today. "The worst mistake in an informal garden is to have a comprehensive master plan, though of course there should be a general strategy," says Robertson. "The best gardens are sequential, since each piece added affects the shape and balance of the whole." VonGal has filled in the picture slowly, weighing her choices and taking careful note of the island weather and resources. "Hedges have to be kept open, for instance, or else they'll tip over in the constant strong winds," she says, "so we prune to a happy medium between privacy and stability and always stick in new Russian olive cuttings as insurance." Soil must be made: a powerful chipper-shredder combines gala weekend garbage with seaweed gathered on the island to make compost. Clamshells smell like—well, old clams—so yearly loads of crushed shells for the paths are aged discreetly in a distant mound beyond the dune grass. Serendipity plays its part—mowing the coreopsis field at just the right moment produces a bumper crop of Queen Anne's lace, a tablecloth of white for August. As summer advances, the clear pink 'Betty Prior' roses along the lighthouse path respond to changes in heat, light, and humidity and darken in color: they are hourglasses marking summer days by the sea. ▲

Editors: Leslie Horn and Senga Mortimer

Shingle-Style Chic

(Continued from page 100) Long Island house, Laslo says, they wanted to blend the best of European and American country living. They spent countless weekends making the rounds of local antiques shops and squeezed European shopping expeditions into Adrienne Vittadini's hectic calendar. "It was a stimulating experience," Vittadini says. "Sometimes it was even more play than work." One of their Long Island finds was a nineteenth-century Venetian painted chest in soft greens and golds which now stands in the dining room.

"Color always caught our attention first," Laslo remembers. "We wouldn't say, 'Look at that Empire chair!' We'd say, 'Look at the cinnamon chair!' Or, 'Look at that green chest!'"

The results are anything but rustic. The house has a Continental flair with a charming mix of European antiques—a variety of painted furniture, an Anglo-Indian bed, a set of Empire side chairs, and several handsome Biedermeier pieces, including an armoire and a secretary in the master bedroom, a side table in the dining room, and a secretary in the living room. The patina of the woods is set off by whites and neutrals. In the living room, for example, the walls are a cream white, as are the curtains and the generously upholstered sofas. The floors are bleached wood, and the carpet a quiet floral on an ecru ground. Floral Aubusson pillows on the sofas echo a pair of small eighteenth-century Italian flower paintings on the wall. It is a mark of Vittadini's confident hand that the leopard-skin print on two deco stools is so perfectly integrated.

Throughout the house the wallcoverings and fabrics are mostly solids, accented with subtle stripes, paisleys, and florals, all in flattering colors—almost a fashion palette. The rooms are both welcoming and elegant. In essence, Adrienne Vittadini has succeeded in dressing her vacation house much the way she dresses the millions of women who buy her clothes: simply but with a touch of formality and a cool chic that never intimidates. ▲

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Out of Denmark

(Continued from page 92) Louis XVI, and Empire-style stoves she salvaged from her relatives' country houses. The particularly charming Norwegian stove in her study—named Ewald's Room in honor of the poet Johannes Ewald, who had stayed in the house when it was a busy inn—came from Gyldensteen, the estate of her Bernstorff cousins. Outside the heated rooms, the halls and stairs were frigid in winter; water in the sink in the long corridor between the warm kitchen and the dining room would turn to ice. Baths were taken in old-fashioned tubs, filled with pitchers of hot water carried from the kitchen.

By the mid 1950s, Karen Blixen was worried about the condition of the house—"It is constantly falling down on my head and I am constantly having it shored up"—and the future of the forty acres of open space that were so important to the migratory birds with which she identified. Finally, in 1958, with the cooperation of her brother Anders and her sister Ellen Dahl, she set up a foundation to restore and maintain Rungstedlund. The three donated the house and grounds, and Karen Blixen arranged for her copyrights to be transferred to the foundation. For nine months she lived elsewhere while extensive repairs were made and a heating system was installed. She moved back in October 1960, aged seventy-five, in a very precarious state of health.

In the two years that remained to her, Karen Blixen and Rungstedlund were at peace with each other. She had at times felt that the house was a prison, at other times that it was a white elephant swallowing up her energy and resources. Now, having found a way to preserve the rambling old house and its gardens, woods, and meadows, she received friends and admirers, drew up detailed plans for meals she could not eat, spent evenings sitting on the veranda, and, despite her pain, walked to the garden to select flowers for her famous arrangements.

In an essay entitled "The Welcom of Beautiful Flowers," published i 1985, Steen Eiler Rasmussen, a frien who had photographed many of he arrangements, described one "impre sionistic" grouping of "the airy seed heads of common dandelions," wil chervil, and branches of linden—"th whole a work of art that only lived day. A breeze in the drawing roon and the white dust of this beautifu dream would fall like snow."

Throughout the spring and summe of 1962 Karen Blixen worked near every day in Ewald's Room; on Sep tember 5 she signed her last contrac and wrote a birthday letter to her sis ter-in-law. Two days later she died The house hibernated until May 15 o this year, when the Karen Blixen Mu seum opened its doors. Today Rung stedlund is once again welcomin those who admire this remarkabl woman and her work. ♠

Karen Blixen Museum, Rungsted Strand vej 111, 2960 Rungsted Kyst, Denmark (45) 42-57-10-57.

Serving Revolution

(Continued from page 104) knowledge of the Revolution and of the characters involved brings the plates, platters, and tea sets to life, and her definitions of design categories and genres help make accessible the complex strands of thought underlying the propaganda movement. Lobanov-Rostovsky's work, together with the changing climate in the Soviet Union, has inspired a renaissance of interest in this material (an exhibition of the art of the Russian avant-garde, with a catalogue essay by Lobanov-Rostovsky, opens at the Guggenheim next summer).

Ceramics were designed by many of the most important artists of the Revolution, including Wassily Kandinsky and suprematist Kazimir Malevich. Sergei Chekhonin, who was the first revolutionary artistic director of the factory, and Alexandra Shchekotikhina-Pototskaya, schooled in icon painting, were the great visionaries of propaganda porcelain; for them it was not marginal or decorative art but a form of expression as important as painting on canvas. They, along with artists like Rudolf Vilde, Mikhail Adamovich, and Maria Lebedeva, defined the styles in which most of the other artists worked. Their subjects range broadly; looking through Lobanov-Rostovsky's book, one is struck by the notion that the Revolution had too many symbols and objectives not quite in keeping with one another. Messages abound of intellectual elitism and populism, of absolute morals and antimoralism, of the crucial role of history and antihistoricism.

Many plates show the obvious symbols we associate with the Revolution, such as hammers and sickles, red stars, and sheaves of wheat. There are examples that are textual: one declares, "The Land Is for the Workers," another, "The Future Has No Fear of Past Horrors," and a third, "Away with the Bourgeoisie, May Capital Rot." The few suprematist pieces are striking in their simplicity; though this fit with the artists' agenda, it is difficult to imagine that these designs, on the table of a worker or an ambassador, would communicate much about the nature of the new order. Other plates, however, are narrative or documentary and show the events of myth and of the Revolution in measured detail.

What is most striking about this work is how beautiful it is. These ceramics are so clearly the product of a passionate idealism and are designed with such a bright visionary agenda that they are irresistibly compelling. And though they do not quite snare us into the fallacies of Stalinism, they are seductive: looking at them, we understand how alluring the mind-set of the Revolution must have been in those early days, and they help us to see how so many people could have been so swiftly converted to what now seems a lunatic system. Lobanov-Rostovsky points out that the factory was often unheated and the workers painted plates with their mittens on. The fervor of the Revolution is more accessible in these small testimonies of heroism than in the enormous sculptures and inhumane buildings that Communism was later to produce and call its triumphs. If these plates did not spread literacy or convert the peasantry, at least they remain as evidence of a once fiery vision of a perfect future. ♠

nglishman in Italy

ontinued from page 110) winter, social e in Tuscany is quiet. January and bruary are the best times to visit lorence. For a few weeks one can see om one end of the Uffizi to the other, e streets are less crowded, and the y once more belongs to the Floren- es. When the sun comes out in win- r, which it can do for months on end, is warm enough to sit outside. All the me, it is difficult to tempt Italians into the country. They do not think an outing for Sunday lunch is a good idea unless it's a big party. (I once invited Milanese friends to my villa near Venice for the weekend. "What for?" they asked.) In Siena there are winter concerts at the Palazzo Chigi-Saracini, in a lofty room with art nouveau stuccos, and plays performed by traveling companies at the beautiful Teatro dei Rinnovati, part of the Palazzo Pubblico.

In the summer Tuscany is different. Houses that have been empty all winter are filled with visitors from London, New York, and Paris, and the social scene takes on all the intensity described in John Mortimer's novel *Summer's Lease*. But I still prefer Poggio as I first saw it, in winter when the sun rises behind the cypresses across the valley and Monte Amiata is clearly visible after the mist has lifted. The oak trees keep their golden leaves, contrasting with the deep green of the ilexes in the woods, and wild boar come down from the mountains to hunt for acorns where farm animals used to graze. ♠

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

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aratoga Purebred

Continued from page 55) Garvin Meck- g, but she bought a lot of things in nd around Saratoga. No previous roject had offered such opportunities r self-expression. The treasures in er Manhattan apartment always im- osed a certain aesthetic rigor. At last he felt free to follow her inclinations herever they took her. Sister approved of all this intensive "antiquing," er client says with some relief. "It's not s if that's always the case."

In the course of doing over the ouse, the owner developed a sharp ye for artifacts she had formerly taken or granted. She found herself collecting major examples of nineteenth-century majolica, exceptional American uilts (they are used on tables as well as eds), and a great many hooked rugs, mblazoned with eagles or horses. Indeed, the American eagle seems to be omething of a mascot, to judge by the uantity—carved, embroidered, ainted, engraved—in virtually every room. However, we are in Saratoga—equine heaven—and so the horse is always in evidence: everything from eighteenth-century sporting pictures to rocking horses, from Staffordshire figures to paintings of the stud by Vaughn Flannery, the American Alfred Munnings, who is being honored with a show at Saratoga's National Museum of Racing this summer.

Now that the house is finished, the proud owner claims it is a favorite. More than any of the other residences, it reflects her very personal, very sure taste, her firm but gentle touch, her old-fashioned perfectionism. Like her, the rooms are warm and welcoming, discreetly festive—stylish as opposed to modish. After exposure to all this comfort, guests are apt to have a problem returning to their mundane existences. Where else can you walk down to a beautifully maintained racetrack at dawn and watch the horses gallop at you out of the early morning mist? I like to follow them back to the stables for their rubdown by an army of grooms. (The final touch in this ritual is unexpected: liberal applications of the Avon Lady's Skin-So-Soft, apparently a most effective insect repellent.) I also like to drink water from the stable tap, so pure it deserves to be bottled. Then back to the house for breakfast: local melons, an incomparable cheese omelette browned under a salamander, and lively chatter that is not always confined to racing.

Guests can go off with their hostess to forage in antiques shops, or they can sample the last of the famous baths where Ian Fleming set one of James Bond's narrower escapes from death. And then there is racing in the afternoon, trotting at night, not to speak of the festival of music and dance. I prefer to stay around the house and have myself soothed by such old-fashioned treats as listening to a fellow guest sing art songs in a fine light tenor to his wife's accompaniment. Last thing at night, I pit myself against the rest of the household in that most challenging of parlor games, finding names for the latest batch of colts and fillies. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

High Art

Continued from page 62) rainbow of fall colors emblazoned with leaves and broken branches amplifies the point.

Upstairs in the master bedroom, Bonetti and Garouste turned up the rheostat on their autumn-in-the-Alps aesthetic by installing a massive bronze bed that repeats the broken-branch motif. Animal skins littering the floor round out the chic Neanderthal installation. Similar in spirit is Regina's gnarled wrought-iron library desk, which Bonetti and Garouste covered in furry cowhide with matching chairs.

Only the dining room eludes the call of the decorative wild, owing to the Edelmans' interest in making the room a tribute, of sorts, to the work of Lucio Fontana. Four of the Italian artist's signature slashed, gouged, and otherwise mutilated canvases hang on the walls; a large iron Fontana sculpture occupies one corner. Bonetti and Garouste took the hint, designing a carpet that appropriates the slash motif as a border infilled with raffia. The only interruption in the ode to Fontana is a large oil by Willem de Kooning. "The colors are perfect," explains Regina.

As the dining room emphatically announces, art is key to the Edelmans' Swiss retreat. Of course, you get a hint of this when the butler opens the front door and the first six things you see are not by Bonetti and Garouste but rather by de Kooning, Hans Hoffman, Joseph Beuys, Cy Twombly, Josef Albers, and Jasper Johns.

Impressive though the quality and

High Art

range of theory into the house is in many ways a preamble, a promise of things to come. Down the mountain, on the other side of Lausanne in Pully, Asher has spent the last year transforming two turn-of-the-century industrial buildings overlooking Lake Geneva into a public showcase for a considerably more thorough cross section of his collection (supplemented, at times, by examples from other collections). The Museum of Contemporary Art Edelman Foundation, which opened June 10, is the first museum of contemporary art in French-speaking Switzerland. Not surprisingly, Bonet and Garouste have been summoned from Paris again to design the furniture for the museum café. "I think there's nothing to compare with what they're doing now, anywhere in the world, that I have seen," explains Asher Edelman. And Asher Edelman has seen a lot. ▲

Palm Beach North

(Continued from page 118) carries no hint of Mizner provenance. When Stern suggested a figured red and gray marble, intense in color and pattern, for the master bathroom, the owners went along. The architect wishes this room were his own. "It's like a jungle. Imagine sitting there in the tub admiring all the patterns." But the ultimate vantage point for private reverie is the terrace, where he has contrived a swimming pool that appears to spill over directly into the Atlantic. "Looking out to sea," says Stern, "you remember how you always wanted to know where the water that fills the ocean comes from. And now, you feel you know. It comes from this pool." ▲ *Editor: Anne Foxley*

Resources

PEOPLE
Pages 24, 29 Buckeye Blake's paintings and [illegible] at Edelman Gallery, [illegible] Chicago. Neiman Marcus. Faux painted [illegible] $2,700; to special order from Yale R. Burge Antiques, NYC, (212) 838-4005. Brass turtle boxes at John Rosselli, NYC, (212) 737-2252. Turtle pin of [illegible] at Bulgari, NYC, (212) 315-9000.

SARATOGA PUREBRED
Pages 48–49 [illegible] to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC; Atlanta; Beverly Hills; Boston; Chicago; Dallas; Denver; Houston; Los Angeles; Philadelphia; San Diego; San Francisco; Troy; Washington, D.C. Carpet [illegible] at Edelman & Salter, NYC. Papered ceiling [illegible] Atlanta; High Point; Fortune; Boston; Hensel; Chicago; Jim Barrett; Dallas; Design West; Dania; R.F. Wilson; Denver; [illegible]; Houston; Los Angeles; Duncan Higgins; Troy; Philadelphia; Thomas Bromley; San Francisco; Tuttle; Washington, D.C. Carpet [illegible] at Edelman Leather, for price and availability, 212 421-7272. **51** Painted floor by Chuck Fischer Studio, NYC, (212) 481-0138. **52–53** Fern and Anemone Glazed Chintz cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Turkic Sisal carpet, with [illegible] at Edelman & Salter, NYC; Atlanta; Boston; Chicago; Dallas; Dania; Houston; Los Angeles; Philadelphia; San Francisco; Troy; Washington, D.C.; Gregory; Alonso; Cleveland; Design Warehouse; Phoenix. **54–55** Iron Work Damask Print wallpaper and Damask Tapestry Texture faux cotton on armchairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Weekend stripe on bed [illegible] to the trade at Bowden & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin; Atlanta; Shecter-Martin; Boston; Rozmarin; Chicago; Rozmarin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs; Cleveland; Minneapolis; Troy; John Edward; Dallas; Houston; Bill Nesbitt; Dania; JEM; Denver; Denver Fabrics; Fabrications; Los Angeles; San Diego; San Francisco; Crocco; Philadelphia; Maple Manor; Portland; Seattle; Primavera; Toronto. **55** Wallpaper was placed on the trade at [illegible]; Minneapolis; (212) 758-1644.

HIGH ART
Pages 56–63 [illegible] by Mario Botta and Bernard Tschumi, see Page 118. **56** Bronze [illegible] Philadelphia; Hamilton Partners; [illegible]; Marcus Garvey Square; Duo; [illegible] at Edelman Leather; Los Angeles; Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; Neotu, NYC; Paris; Bonet and Garouste Trapani resin glass cigarette table, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; Neotu, NYC; Paris. **58–59** Bonet and Garouste Patchwork [illegible] Thomas Pheasant; [illegible]; Mariposa Cardinal; Dallas Cotton Club canvas, at Estate Textiles, Los Angeles; Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; Neotu, NYC; Paris; Bonet and Garouste Rubber-wrought-iron [illegible] at Neotu, NYC; Paris. **60** [illegible] Paris; [illegible] Paris. **62** Bonet and Garouste Rubber-wrought-iron [illegible] at Neotu, NYC; Paris.

ON THE BEACH
Page 68 Hand-painted decorative murals by [illegible] Lauren, NYC, (212) 594-1866.

PRIMARY SPACE
Pages 70–73 Architecture by 1100 Architect, NYC, (212) 688-6600.

UP AND DOWN THE GARDEN PATH
Pages 74–79 Architecture, landscape architecture by Jacques T. Brownson of Dober, Ruben & Partners, NYC, (212) 947-1177. Landscape design by Edwards on Gale, Edwards on Gale & Co., London and Ely, (44) 706-6007.

RIVIERA MODERNE
Pages 80–81 Terra-cotta [illegible] at Stuart Ahuja, NYC; [illegible] at Stuart Ahuja, see above. Tile [illegible] at Stuart Ahuja, see above. Bonet and Garouste for Neotu, NYC; Paris. **86** Armchair wrought iron Bonet and Nigon armchair with arm and [illegible] gold leaf, velvet upholstery, $5,960. Floor lamp, [illegible] wrought iron as shown, glass available in ten colors, $1,700, both by Bonet and Garouste for Neotu, NYC; Paris. Ceramics at [illegible] at Stuart Ahuja, see above. **87** Cut crystal [illegible] at Stuart Ahuja, see above. Ceramic [illegible] wrought iron glass table, wrought iron [illegible] by Philippe Perrin and Patrick Dumas for Ligne Roset, Etamine, Paris; Chelsea Grand, London.

SHINGLE-STYLE CHIC
Pages 94–101 Design, styling, flowers by Larry Laslo, NYC; (212) 737-2340. Architecture by James D'Agostino Associates Architects, NYC, (212) 758-1666. Alexander D. Gorlin Architect, NYC, (212) 334-8080. Landscape design by Roger Lawson of Roger Lawson Associates, (516) 283-2345. **94–95** Hanging, [illegible] by Patricia Fripp at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, [illegible] the Naked Eclectic, Greenwich; Abbeville, Washington, D.C.; Artois; Bon Pains; [illegible] at other [illegible]; Pierre Frey, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC; Atlanta; Boston; Chicago; Dallas; Dania; Denver; Houston; Los Angeles; Philadelphia; Portland; San Francisco; Seattle; Troy; Wicker [illegible] Flower Basket, NYC, (212) 737-1666. **96** [illegible] at Jeffrey & Co., NYC, (212) 737-1666.

.w of Rome, 19th-century Italian landscape, sim- at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660 ev shawl from Etro, similar at Bergdorf Good- NYC (212) 753-7300 Custom-size/color petit carpet, to order at Kamdin Designs, NYC 371-8833. English silver tray table, similar at Town Crossing (516) 283-7740 **97** Nicolas flannel for walls, at Le Décor Français, NYC 734-0032. La Bella Rosa cotton for curtains sofa, printed by Etro, to the trade at Grey Wat- s, NYC, for showrooms (212) 371-2333 Natural s wool/nylon carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet e above for pgs 52–53) **98–99** 19th-century netian chest, similar at Clifford H. Stanton An- ues (516) 283-0655 Custom-size/color dhurrie rug, to order at Kamdin Designs (see above) ecloth, similar at Jesurum, Venice (41) 52- 77. Tillery chintz under tablecloth, to the trade nson & Co., for showrooms (212) 475-4100 pire bleached mahogany/ebonized chairs, Bie- rmeier tiger maple side table, similar at R. J. King tiques, NYC (212) 645-6978 Trompe l'oeil col- n eft panel, and refurbishment of other panels, muralist Jack Plaia, Astoria (718) 932-7834 An- jde parrot painting, similar at Pine Street An- ues (516) 283-6339. **100** Cottage Collection 0 count polyester/cotton bed linens, by Adri- ne Vittadini for Fieldcrest, for stores (800) 841- 36 Monochrome Blue Roses linen/cotton for alls, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747 **0–01** Natural Ribs wool/nylon carpets, to the ade at Stark (see above for pgs 52–53) Bieder- eier armoire, French petit point carpet, c. 1875, milar at Old Town Crossing (see above) Bieder- eier elmwood chest of drawers, similar at Victor tiques, NYC (212) 941-9193 Mitsouko polyester r curtains, Colombe cotton for walls, mahogany ds with gilded pineapple finials and rings, at Le écor Français (see above)

ERVING THE REVOLUTION

ages 102–05 Soviet plates, at A la Vielle Russie, NYC (212) 752-1727, auctioned at Sotheby's, London (71) 408-5325 (next auction Nov. 28) Nikolai Suetin plate and other Soviet plates, at Modernism, San Francisco (415) 541-0461

AN ENGLISHMAN IN ITALY

Pages 106–11 Decoration, by John Stefanidis, 6 Burnsall St., London SW3 3ST, (71) 351-7511. Millington-Drake's work, at Hazlitt, Gooden & Fox, London (71) 930-6422 by appt. **107** Malcontenta chairs, to order at John Stefanidis, London (71) 352-3537. **109** Scritch Scratch cotton on sofas, Art Negra I cotton on three pillows, both by John Stefanidis, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Los Angeles, Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania, Ostrer House, Boston, Hinson & Co., Chicago, Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston, Egg & Dart, Denver, Fee-McClaran, Honolulu, Habert, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle, Designers Showcase, San Diego, Shears & Window, San Francisco, Campbell-Louis, Troy

PALM BEACH NORTH

Pages 112–19 Architecture, by Robert A. M. Stern Architects, NYC (212) 246-1980. **116** Custom Portuguese needlepoint rug, similar to the trade at Hokanson, Houston (713) 665-8501. Teardrops cotton on sofa pillows, to the trade at Rosecore, for showrooms (212) 421-7272. Iron/brass andirons, similar at Betty Jane Bart Antiques, NYC (212) 410-2702. Iron candleholder standing lamps, similar to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Moroccan wooden chest (#B903), to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Jeffrey Aronoff chenille rayon throw, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC, Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania, Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis, David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston, Shears & Window, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Primavera, Toronto. Hand-printed Italian velvet pillow on chair, similar at Portantina, NYC (212) 472-0636. 19th-century French chair, similar at Malmaison, NYC (212) 288-7569. **117** Teak lounge chairs (#FC218), chaises (#SR216), to the trade from Summit Furniture, for showrooms (408) 375-7811. **118** Bathroom faucets, available at Kohler dealers nationwide. Three-line embroidery-pattern cotton pillowcase, at Pratesi, NYC (212) 288-2315. **118–19** Saratoga Stripe polyester for curtains, to the trade at Schumacher, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Saint Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Antique tiebacks, similar at Julian Graham-White, NYC (212) 249-8181. Paul Jones metal gilt glass coffee table (#FM20), to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). Custom wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet (see above for pgs 52–53). Pillow trim, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver, Fee-McLaran, Honolulu, Gene Smiley, Minneapolis, S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Biedermeier side table, antique chair, similar at Florence Sack, NYC (212) 777-2967. Iron standing lamp, similar to the trade at Nicholas Fine Arts, NYC (212) 688-7766

GREAT IDEAS

Page 121 Old top hat sign, similar at Irreplaceable Artifacts, NYC (212) 777-2900. Cotton dresses, to order from Penha de Moraes, NYC (212) 410-6835. **122** Vintage wallpaper, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. Silk-upholstered furniture, to special order from Amanda Kyser (516) 725-3017. Orchard Border, by Laura Ashley, $18.50 roll, for stores (800) 223-6917. Porch trim and front door, similar at Great American Salvage Co., Montpelier (802) 223-7711

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Gandee AT LARGE

George Washington slept here

Years and years and years ago, before John D. Rockefeller Jr. showed up feeling patriotic, Williamsburg, Virginia, was known as "the place where the lazy live off the crazy." The uncharitable epithet stems from the time when the only thing happening in this sleepy little time capsule of a town was the insane asylum (the first in the U.S.) down on Francis Street.

Although the men in white coats are all gone, the stern redbrick building still stands as the official front door to the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Gallery, a 320-foot-long windowless box that architect Kevin Roche partially buried in the backyard of the former asylum in 1985.

"There are strict rules about intrusion in the historic district," offered Graham Hood, the Oxford-educated chief curator and vice president of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. Which not only explains why Colonial Williamsburg has the distinction of being the only place in the world where you will find a subterranean museum linked to a former insane asylum by a penumbral tunnel but also why ye olde local purveyors of burgers and fries have been banished to the anything-goes edges—Yikes! It's the twentieth century—of town.

After a tour of the museum, which is dedicated to illustrating the "material life of the American colonists" with period furniture, textiles, porcelain, and silver, Hood offered to serve as guide for a tour of the 199-acre historic area. We didn't get far before I indulged the rather cynical urge to observe that it all looked a bit, if I might say, like Disneyland—less relentlessly commercial, perhaps, and not quite so shamelessly cute but, still, sanitized and glamorized with all those "interpreters," as they're called, sashaying to and fro in period costume. "Our purpose is to educate," said Hood with a speed that suggested he'd said it before. "Disneyland's purpose is to entertain. One holds a higher moral slot."



Chief curator Graham Hood on the street in Colonial Williamsburg.

"Disneyland's purpose is to entertain," noted Hood. "Williamsburg's purpose is to educate"

Assisting in the educational cause is a full retinue of craftspeople—cabinetmakers, wigmakers, and gunsmiths, among others—who, according to Hood, still ply their trade "in the eighteenth-century way" in open-to-the-public workshops. The scholarly side of the eighteenth century is also addressed by four museums and a small army of historians whose research has "revised accepted notions about the decorative arts, about social history, about architecture." For example? "We have now identified a regional school of colonial furniture made in Virginia as well as a corpus of Virginia samplers," noted Hood with pride, adding that local archaeologists have turned up enough of our forefathers' remains to speculate on everything from an active infraeconomy among slaves to eighteenth-century eating habits.

Helping to support such endeavors is the "business side" of Colonial Williamsburg, as Hood put it, which employs some 1,800 people (as opposed to the 1,500 people who work on the "museum side"). The best known of these commercial efforts is the country's oldest and largest reproductions program, which Rockefeller himself initiated in 1930 and which now includes some 3,000 bona fide Colonial Williamsburg items. Every price point, as they say, is addressed—from fifty-cent souvenirs to a thirty-five-piece Baker furniture collection that Hood characterizes, somewhat informally, as "really good stuff."

When our whirlwind tour was complete, Hood suggested I stop by Carter's Grove on my way out of town. Located eight miles southeast of Francis Street, the 500-acre eighteenth-century plantation now serves as a sort of Colonial Williamsburg satellite. At Carter's Grove it's a bit tougher to indulge in the romantic nostalgia of the way it was. Especially since 1988, when four shacks were reconstructed to illustrate the material life of the twenty-four slaves who worked the fields adjacent to the mansion Carter Burwell completed in 1755 from 94,000 red bricks. Three black "interpreters," who are understandably exempt from the period costume mandate, guide visitors through the quarters. Maybe it's their constant reference to Burwell as "master," or maybe it's their vivid description of daily life in the slave quarters, but for whatever reason, this particular piece of ye olde Americana makes the sentimental journey back through Colonial Williamsburg a somewhat bumpier ride. **Charles Gandee**

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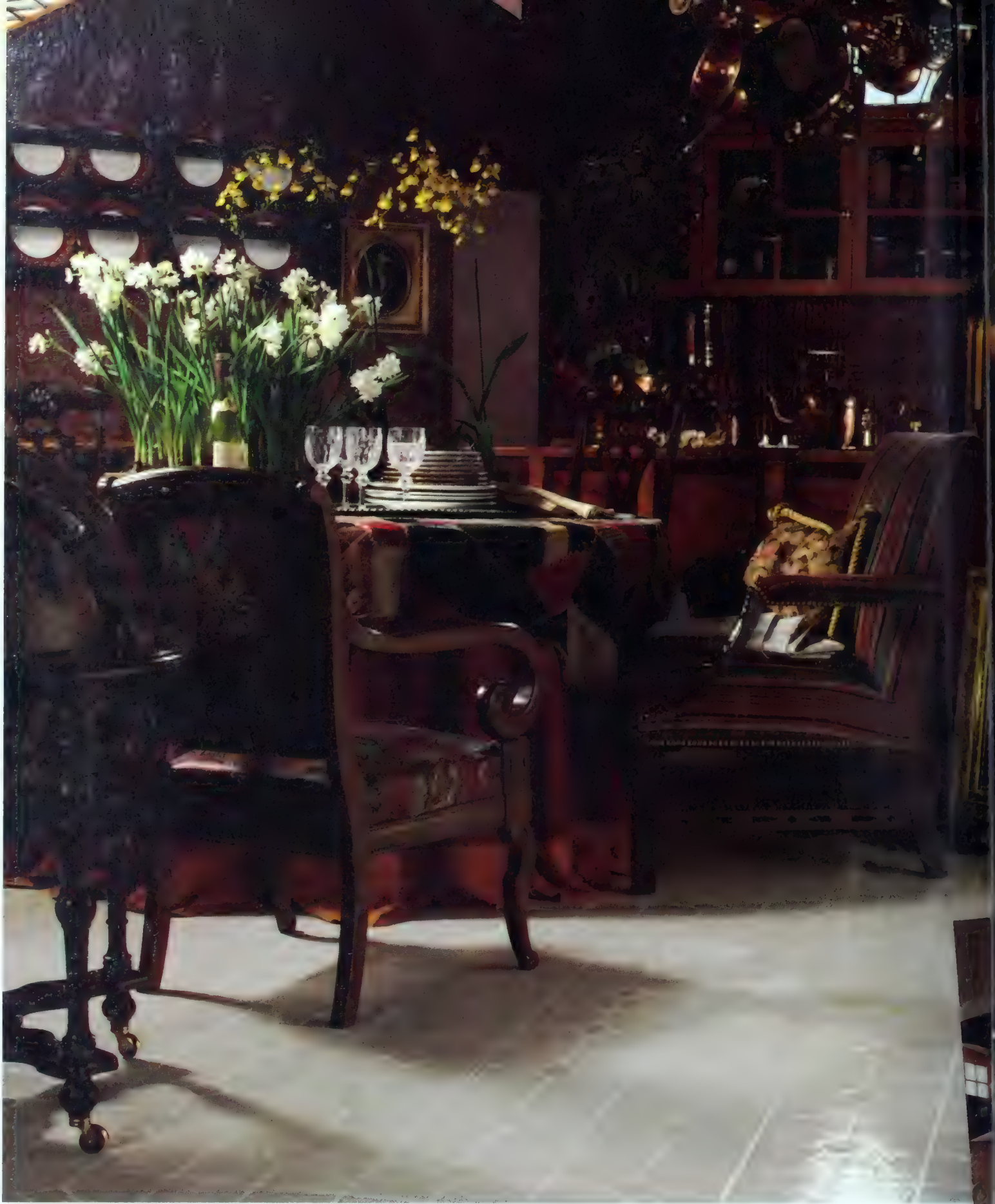


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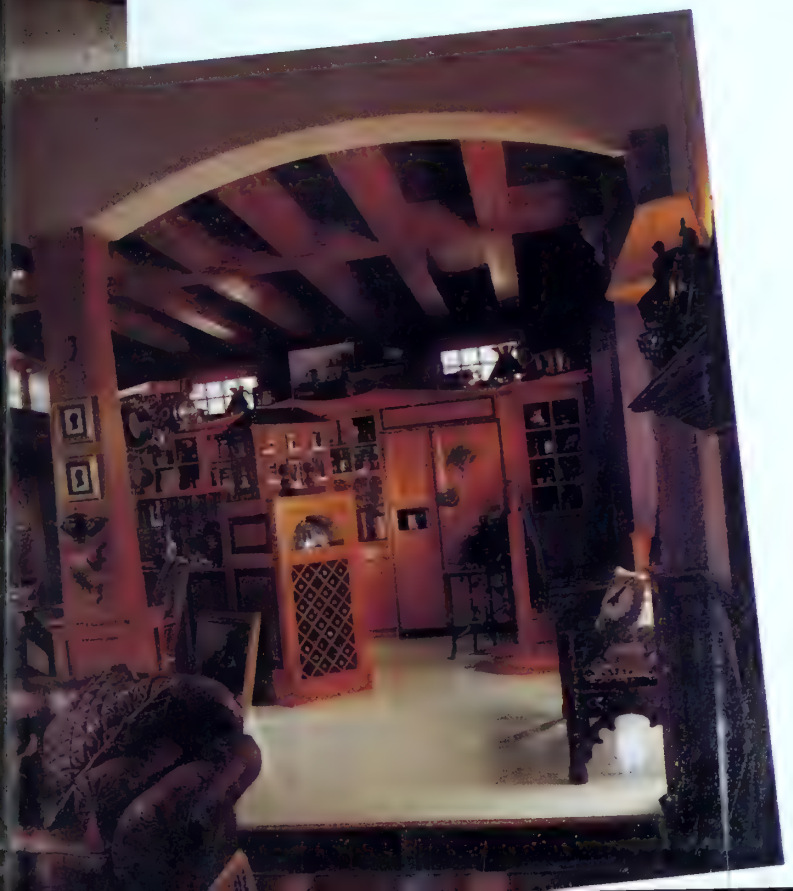
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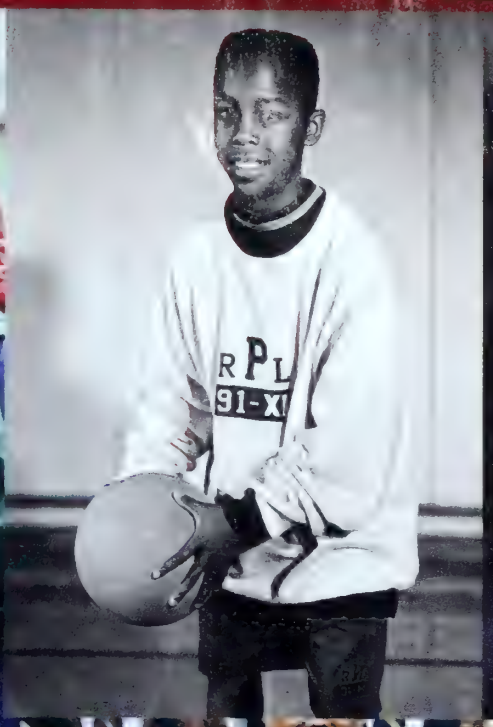
















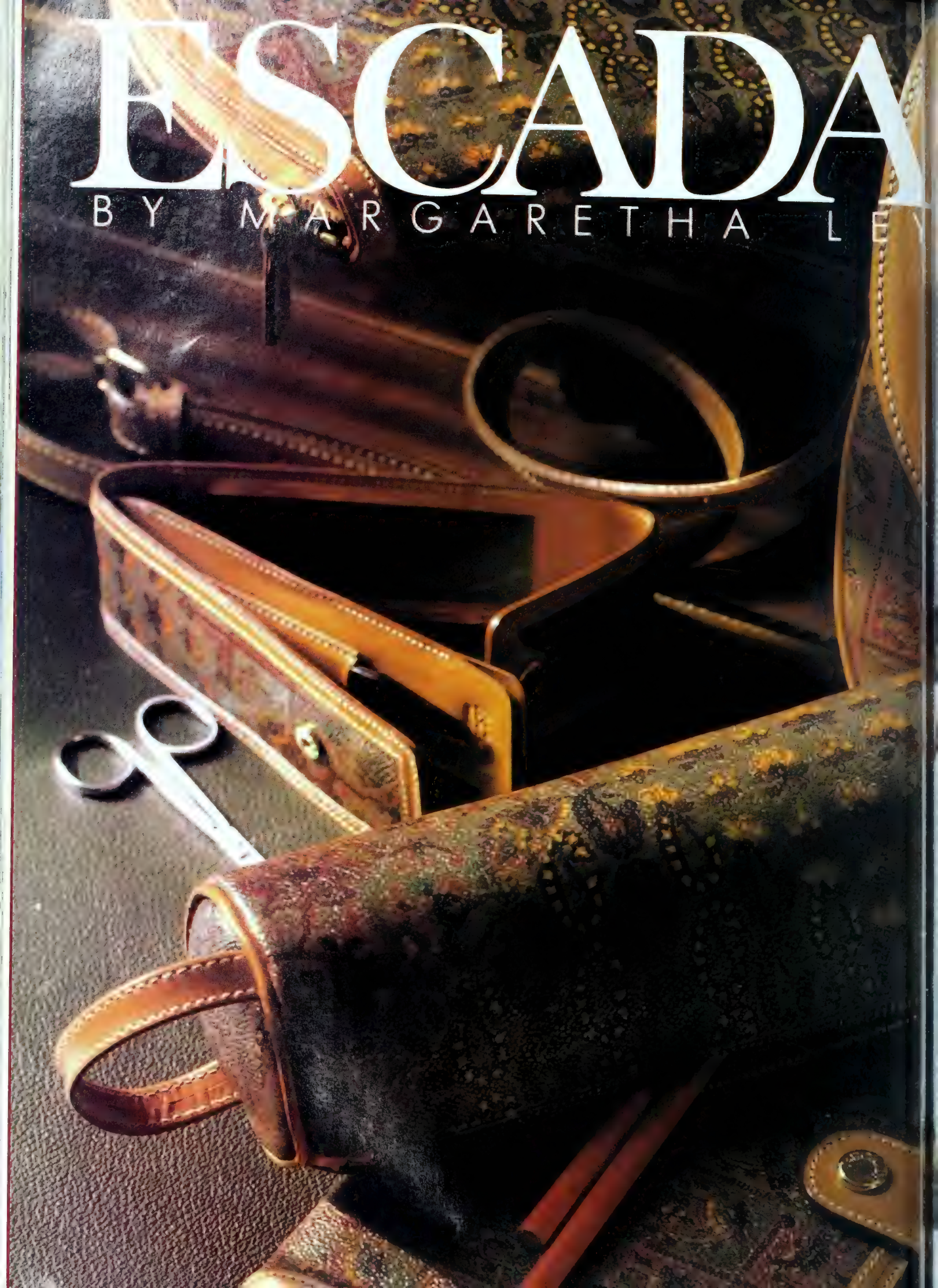


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ESCADA
BY MARGARETHA

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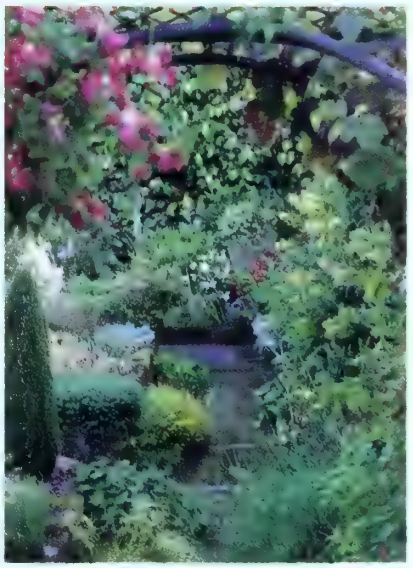
Francesco Mondadori, left, plays on a roof terrace in Capri. Page 102. Below left: An East Hampton guest room by Joe D'Urso. Page 124.



AUGUST



COVER *Dutch cabinet with oriental pottery in the great room of Lynn Chase's Maine boathouse. Page 84. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Vines overhang alpine plants in a Dublin garden, above. Page 68. Left: A Geoffrey Beene–designed stool. Page 82.



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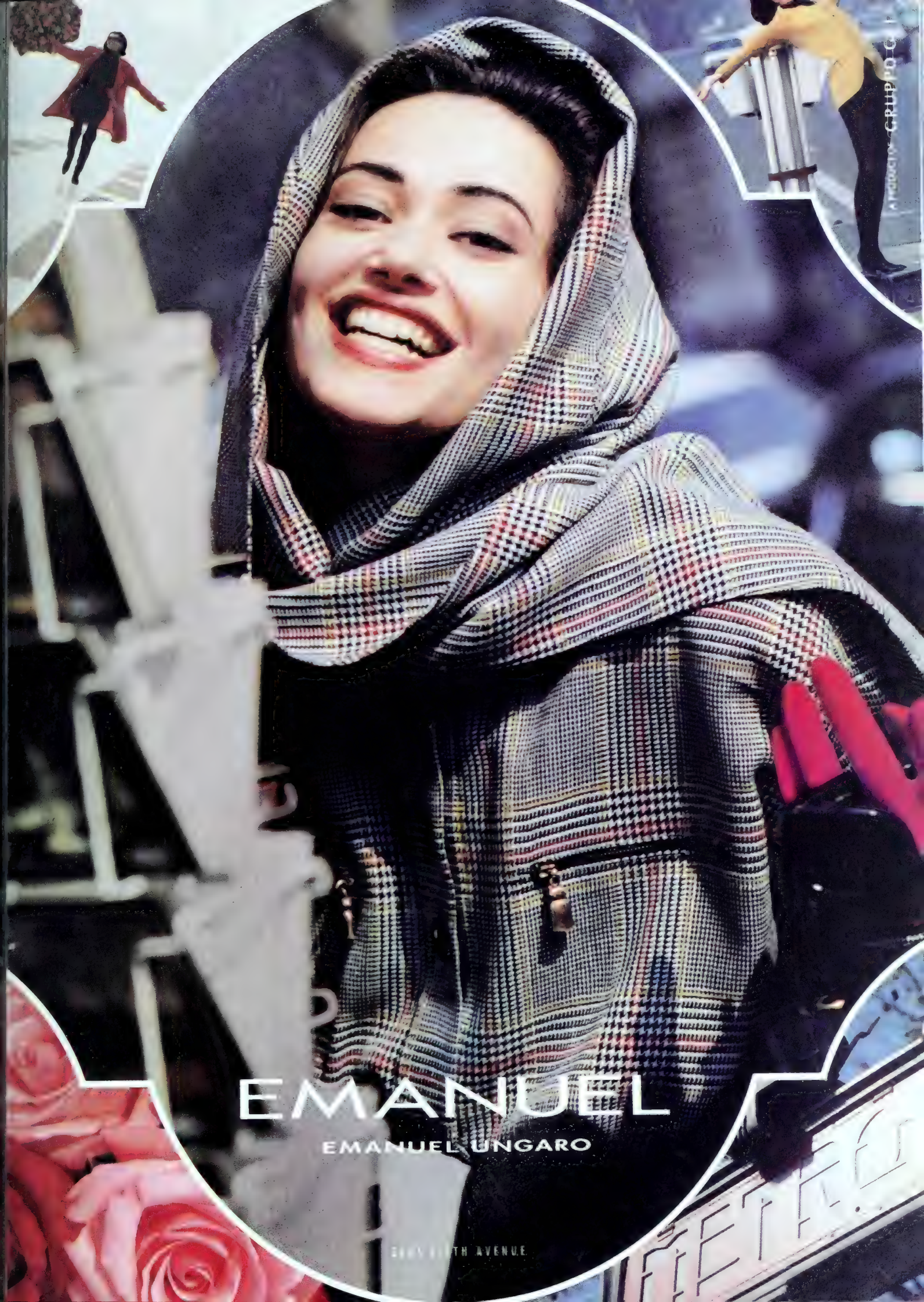
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Hand-hooked original rug design by Stephen T. Anderson. Page 48.



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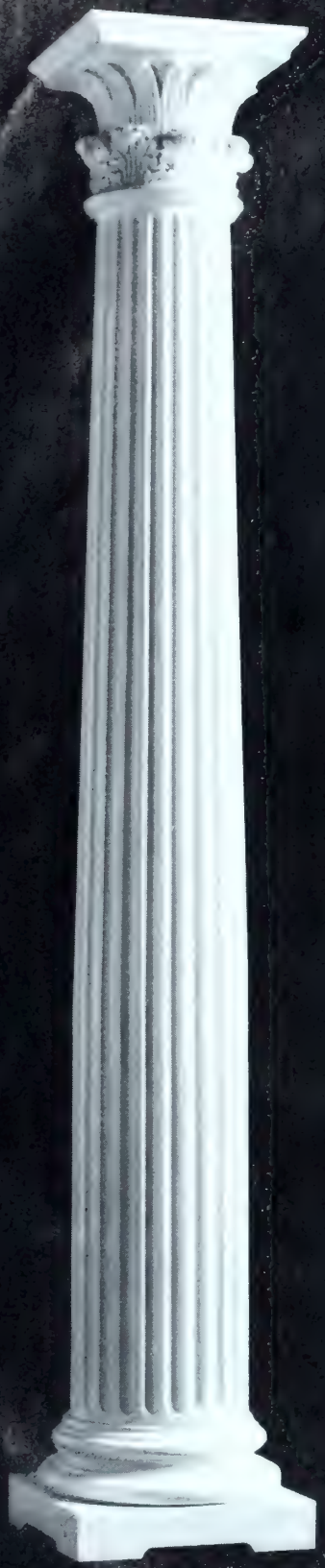
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ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

Helen Dillon, coeditor of *In an Irish Garden* and garden columnist for Ireland's *Sunday Business Post,* writes about her own Dublin garden. "Garden work is never ending," she says. "But throughout the year there are bewitching moments when I glimpse perfection and my efforts are rewarded." Dillon travels extensively studying plants and flowers and enjoys lecturing on what she has seen.



Tom Robbins says his friendship with Ruby Montana was inevitable. "With an antenna like mine it would be impossible for me not to have been magnetically drawn to her." The two met in Seattle when Robbins wandered into the Pinto Pony, Montana's shop of "sub-lowbrow ornamentation" and the subject of this month's "Collecting" column. When he's not judging Spam-carving contests sponsored by Ruby Montana, Robbins is at work on his sixth novel.



KELLEY SANE

Andrea Lee journeys to Capri to visit the island villa of publishing tycoon Leonardo Mondadori and his wife, Katherine. "Their house provides a feeling of sybaritic comfort and complete isolation," says Lee. Author of *Russian Journal* and the novel *Sarah Phillips,* Lee, a native of Philadelphia, currently lives in Milan and is at work on a collection of short stories about Americans in Europe.

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John Hall captures the elegant spirit of a summer house in a family compound on Long Island. Hall, a photographer for seven years, followed a circuitous route to his profession. "After earning a degree in architecture, I studied ballet. Along the way I started taking pictures for myself. When I finally decided to get a 'real' job, photography made sense because it combines light and form and has immediacy."



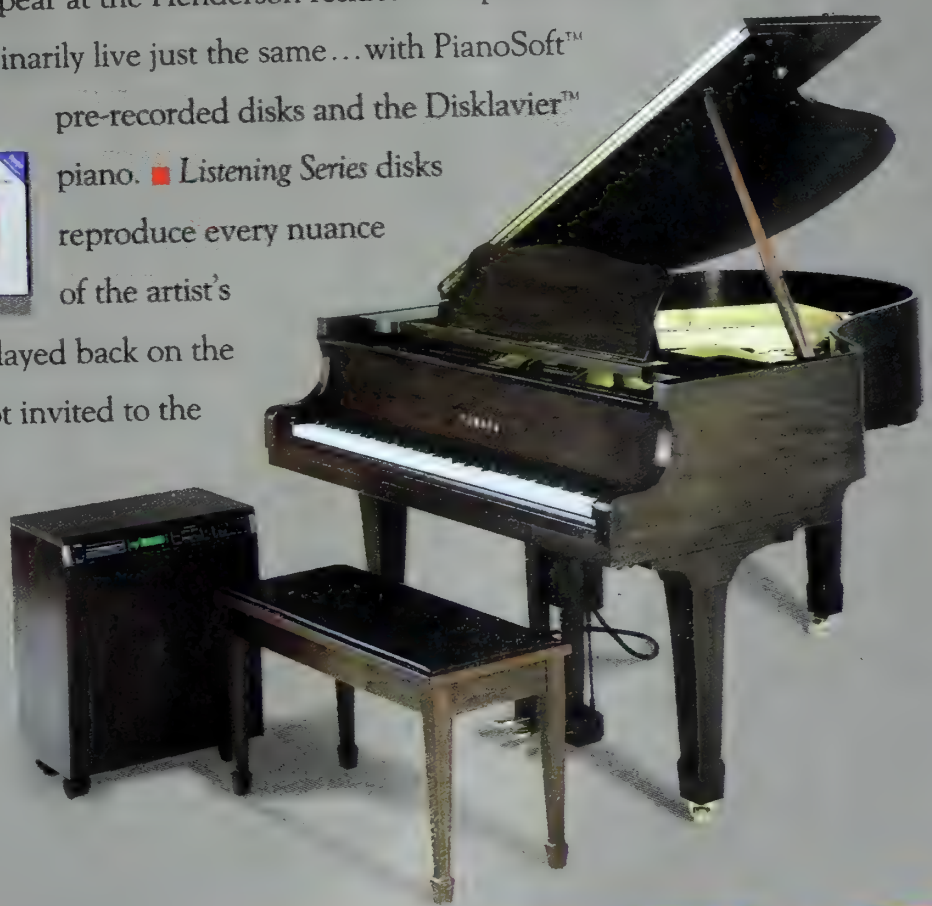
Bethany Ewald Bultman reports on her summer neighbors, a New York design couple, and their vibrant Provincetown retreat. The author of *Reflections of the South*, just published by Gallery Books, Bultman has been an HG contributing editor for sixteen years from her home base in New Orleans.



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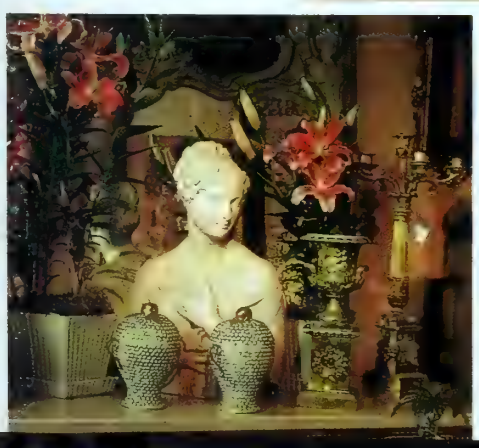

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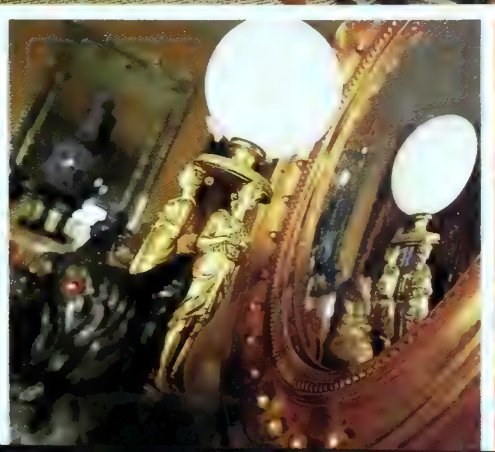
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

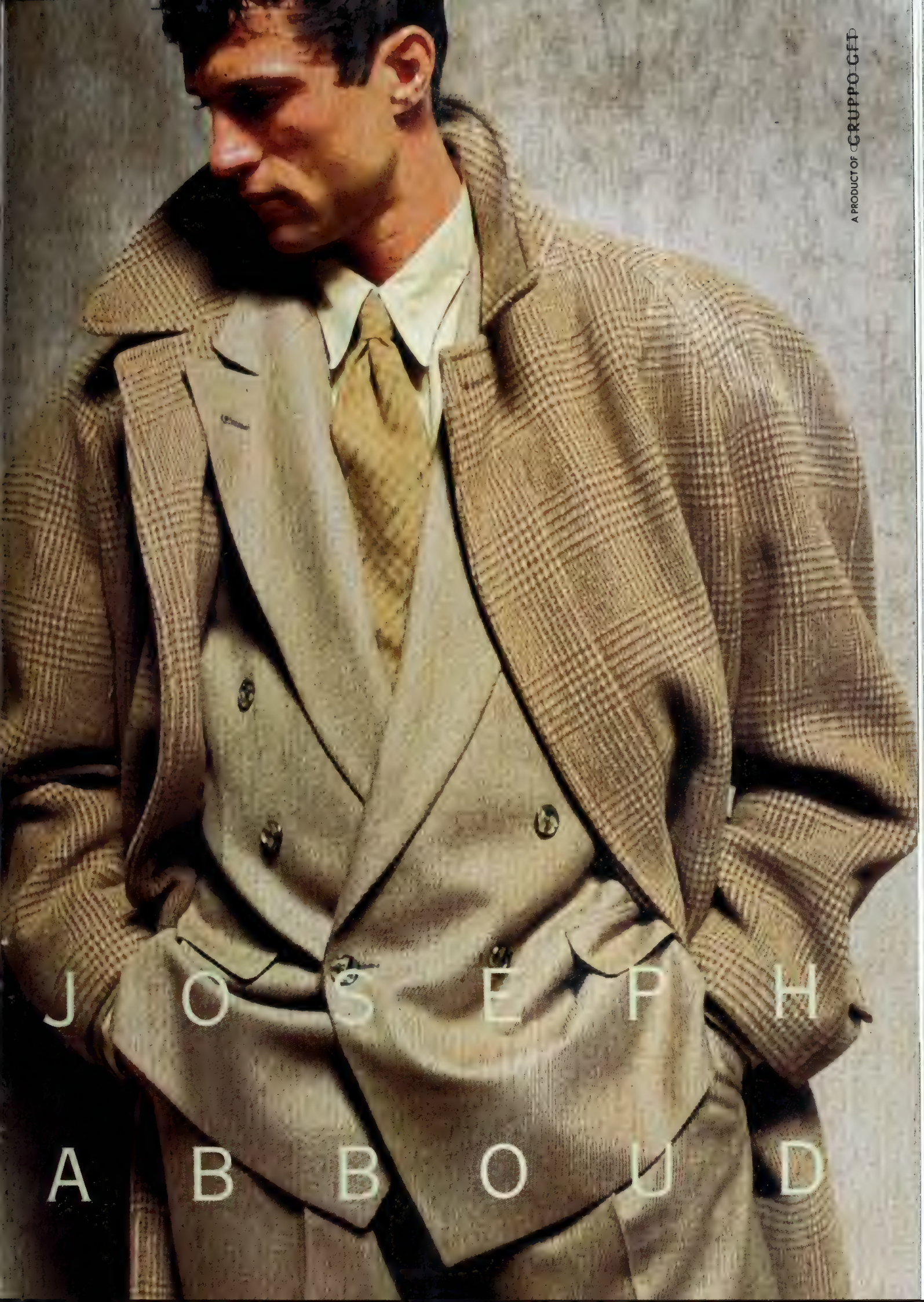


Joel Chen has always loved to watch decorators rummage in his crowded shop for that perfect piece. About six months ago his customers got a bit more elbowroom when he expanded into a space a door away. "I hoped to keep the new shop more organized," he says, "but I'm afraid my tendency is for it to be overcrowded." Now both shops are filled to capacity with everything from 1920s Maine snowshoe chairs (*right*) to (*below from left*) a neoclassical bust, an Empire bronze-doré stand with a Regency mirror, and a Charles X candelabra—things that are, in Chen's words, "a little odd and offbeat and not necessarily expensive." (J. F. Chen Antiques, 8414 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069; 213-655-6310, to the trade only)








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Hall Monitors Roger Oates's runners for halls and stairs (*left*), to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, (212) 688-7700.



Les Années 50 French decorator Jacques Grange re-creates the mood of 1950s brasseries at L'Avenue (*above*), 41 avenue Montaigne, Paris.



Be Seated Scalloped-back chair (*above*) in Brunschwig's new Mulberry Plantation is at Baker Furniture dealers nationwide.



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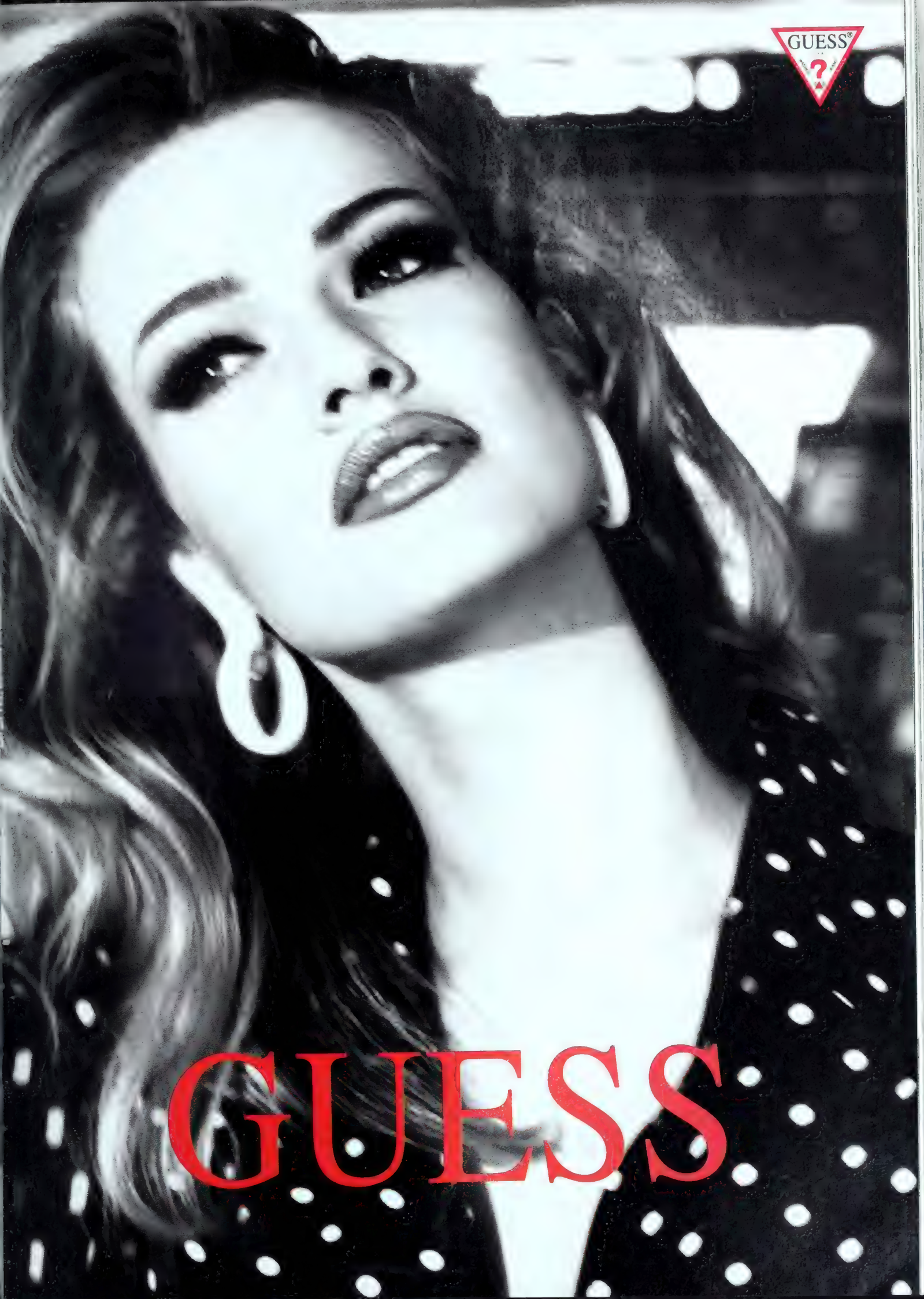
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Bits and Pieces Jodi Balsamo and Linda Benswanger (*above*) put together mosaic tables, vases, and frames for Mozayiks. For stores (212) 979-2223.


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Close-Ups Meet one of San Francisco's favorite gargoyles (*left*) in *Details: The Architect's Art* (Chronicle Books, $29.95).


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Landscape Ensemble

Virginia-based designer François Goffinet champions the cross-fertilization of garden arts and crafts

BY ADRIAN HIGGINS



In a rare moment of agitation, François Goffinet ponders the state of house- and garden-making in this frenzied time-is-money world. "The architect designs a wrought-iron fence. He has never been in a blacksmith's in his life. How can he do this? How can he?" The arms shoot up in despair. "Oh, it is not worth talking about." François Goffinet is worth talking about. In the past two years his name has been on the lips of moneyed clients in Europe and the United States and, increasingly, those who observe their envied world. But the fascination is not so much that he has come so far so fast—his first solo commission was a £6 window box in London in 1981—but that a young man could champion ideas so grand that few others in this century have dared even to think them, never mind implement them.

In offices in Charlottesville, Virginia, and London he has assembled a team of architects, landscape architects, horticulturists, botanists, and all manner of artists: a botanical painter, a perspectivist, calligraphers, and illuminators. For good measure, he has thrown in a historian or two and a plantswoman engaged solely to collaborate on herbaceous borders. He personally picks the craftsmen for projects after on-the-spot job interviews in which blacksmiths, stonemasons, carpenters, or other artisans must demonstrate their skill. It is telling that when Goffinet lists his three principal associates, only one—Maria Moellmann—is a landscape architect. The others, Martyn Rix and Nigel Hughes, are a botanist and a painter, and Moellmann is also a horticulturist. If there is another twentieth-century landscape designer who has brought all these disciplines together, noted garden-maker Francis H. Cabot is hard-pressed to think of one. "He's kind of a nineteenth-century figure," says Cabot, who is also chairman of the Garden Conservancy. "I liked him the minute I saw him."



Goffinet, above left. Above: Nigel Hughes's perspective of a Goffinet design in Normandy. Far left: Fritillaria drawn for Goffinet by Lindsay McGarrity. Left: A private garden in London.

Today Goffinet's clients and properties would have Robin Leach drooling: the marquess

of Bath at Longleat, the duke and duchess of Beaufort at Badminton House, the Leeds Castle Foundation, Baron and Baroness Gérard de Waldner at the Manoir du Pontif, Patricia Kluge at Albemarle House, the sculpture gardens at PepsiCo world headquarters. No one seems better suited to the role than Goffinet himself. In the United States, at least, his name alone sounds so posh that you almost feel like putting on a dinner jacket just to say it. He is young (thirty-six), tall, handsome, impeccably dressed, and innately charming. Born into an aristocratic Belgian family, he exudes a grace and poise untarnished by commercial success. There are moments of wit and playfulness, but this scion of the Old World has followed the American model of self-made success, driven by self-confidence and sheer optimism.

Craftsmen pose in a teak arbor under construction at the Kluge estate in Virginia.



Not that his background hurt. The barons Goffinet served four generations of Belgian monarchs as courtiers and diplomats. François grew up on the family estate and paid frequent visits to Annevoie, a famous country house and garden his grandfather nurtured. Goffinet says this background puts his blue-blooded clients at ease. He was also selected to take over projects from the legendary Russell Page, whom he befriended before Page's death in 1985. Still, Goffinet says, it's his own work that has propelled him so far. "He just opens his mind," says his American-born wife, Lynn. "What he doesn't do is get bogged down by details—though he is, of course, detail oriented—and that allows him to think expansively. It is really what's made him as good as he is."

As a teenager, to his parents' concern, Goffinet took a job in forestry and began his career in earnest in England, first at the Chelsea Physic Garden and then at Wisley, the Royal Horticultural Society's training ground. It was during this period, he says, that he was "saddened to see how all these different people were working individually instead of working together." As he learned more about garden-making—back in Belgium and then on a three-year sojourn in North and Central America and the Far East—this observation was only reinforced. Today it is his guiding light.

Goffinet takes a sip of tea, sinks into a soft sofa, and considers his world view: the architect is ignorant of landscape architecture; the landscape architect is ignorant of architecture, horticulture, and botany; the horticulturist is ignorant of landscape architecture; and so on. No one seems to understand the importance of the various crafts, and everybody, in his isolation, is in a rush. "How can you do anything without involving all these disciplines?" he asks. "This is the essence of what I have been trying to achieve." Goffinet, whose involvement with a client's landscape might last a decade or more, also brings a sensitivity to how estates are run. The baronial estate is a "whole pot of civilization," he says. Reflecting his own cultural origins, Goffinet likes ordered geometry close to a house, with the edges of the gardens opening to the landscape beyond. He hastens to point out, however, that he designs informal and smaller spaces too.

> Estate landscapes represent "a whole pot of civilization"

One of his first major projects in the United States was the Kluge estate, set amid rolling pastures in the Virginia Piedmont. (The Goffinets had previously bought a farmhouse nearby where they live with their two sons, surrounded by 260 acres of meadow, hedgerow, and lake.) At the Kluge property, he has established a series of terraces and garden rooms behind the house and a central vista to the top of the mountain on which the house sits. He has also built a rooftop garden whose predominant feature is an imposing teak arbor. Patricia Kluge says Goffinet immediately grasped the romanticism she wanted and embodied it through the manipulation of space. "I looked at the site from a purely emotional viewpoint," she recalls. "He looks at it from an architectural viewpoint. He can take one's fantasy and make it into a classical reality."

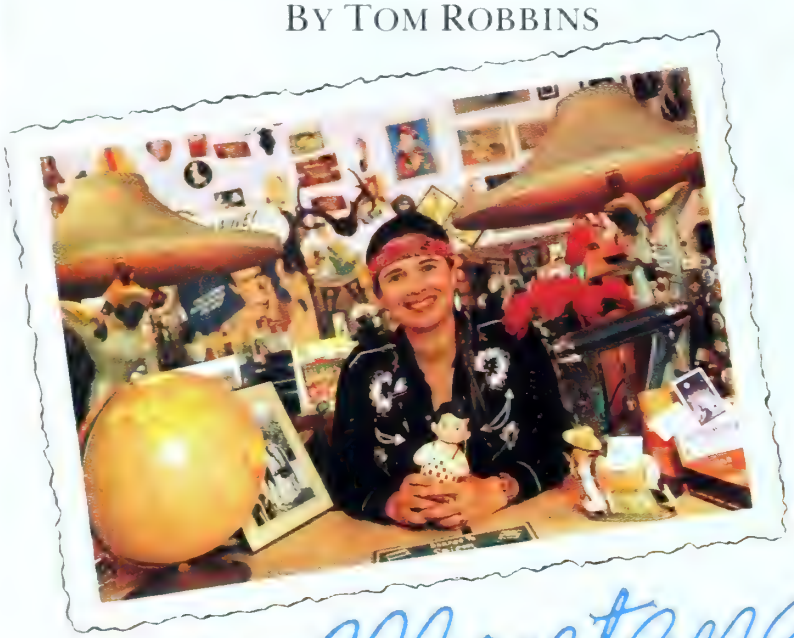
For her house near Palm Beach, Nancy Gray engaged Goffinet's firm to make over a garden destroyed by a freeze. After Goffinet made a site visit, Gray received his customary invitation to Charlottesville to view meticulous watercolor renderings of his conceptual design. Charles Stick, a landscape architect and geologist on Goffinet's staff, then spent three months in Florida supervising soil enrichment and the planting of an entirely new garden, as salt- and cold-tolerant as possible.

Inevitably, Goffinet's grand manner has drawn sniping. Some admirers of Russell Page question whether a relatively unproven gentleman landscaper can throw on the great designer's mantle. Goffinet argues that many of his projects will take years before they can be judged and that skeptics do not fully understand his work or his friendship with Page—in any case, he says, he has no time for "people who are jealous without knowing anything about it." As for the future, it is Goffinet's wish to establish a school that teaches teamwork among design and craft disciplines. One day, perhaps, architects may be as familiar with the smell of burning iron as they are with the whiff of colored markers. A bookmaker might put the odds against it, but then he probably hasn't met François Goffinet. (François Goffinet, 258 East High St., Charlottesville, VA 22901; 804-979-9495) ♠

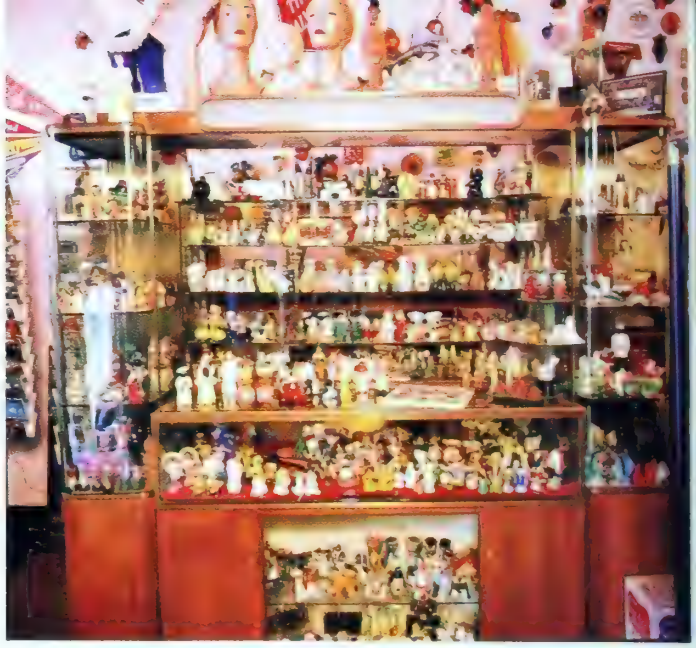
Yet Another Roadside Attraction

Seattle's self-made cowgirl takes on the salt and pepper trade

BY TOM ROBBINS



Ruby Montana's



WHEN YOU LEARN THAT HER NAME IS Ruby Montana, you figure right away she's a cowgirl. An urban cowgirl. Which is to say, a make-believe cowgirl. Real cowgirls, working cowgirls, have less romantic names, such as Pat Futters or Debbie Jean Strunk. Still, Ruby is so appropriately booted, vested, and bandannaed that you wonder if she mightn't at least be a weekend rodeo queen. Ah, but then, far from the lone prairie, she drives up in a lurid two-tone 1955 Oldsmobile, removes a French horn from its trunk, and enters her house—a pink house, a house the color of the sorest saddle sore Dale Evans ever sat upon—and you conclude that she must be something else.

Something else, indeed.

In actuality, Ruby Montana is a popular Seattle shopkeeper. She is also that city's sweetheart of fantasy.

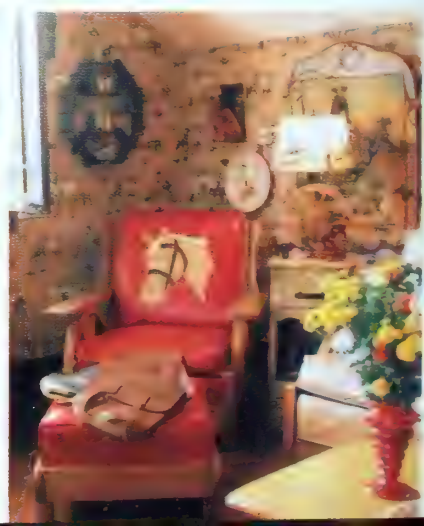
Ruby Montana, above, mans a counter in her shop, Pinto Pony, where vintage salt and pepper shakers and mannequin heads, top right, are a specialty. Below: "veg head" shakers in Montana's kitchen. Below right: Her dude ranch–style guest room.

For Ruby's imagination isn't simply tied to the hitching post of the make-believe cowgirl; her whole existence is an exercise in make-believe. In the world she has made for herself—a world built of neoteny, nuttiness, nostalgia, and kitsch; a world in which the secret life of objects is not only recognized but allowed to interface dramatically with her own life—Ruby daily demonstrates that reality is a matter of perception and that dreams don't come true, dreams are true.

Her shop, Ruby Montana's Pinto Pony, sells collectibles, and she herself is a collector. Should you follow her into that pink bungalow (its façade a hue similar to the Pepto-Bismol a nervous Debbie Jean chugs before the big barrel race), you would be amazed by both the extent of her collections and the artistry with which they are displayed. Every room is teeming: cookie jars, candlesticks, lamps (lava, figurative, and magic spinning), wall fish, ice buckets, ashtrays, bookends, German mythological prints, ranch furniture, Pee-Wee Hermanesque gewgaws, Hollywood dime store Wild West memorabilia, and—in the Flamingo Room, the den where Ruby hopes to be sitting "when they drop the bomb"—a bar in the shape of a late forties speedboat, aloha pillows, South Sea coffee tables, a shrine to Elvis, and twinkling tiki party lights. Inexplicably, all this sub-lowbrow ornamentation is arranged in a manner that approximates good, if freewheeling, taste. Roll partially over, Beethoven.

And we haven't even mentioned the salt and pepper







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shakers. Not that they could be overlooked, God no! There are hundreds of salt and peppers. Hundreds. Most of them unusual, many of them rare. They dominate the house. In some ways they dominate the owner of the house. They hold her much as a director is held by the various competing egos in his troupe. You see, Ruby Montana interacts with her treasures. She's involved with them. Dissatisfied with mere ownership, she doesn't accumulate knickknacks ("I despise that word!") to impress others or decorate a space. Ruby selects her salt and peppers carefully, and those that pass audition she plays with. She makes up tales about them. She casts them in private productions staged on tabletops and shelves.



A drugstore sign from the fifties, a ballerina lamp, assorted horses, miniature totem poles, and other gewgaws share a tabletop at Ruby Montana's Pinto Pony.

For example, there is the gay donkey (maybe salt, maybe pepper) whose parents can't handle his proclivities. Today, the donkey is dancing with his lover while Mom and Dad look on in bewilderment. There ensues poignant dialogue in which the hee-haw homosexual explains he's leaving town. So is the pig family next door, though the pigs, more happily, are off to Florida to attend a space launch: the dinnerware rocket is poised on its pad, presided over by JFK, who looks dignified and healthy despite high levels of sodium. We're talking salt and pepper theater here. Condiment-dispensing cinema.

Born and largely reared in cowgirly Oklahoma (Montana makes a prettier surname, you've got to admit), Ruby (her birth name remains a secret) loved visiting her grandmother in Stillwater, who collected souvenir pitchers that she would eulogize for the grandchildren. "The pitchers all had stories," says Ruby. "I decided when I grew up, I wanted a house full of stories, too."

In 1974, having earned a music degree in classical French horn from the University of Michigan—"nobody offered me a scholarship to ride horses"—she moved to Seattle after drawing its name out of a hat. Presumably ten-gallon. She abandoned plans to study for a Ph.D. (Dr. Montana?), because Seattle was "too damn pretty," and took a job teaching school. By then she'd begun to collect tramp and folk art, some pieces of which became so valuable she felt obliged to sell them off. It wasn't long before she'd lassoed a house, painted it the tint of a stablegirl's first hickey, and was filling it with narratives of her own invention. "I'm in touch with everything in my house," she confides. "The furnishings are connected to my fantasy life and to my heart. They are my joy, my friends." And not just the nostalgic items. "We live in an age when most things feel like dental tools, but I like modern objects if they have character." She's also in touch with the sweet bird of youth. "Ceramics and cowgirl stuff are each a part of the child in me, and I'm interested in keeping that part alive. So many of the harsh realities of the adult world are unnecessary and absurd. People kill themselves because they're alienated from the child they really are."

> Ruby demonstrates daily that reality is a matter of perception and that dreams don't come true, dreams are true

Neither as flaky nor as flamboyant as you might suppose, Ruby comes across as the kindly enthusiastic schoolteacher she must have been. In pop culture, she searches for depth and meaning, not frivolity or escape. Her Pinto Pony is a gathering place for serious collectors and those attracted to the benevolently bizarre. Someday they may be able to ride the range with her as well. Ruby's professed ambition is to open a dude ranch. Complete with a personally decorated Roy Rogers suite—and a salt and pepper museum out back of the corral. Pink, no doubt. Like a twister of newborn mice, or a cowgirl's bubble gum cud. (Ruby Montana's Pinto Pony, 603 Second Ave., Seattle, WA 98104; 206-621-7669) ▲

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Hollowed bread stuffed with salads makes a novel summer menu. Below: Sautéed peppers fill a crusty roll.

Sandwich Sub Culture

Bread is your bowl when the picnic's in a loaf

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

With bougainvillea climbing walls all around the neighborhood and summer at its peak, I am reminded of the Sunday picnics we went on as a family when I was young. My parents were often grumpy on Sunday mornings. It was the fifties, after all, and they consumed a lot of martinis on Saturday nights during that decade. Having had too much fun the night before, they were in the mood for a relaxing day outdoors with my brother and me. We knew something was up when my mother asked us to pick up a few loaves of French bread and some hard rolls on our way home from church. My mother, always fearful of rain, had a great idea for a picnic that we could enjoy either spread out on a red plaid blanket or scrunched together in the old Chrysler station wagon in the event of a sudden downpour.

My father, brother, and I would go off to church. I went strictly to look at the altar boys. My brother, the only boy in the neighborhood who had to wear flannel shorts, was always happy to be with my father and me so he wouldn't get beaten up by the kids in long pants from down the hill. After the service, we felt pious yet deserving of fun. Climbing the street to our house, we nibbled on the warm loaves of bread. Bachelor's buttons, honeysuckle, and nicotiana bloomed all around us, luscious with scent and color. As we took the flight of stairs to our old Victorian flat, the smell of roasted chicken and caramelized onions made our stomachs growl.

My mother took the warm loaves of bread from us, sliced off the tops, and pulled out the spongy centers. Into the largest loaf she stuffed chicken that she had cut into pieces and cooked with port and orange zest, a recipe inspired by Alice B. Toklas. She then replaced the top of the loaf and wrapped it tightly in linen tea towels to retain the moisture and warmth. Depending upon her mood, she filled the other loaves and rolls with all sorts of concoctions. In one she stuffed olives coated in chopped parsley; in another she tucked sliced cherry tomatoes, feta, and red onions tossed with olive oil; in a third she added red and green peppers cooked with olive oil, garlic, anchovies, and oregano (a dish later updated by my friend, San Francisco cooking teacher Emalee Chapman). And there was always at least one roll filled with caramelized onions. Offering to help, we cooked some Italian fennel sausages to fill a baguette.



We drove across the Golden Gate Bridge to one of our secret picnic spots under a grove of eucalyptus trees. There we spread out the red blanket and unwrapped the towels covering the bread. Using the towels as napkins, we each got a fork to dip into the various salads and savories my mother had prepared. We ate the



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If it rained, the meal was lots of fun to eat in our Chrysler station wagon

chicken with our fingers, and as the pieces disappeared, we were left with the tasty remains of bread. Our parents often brought a fully stocked wicker picnic basket into which my father stashed a shaker of martinis. My brother and I usually settled for slightly warm ginger ale. For dessert, we ate some of my famous lemon squares or a box of gingersnaps, perfect with the Maxwell House coffee my mother brought in an old metal navy thermos.

If the air got chilly or it started to rain, the meal was lots of fun to eat in a deserted barn, or we would park the car on a country road and pass the stuffed rolls around, licking our fingers a lot in the process. Whether we ate inside or out ultimately didn't matter; we always drove home fat and happy. And with every last crust of bread eaten, there were never any messy plates to worry about.



ROAST CHICKEN ALICE B. TOKLAS

2 tablespoons butter
1 chicken, cut in eighths
Freshly ground pepper
¼ cup port wine
¼ cup orange juice
⅛ cup soy sauce
¼ cup cream
Zest of 1 orange
¼ cup chopped Italian parsley
2 large round loaves French bread

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Melt butter in a cast-iron skillet and brown the chicken pieces. Sprinkle with pepper. Pour the port, orange juice, and soy sauce over the chicken. Transfer pan to oven and bake until done (35–45 minutes).

Remove chicken and place on a warm plate. Return pan to stove. Pour cream into pan drippings and add half of orange zest. Reduce slightly over medium heat. Return chicken to pan and stir each piece in the mixture until coated. Slice off tops of loaves and remove spongy centers. Divide chicken pieces between loaves. Sprinkle parsley and remaining zest over chicken. Replace tops of bread and wrap in tea towels. Serves 4.

CARAMELIZED ONIONS

3 tablespoons olive oil
3 yellow onions, thinly sliced
1 tablespoon dark brown sugar
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 medium hard roll or small loaf of bread

Heat the olive oil in a cast-iron skillet. Add the onions and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until they begin to brown (about 30 minutes). Add brown sugar, red wine vinegar, salt, and pepper and cook 5 more minutes. Slice off top of roll or loaf, remove spongy center, and spoon onions into bread. Replace the top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 4.

OLIVES IN VINAIGRETTE

1 cup imported black olives
1 cup sour green olives
⅓ cup olive oil
4 tablespoons red wine vinegar
¼ cup chopped Italian parsley
3 cloves garlic, chopped
1 small loaf dark rye bread

Toss together black and green olives, olive oil, red wine vinegar, parsley, and garlic. Slice off top of loaf, remove spongy center, and spoon mixture into bread. Replace the top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 8–10.

EMALEE CHAPMAN'S RED AND GREEN PEPPERS WITH ANCHOVIES AND CAPERS

3 tablespoons olive oil
2 red peppers, cored, seeded, and cut into ½-inch strips
2 green peppers, cored, seeded, and cut into ½-inch strips
3 cloves garlic, chopped
1 tin anchovies, chopped (reserve oil)
4 tablespoons capers
2 teaspoons dried oregano
1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 medium loaf of bread

Heat the olive oil in a large cast-iron skillet and add peppers and garlic. Cook over medium heat 3–5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add the anchovies and the reserved oil and cook 2 minutes, continuing to stir. Add the capers and the oregano and cook 2 more minutes. Sprinkle with red wine vinegar and cracked pepper. (Do not add salt; the anchovies will provide all you need.) Slice off top of loaf, remove spongy center, and spoon mixture into the bread. Replace the top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 4–6.

CHERRY TOMATO AND FETA SALAD

1 basket ripe cherry tomatoes, halved
1 small red onion, thinly sliced
2 large cloves garlic, minced
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 ounces feta cheese, crumbled
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
6 basil leaves, chopped
1 loaf dark crusty French bread

Toss the halved tomatoes with the sliced red onion, garlic, and olive oil. Mix in the feta cheese, pepper, and chopped basil. Slice off top of loaf and remove spongy center. Spoon salad into bread. Replace top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 2.

FENNEL SAUSAGE WITH ROSEMARY

¼ cup hearty red wine
5 sprigs fresh rosemary
3 medium fennel sausages
1 baguette

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Pour red wine into shallow baking pan. Spread the sprigs of rosemary on the bottom. Cut sausages into 1-inch disks and scatter over rosemary. Bake 30–40 minutes or until well cooked. Slice off top of baguette lengthwise and remove spongy inside. Drizzle some pan drippings along inside of bread. Arrange sausage inside as well. Replace top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 4.



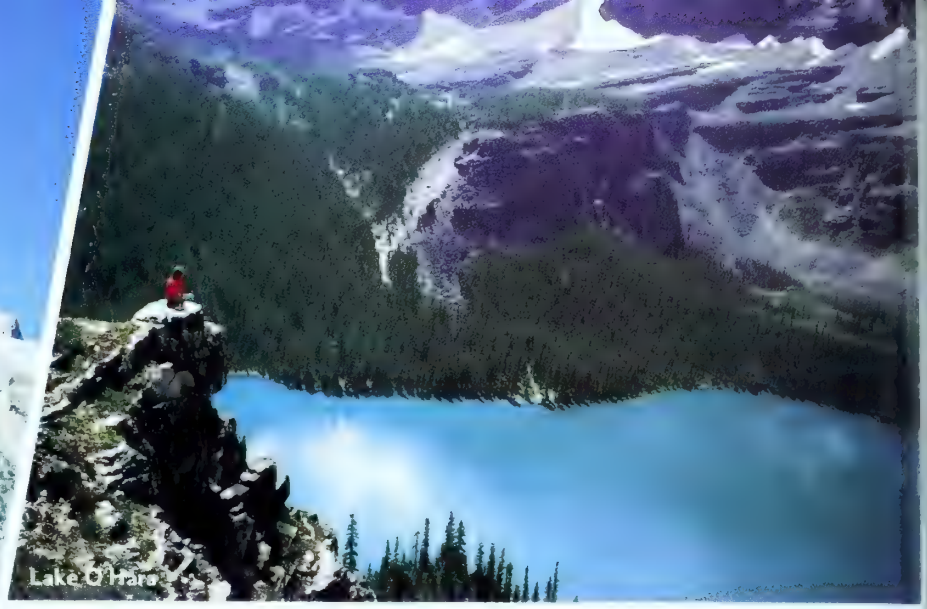
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A Week in the Wild

Travel scouts help intrepid hikers strike out on their own BY ALICE GORDON

We live in a time when the wilderness is hip, but this alarming state of affairs did not deter me from planning a vacation in the mountains last summer with my friend Franci and her twenty-year-old son, Trey. We chose the Canadian Rockies, where none of us had been before. That decision made, we needed to know what to do once we got there. Being somewhat hip ourselves, we called Off the Beaten Path in Bozeman, Montana.

Off the Beaten Path does what it calls "personal itinerary planning for the Rocky Mountain west." Founded about six years ago by Pam and Bill Bryan, environmental activists turned environmental entrepreneurs, the company has been a phenomenal success. The Bryans know the Rockies intimately, from Alberta and British Columbia down into Utah and northern Arizona and New Mexico; their expertise is well worth their fee, which usually amounts to 10 to 20 percent of the cost of the trip, excluding transportation.

OTBP's service begins with a confidential client questionnaire. Franci, Trey, and I answered all of the questions without shame, supplying the following profile of ourselves: we were "adventurous," "physically active," and "willing to try new things." Our "trip objectives" included direct experience of the wilderness, plenty of relaxation, and seeing a grizzly bear. Among our anticipated activities were hiking, fly-fishing, swimming, sighting wild animals, and passing some time in a funky bar with a country jukebox and an occasional square dance. Our preferred accommodations ran from "rustic resort" to "cabin" to "old western hotel" to the mysterious "combination." We said we wanted to stay in two or three different places, in separate beds.

Off the Beaten Path told us where they thought we should go, and by the end of our trip we had done everything on our list except dance and drink at a local bar (either we were too pooped or the bars were too far away) and see a grizzly bear. (Learning en route that an encounter with a bear might require us to roll into little balls and hope for the best weakened that particular desire.)

Following the instructions in our OTBP tote filled with maps and pamphlets and brochures as well as a twenty-seven-page itinerary, the three of us met up in Calgary, Alberta, and drove about two hours west to the Kananaskis region. We arrived at

Mount Engadine Lodge in late afternoon, having stopped only once, for a large animal grazing on weeds in the middle of the gravel road. "My God, it's a moose!" we said, and got out of the car. On closer inspection the animal didn't really look like a moose. It looked more like a mule—mule muzzle, mule ears, no antlers. There ensued a debate about whether a mule would logically be eating weeds on a gravel road in the mountains of Canada, without a halter. The three of us concluded that we should check with someone at the lodge. (Moose. Female. No antlers.)

Mount Engadine Lodge is perfectly comfortable but not much to look at. Quickly one learns that its treasures lie outdoors, not in. The lodge overlooks a small, lush alpine valley, halved by a silvery creek. Near the lodge are the heads of ten excellent hiking trails, all, happily, underutilized. We climbed for hours every day. One exemplary ten-mile hike took us through mountain meadows strewn with gigantic boulders and thick patches of yellow wildflowers, past glacial lakes and rushing streams. We clambered over crumbled gray rock, the detritus of avalanches, and up and down shaded trails edged with delicate profusions of color—mountain cinquefoil, pearly everlasting, moss campion, white-flowered rhododendron, and what our guide called towhead babies. We navigated a sheer grassy slope above the tree line to Smuts Pass, where our guide frivolously radioed back to the lodge to report on the spectacular view out over hundreds of miles.

Our next stay was in Yoho National Park at Twin Falls Chalet, a backcountry lodge built at the turn of the century by the Canadian Pacific Railway, now a private hostelry with fourteen beds in four tiny rustic rooms. This was the big thrill of the trip, a log house with no electricity or running water, reachable only by a two and a half hour hike. All *right*, as Trey would say, I'm all *over* it. This is the *wilderness*!

The hike wasn't easy, but it wasn't all that hard, and the air and color and light along the way were breathtaking. We crossed the swift Little Yoho River as we walked up into the silent forest. We heard Twin Falls long before reaching them, a sound that incongruously suggested an airfield hidden in the forest. Just across the gorge from the falls, which tumble two hundred feet, loudly and romantically, is the chalet, set in a clearing by a stream. We arrived to watch two young members of the staff putting steaks on a fire for dinner. With the falling darkness came a drop in temperature, so we stepped inside to join the other guests. Dinner—steak and potatoes, platters of fresh vegetables and salad, rich desserts—was bountiful and beautifully cooked, served family style by lantern light. The bedrooms were supplied with red sleeping bags and checked blankets, enameled tin pitchers and basins, and little lamps powered by batteries. I fell asleep reading *The Call of the Wild* by flashlight, lulled by the crashing falls.

For our last few days in Canada we went north to Jasper National Park, where we took a fishing lesson, rode horses, and swam in a cold, clear, perfect small lake. Still, our finest day had already been spent, in Yoho National Park. While Trey hiked ten kilometers up to the glaciers on the Iceline Trail, Franci and I spent several hours by a clear glacial pool a mere three kilometers away. As I lay there snoozing and reading Jack London, and thinking about how agreeable it had been to be outdoors for most of a week, I was overcome by a longing to befriend or *become* a wild beast—preferably a wolf. It didn't happen, and I can still feel the pain. (Off the Beaten Path, 109 East Main St., Bozeman, MT 59715; 406-586-1311, fax 406-587-4147. For information on other companies that arrange custom wilderness adventures see Resources.) ▲


Myosotis Lake in Banff National Park

I fell asleep reading *The Call of the Wild* by flashlight, lulled by the crashing falls


Mountain goat in the Yoho park











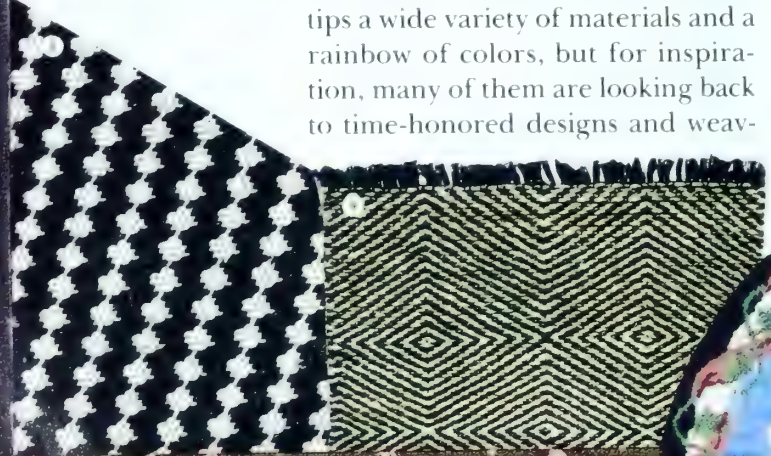
Revivals under foot. **1** Rayon and cotton rag rug by Claudia Mills. **2** Geometric Block Design from Couristan's New Jamestown Collection. **3** Why Wait for the Full Moon?, a hand-hooked copy of the original in the Metropolitan Museum, at The Doll's House. **4** Elizabeth Eakins's hand-hooked Primrose. **5** Vintage hooked rug, c. 1940s, at Alexandra Davis/ Star & Cross. **6** Rainbow Trout, hand-hooked of hand-dyed yarns, from Mabel's. **7** Village Rug from Spinning Wheel Rugs. **8** Ragtime Weavers' Night & Day, a double-faced reversible weave. **9** Reversible flat weave handloomed of sisal in Guatemala for Schumacher. **10** A Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges version of an early American design. **11** Hand-hooked portrait by Stephen T. Anderson. Details see Resources.

Hooked on Rugs

Weavers draw a colorful thread from past to present

AMERICA'S EARLY SETTLERS TURNED scraps of tattered fabric and dyes extracted from berries and wildflowers into rugs to ward off winter chills. Today weavers have at their fingertips a wide variety of materials and a rainbow of colors, but for inspiration, many of them are looking back to time-honored designs and weaving and hooking techniques. Some hesitate to promise exact colors, but custom sizes and patterns are often available; Stephen T. Anderson will even hook a likeness of the family pets. These contemporary interpretations of great-great-grandmother's rugs are as pleasing to the eye as they are to the feet.

ALEXANDRA DE ROCHEFORT







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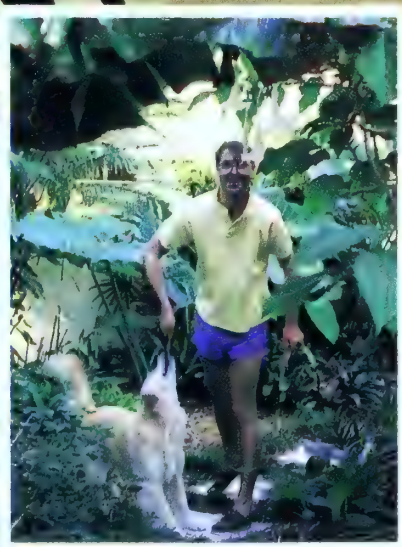
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Palm Beach Cool

Decorator Geordi Humphreys traded New York formality for tropical funk

BY MARGOT GURALNICK





Twelve varieties of palms rustle and sway in the garden surrounding Geordi Humphreys's Palm Beach house. There are Christmas palms known for their date-size fruit, which turn crimson by late December, lady palms with leaves shaped like hands with little fingers, and water-storing traveler's palms capable of covering a lot of territory—like Humphreys himself. Three years ago the thirty-eight-year-old decorator gave up an expansive New York City apartment and a collection of signed eighteenth-century French furniture for a 1955 one-story stucco house with an L-shaped pool and just enough land for him to plant his palms.

"The first night here I lay awake thinking, 'Oh my God, I have just moved to suburbia,'" says Humphreys. "I've been happy ever since." Freed of his Louis XVI fauteuils and Charles X chandelier—appropriately carted away to Sotheby's on Bastille Day—and faced with jalousie windows and terrazzo floors, he headed out to local furniture dealers Peter Werner and Deco Don and delved into tropical moderne.

Shifting aesthetic gears is nothing new for Humphreys and his New York–based design partner, Carl D'Aquino. Since the two officially teamed up five years ago, they have proven themselves as adept at creating period rooms with *Gone with the Wind*–style curtains and walls of hand-pleated taffeta as they are at carving modernist sanctuaries out of misshapen city apartments. Comfort, wit, and a daredevil way with color are the unifying elements in all of their work. While architecture school–trained D'Aquino sees to it that the spaces flow properly, art school–trained Humphreys pulls out his swatches and sketch pads. To both it is a point of pride (and a matter of principle) that they have never created what D'A-

Geordi Humphreys and his golden retriever, Brenda, inset left, live surrounded by greenery in a 1955 house with pool attached, far left. Above: In the foyer, fifties chairs and a newly painted console table. Details see Resources.


OMPANY
LLEN TRACY







Seaside style. Clockwise from top left: In the living room, fifties furniture and a Humphreys mantel topped with a marine rococo mirror. A mirrored cabinet with a Tang horse. Brenda on vintage rattan. An open-air breakfast. The cabana-striped dining room.

quino refers to as an "all-white, all-beige, or otherwise boring room."

A coat of yellow paint and a brilliant turquoise door set off Humphreys's house from the other ranches that make up Palm Beach's sleepy North End. Inside, the rooms—untouched structurally except for the addition of several French doors—shift from swimming pool aqua to shell pink, and the ambient music comes from the ocean less than a block away. Beyond the welcome mat, a pair of so-called cocktail chairs from the fifties with sweeping fuchsia seats and stiletto feet stand before a baroque console table literally straight out of *Lawrence of Arabia*. Gilded and garish during its days as a film prop, it now sports a summery finish reminiscent of Dresden blue and white porcelain. In other rooms, dolphins with their tails in the air pose as occasional tables, scallop shells serve as lights, and wild foliage spreads across cushions.

Once started on his Florida fest, Humphreys says, "it seemed necessary to parquet the living room ceiling with split bamboo and to buy every decent piece of rattan Deco Don had to offer." Tidewater cypress, a regional termite-resistant wood, was deemed perfect for paneling the library. And a pink and white striped wallpaper creates a remarkable tented effect in the dining room, formerly "as white as the inside of a refrigerator."

All of this decorative exuberance is accompanied by an equally inviting ease of life. Electronically connected to his New York office, Humphreys still collaborates with D'Aquino on decorating jobs all over the country. During his off-hours, he attends meetings of the Tropical Orchid Society, trades bougainvillea cuttings with his neighbors, and plans barbecues. The notion of moving back to the city never crosses his mind. Here, as Humphreys points out, he can float in his pool while discussing color specs and faux finishes on the phone. He can take his golden retriever, Brenda, for daily romps on the beach. And he can gaze through louvered windows at all those palms. ▲





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Provençal Benchmarks

Following centuries-old standards, craftsmen refine the country settee

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS

The purest, most identifiable expression of Provençal vernacular furniture is the radassié, or settee, ingenuous in its charm, with a rush seat and a slatted back. Under Louis XVI, the noble villas of Aix and Marseilles, the hôtels particuliers of Arles, and the farmhouses of Camargue were all routinely appointed with these stately, practical benches, which are based on designs that reach back to Roman Gaul. For George Sand and the poet Frédéric Mistral, as for Christian Lacroix, the settee has served as a solid, stylish place to repose, whether lightly carved, painted, and upholstered or constructed of natural wood with exposed woven seats.

Excellent beechwood radassiés are still handcrafted by artisans in Provence in a way that satisfies tradition. Their work also satisfies those who are daunted by the steep prices commanded by antique examples, now exceedingly rare. In Vallabrègues, a sleepy village eight miles southwest of the old papal seat of Avignon, René Lacroix produces the same rustic late eighteenth century model that his ancestors did when the family workshop was started in the early 1800s. In Isle-sur-la-Sorgue, a lively market town fifteen miles north of Avignon, antiques dealer Jean-Jacques Bourgeois makes a more elegant version based on a slightly earlier model with gently curved Louis XV slats and simple, turned Louis XVI arms, legs, and stretchers.

A late 18th century style radassié made by René Lacroix stands against a field of broom, below.



Although the cushioned settee made today by Bourgeois employs a base of traditional upholsterer's webbing, Lacroix continues to work in straw. Most of his suppliers are no longer in Provence, however, but in Andalusia in southern Spain. "The quality from Spain is better because the climate is hotter," he says. "Good seating straw has to be dried within three or four days of its being cut from the swamp. Otherwise mold sets in and the blades blacken." The straw appears both in its natural gold hue and in an array of colors used for geometric designs. The most characteristic shades—fiery red, spruce green, and saffron—are obtained by soaking the grasses in a tinted sulfur bath. The weaving of rushes is traditionally a woman's métier practiced at home. It takes two weavers two eight-hour days to complete a settee seventy inches long and twenty-two inches wide.

A painter, right, finishes Jean-Jacques Bourgeois's more sophisticated version in a traditional green with red edging. Details see Resources.



Neither Lacroix nor Bourgeois set out to make radassiés so close to the originals that people are tricked into thinking the workmanship is vintage. "Mine was conceived as a reedition rather than a copy," says Bourgeois. "Above all, I did not want anything excessive or overworked. I like to think we always know where to stop." ▲

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Shown from left to right: The Contoura two-piece in Blue Ice, the Preserver two-piece in Platinum, the Ultra-One/G in Dusty Rose, the Terrace Ultra-One/G in White, the Ultra-One/G in Ruby and the Triangle Ultra-One/G in Zinfandel.

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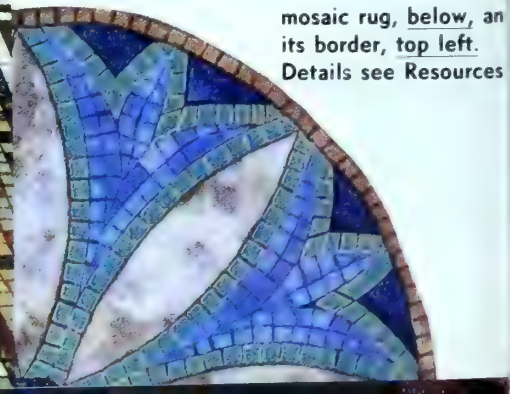
BY WENDY GOODMAN



Lamontage makes itself felt on the runway

IT WAS A PERFECT MATCH. FASHION designer Todd Oldham was looking for richly hued fabrics for his fall collection. Liora Manné, creator of a variation on the age-old art of felting that she calls Lamontage, wanted to find a place for it in fashion. When Oldham saw Manné's upholstery material, he knew Lamontage could perform for fashion. And perform it does. Oldham's suits in Lamontage mosaics, tiger stripes, and bold patterns glow with painterly color, achieved by subtle shadings and not-so-subtle brushstroke effects. Since Manné opened her New York studio last year, the process has been used to produce carpets and fabrics for interiors, and even artwork. As for couture, Manné's collaboration with Oldham is only the beginning.

At the Lamontage studio, Todd Oldham and Liora Manné, above, and models, left, in Oldham suits on Lamontage rugs, available from Saxony Schumacher, and Starl NYC. Center of a mosaic rug, below, an its border, top left. Details see Resources



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GILLIAN

August

ONE OF THE twentieth century's most thoughtful and inspiring architects was Estonian-born, Philadelphia-raised Louis I. Kahn. During a stay in Rome, Kahn fell under the spell of classical architecture; the "silence and light" he found in ancient structures became the cornerstones of his modernist works. Silence and light are, it seems to me, present in the best buildings and interiors—timelessness and radiance are their close approximations. These qualities are apparent in the early twentieth century shingle-style house on eastern Long Island refashioned by Bentley LaRosa Salasky where walls are washed in the faintest tints of color, furniture is capacious but simple, and sunlight imbues every perfectly crafted surface with a special dimension. A 1968 "modern box" in East Hampton is but an arena for Joe D'Urso's post-minimalist composition based on color and form. Even interiors where ornament is used with abandon can be classical at heart. A boathouse in Maine, for instance, achieves an aura of timelessness despite the varied origins of the antique furniture and objects gathered inside. In his Los Angeles house, director Curtis Harrington creates a nostalgic collage of the Belle Époque and Hollywood's golden days. Ingmar Bergman in his elegiac mode could have dreamed up the Bonnier family's retreat in Dalarö, Sweden, as an ode to the enduring beauty of north country summers. In the Mondadori house on Capri, with its fifth-century portal, the stones themselves have historic origins. And as for the Provincetown world of Olga Opsahl and Peter Gee, there's a blur of color, life, and holiday fun that are good substitutes indeed for silence and light during the last brilliant gasp of summer.



On a bookcase in its living room, vintage photographs of a 1907 Long Island house.

Mary Norwood

EDITOR IN CHIEF



A bowed porch w
Composite colum
and graceful
balustrades overl
the new pool, lan
scaped by Betty
Ajay. *Opposite:* T
octagonal tower
once provided wa
for the main hou



Grandeur *at* Ease

BENTLEY LAROSA SALASKY USHERS A QUINTESSENTIAL TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY SHINGLED SUMMER HOUSE INTO THE NINETIES. BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Photographs by John Hall





THE APPROACH IS through a break in tall hedges, marked by two brick piers, straight to the octagonal water tower capped by a widow's walk, then right on the raked gravel drive that circles in front of a grand turn-of-the-century house on eastern Long Island. Shingles stained seafoam gray set off the glossy whiteness of the shutters, balustrades, columns, and eaves. Perfect lawns slope down to the water. Perennial beds, a cutting garden, and a pool sit gracefully in the terraced landscape north of the house, while high brick walls that once enclosed a garden hide the tennis court. You expect the crunch of gravel on the drive to announce the arrival of Jay Gatsby himself.

The owners of the house, an investor and an author, undertook its renovation in the heady financial times of the eighties—a venture and an era appropriate for a Gatsby. But their interest, as they explained it to Bentley LaRosa Salasky, the New York firm they hired to redo the summer family compound, was in an elegance to be defined by light and air, not things. They fell in love with the grandeur of the house, its generous spaces inside, outside, and in between, on the porches. To clutter it with things would be to encumber the architecture and distract from the blue of the sky and water. And to dress tables with precious objects would hardly be suited to a place intended primarily for family: a grown son and married daughter with three young children. Function and practicality ruled.

Bentley LaRosa Salasky started from zero with literally a white ele-

A new bay window opens the living room to the water. Bentley LaRosa Salasky and their clients agreed to emphasize the handsome architectural details of the house. The windows, bordered by pilasters and sheltered by porches, are uncurtained, and the sofas and club chairs are covered in a swimsuit-sympathetic cotton from Lee Jofa. The wool carpet is by Elizabeth Eakins. Details see Resources.





"When these clients said, 'Keep it simple,' they really weren't kidding," says architect Franklin Salasky





phant—painted white inside and out by its former owner—that had sat empty for two years. The only clues as to how the house might have been furnished came from photographs taken in the 1920s. The three partners turned to Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman Jr.'s *The Decoration of Houses* to read up on matters of scale, placement of furniture, and, of utmost importance, suitability.

All parties agreed early on to allow the rich details of the architecture to dominate, even to decorate. Compromised woodwork was restored; new moldings for spaces that were reconfigured were created to complement the original 1907 design. A graceful new bay window à la McKim, Mead & White recovered the view to the water and restored architectural integrity to the east facade, which, in architect Salvatore LaRosa's words, "had lost its face."

While the owners were attracted to the grandeur of the house, they felt they should underplay the formality in the decoration. "When these cli-

Spacious porches, *above left*, and a generous stair hall and fine moldings, *top*, trim the house. Carpet by Stark. *Opposite:* Restored woodwork frames a view of the dining room. *Above:* The hanging light in the breakfast room echoes the curve of the bay window. Chairs in both rooms by Jack Lenor Larsen.



Simplicity of this sort, on this scale, is, of course, a luxury in itself

ents said, 'Keep it simple,' they really weren't kidding," says Franklin Salasky. Porches, where the family takes most meals in good weather, assume the role of curtains in shading the windows; views of the Composite columns outside are the preferred window treatment. The original pine floors are bare save for a handwoven carpet by Elizabeth Eakins in the living room. The bedrooms have only wood venetian blinds for privacy and sisal rugs for quiet and comfort.

The woman of the house says she is "enamored with a purity of style" and with pale colors that make her feel "quiet and happy." Downstairs, walls are painted pale yellow, soft turquoise, light gray. Upstairs, each bedroom is papered in a different tint—gray, blue, green, or yellow. Scandinavian art deco and Biedermeier tables in pale woods mix with furniture designed by BLS in what Salasky calls an "unembellished Calvinistic" style. In the living room, sofas, club chairs, and ottomans are covered in a checkered-weave swimsuit-proof cotton and piped in marine blue, a look based on traditional workroom upholstery.

Simplicity of this sort, on this scale, is, of course, a luxury. Salasky says he did not know the meaning of the word "maintenance" until he met the lady of the house. Just keeping the paint fresh is a year-round task. But, as LaRosa points out,"our job may have been about luxury, but it was not about opulence." This grand old place made new is, after all, a beach house that should be awash, at least figuratively, in light and water and pure fresh air. ♠

BLS designed four beds for the house, each in painted wood with clear wood trim—maple in the master bedroom, *above*, and purpleheart in the son's room, *opposite*. In the master bedroom, the lamp on the Swedish art deco table is Biedermeier. The black and white one at the son's bedside is, in one of the architect's words, "junk store, rehabilitated."


ERIC NEWBY
A BOOK OF
TRAVELLERS' TALES



Bloom's Day

MY GARDEN IN DUBLIN IS NOT large. Like many town gardeners, I work in a natural frost pocket subject to the wind that swirls round between buildings; the soil is thin and I am at the mercy of greenflies, who much prefer an enclosed area for breeding. It may seem perverse of me to want to grow a multitude of plants from the Himalayas, the woods of North America, and the mountains of New Zealand and hope to arrange them all to good effect in close quarters. But at least if one has set oneself an impossible task, there is no chance of finishing it and wondering what to do next.

The main garden is at the back of the house: steps from the south-facing terrace, guarded by a pair of sphinxes, lead up to a central lawn flanked by two borders. At the far end of the lawn are a round pool and fountain set in a semicircle of iron arches. Beyond is a path covered by an arcade of roses and clematis, extending the long axis of the lawn and framing the view of a classical statue. All this sounds simple, but the planning and changes of mind, the earth-moving and complicated adjustments of plantings, the relaying of lawn and maneuvering of stone slabs, and the arguments and opinions extracted from eminent visitors are never ending. And as I continue to try bringing the colors into closer accord within this layout, the scheme becomes even more perplexing.

To the right of the lawn, looking away from the house about a third of the way down the west border, is the Asian dogwood *Cornus controversa* 'Variegata'; the prettiest of trees, it grows in tiers of cream and green. All the soft colors are meant to be in this border: pinks, silvers, pale primrose

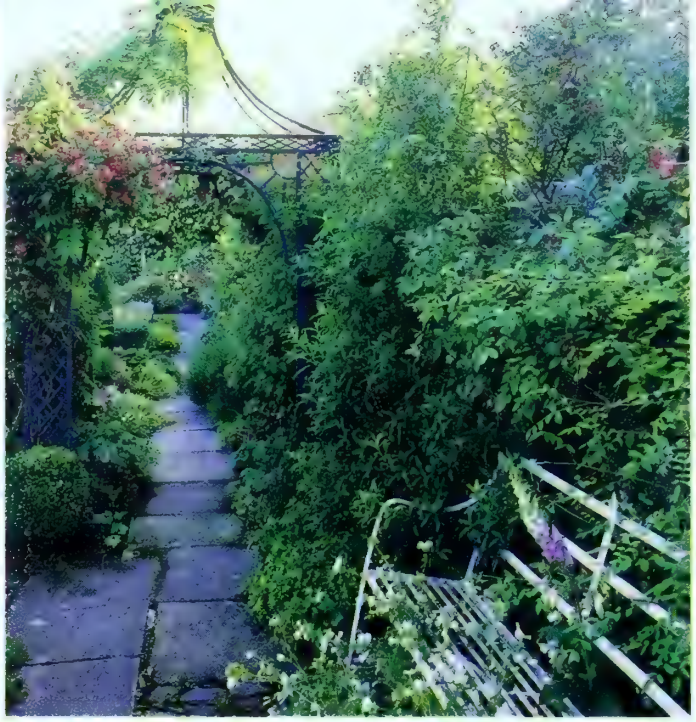


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Below. The
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A Dubliner nurtures a world of plants in the walls of her city garden. By Helen Dillon

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache













yellows, and blues—particularly blues. There is something extraordinary about the color blue, above all in the late evening light, when it appears to glow and magically enhances its neighbors. Early in the year there are blue patches of forget-me-nots, scillas, and chionodoxas among the shrubs. From midsummer on, delphiniums and agapanthus in varying shades of blue—including an almost navy blue dwarf agapanthus called, I believe, 'Lady Moore'—are interplanted with *Salvia patens* and its Cambridge blue form. Larkspurs and blue and white love-in-a-mist self-seed, and the incomparable *Clematis* × *durandii* is trained over a prostrate juniper so that one may properly enjoy its violet blue flowers. In early autumn *Salvia uliginosa* waves its azure sprays among the skirts of the dogwood. *Nepeta sibirica,* a recent addition, is a specially good bright blue and has a long flowering season.

The left-hand, or east, border is a different matter, with plants such as the scarlet-flowered *Dahlia* 'Bishop of Llandaff', the brilliant red herbaceous lobelias, the flame and orange montbretias and kniphofias. Because their strong colors were difficult to place, they live in what was known as the red patch and is now, I hope, extending into a border. There are several dwarf crimson-leaved berberis which are good frontal plants for unifying the color scheme; the dark foliage of *Heuchera micrantha* 'Palace Purple', *Rosa glauca* (formerly *R. rubrifolia*), and self-seeding red spinach compose the background. A few 'Marlena' roses have been added along with the soft apricot single hybrid tea 'Mrs. Oakley Fisher', dating from the 1920s.



Helen Dillon, *right,* prunes the rose 'Mme Grégoire Staechelin'. *Opposite, clockwise from top left: Allium christophii.* White mallow beneath a Regency bench with crimson *Clematis* 'Madame Julia Correvon' climbing an iron arch. Delphiniums in the cool-colored border. One of a pair of antique stone sphinxes mantled in *Hedera helix* 'Buttercup'. *Clematis* 'Étoile Violette'. Gray-leaved *Tanacetum densum amani* with iris foliage.



To the left of the central lawn is the east border with hot-colored plants. The creamy foliage of the Asian dogwood *Cornus controversa* 'Variegata', near the greenhouse, sets off the cool hues in the west border.



Bringing hot and cool colors into accord is a never-ending task

The aptly named poppy *Papaver* 'Fireball', an Irish cultivar, and vermilion *Primula* 'Inverewe' are the stars of early summer. The fighting scarlet of *Tulipa praestans* 'Fusilier' used to be quite unbearable elsewhere in the garden, but now, with soft crimson double primroses and a purple phormium as neighbors, it seems quite acceptable, even pretty.

Tucked behind the main garden are three small gardens planned as surprises, since one cannot see them from the house: a rectangular paved area, a circular raised bed for alpines surrounding a sundial, and an oval lawn set in flowerbeds. The paved area would be just the sort of garden to have if one were elderly. Six hours a year at most would be needed for maintenance, as the plants are virtually allowed to do what they like. Left to its wayward ways, the wicked colonizer *Convolvulus althaeoides* flings its silver foliage and rose pink flowers everywhere. The graceful angel's fishing rods seed at will, as do columbines, sweet alyssum, campanulas, foxgloves, wild pansies, and thyme.

The curved beds of the sundial garden provide a home for unusual plants, some rare, some more difficult to grow. Lady's slipper orchids, among them the almost extinct British native *Cypripedium calceolus*, *Blandfordia punicea* from Tasmania with wonderful red waxy bells, and *Delphinium cashmerianum*, a late summer delight of downy midblue flowers, are some of the favorites whose bloom I anxiously await each year.

The oval lawn, decorated only with an old apple tree, is under constant threat of being dug up. In a town garden of less than an acre that contains fifty-two different snowdrops, a great many special hellebores, fifteen different Solomon's seals, any available trillium, eleven dwarf irises, more than twenty alliums, a profusion of pansies, a host of hos-

(Continued on page 140)



Clematis and grapevines, ***opposite,*** **are trained over the arch that leads to raised beds for alpines.** ***Hedera colchica*** **'Paddy's Pride' covers the far wall.** ***Above:*** **Mignonette self-seeds in the west border.** ***Left:*** **In the east border, euphorbia,** ***Heuchera micrantha*** **'Palace Purple', and** ***Papaver*** **'Fireball'.**


Rare alpines and
British natives
grow in close quarters

Swedish Summers

For seven generations, the Bonnier clan has gathered on an island off Stockholm. By Charlotte Bonnier

Produced by Deborah Webster Photographs by Thibault Jeanson





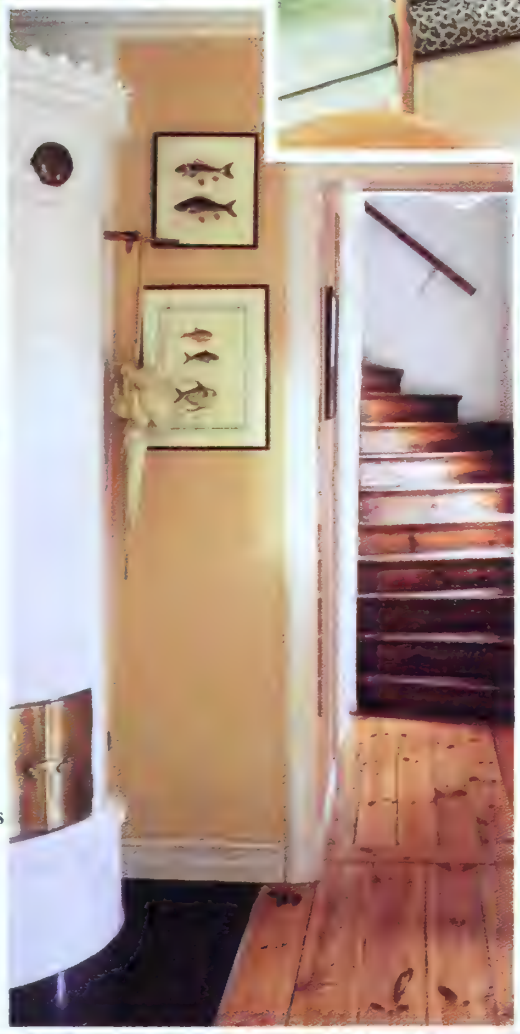
DURING THE DARK WINTER days all my family's dreams of summer center on Dalarö, an island in the Stockholm archipelago that is now welcoming the seventh generation of Bonniers. Early in the summer, when time in Scandinavia seems to expand, days never turn into nights, and darkness does not cover the sky, we gather on the island. Cousins, uncles, aunts—altogether forty of the Bonnier clan—return from many parts of the world. For all of us summer means Dalarö and sailing, fishing, picnicking, and exploring some of the 25,000 islands in the area.

It all began with my great-great-grandfather Albert Bonnier, who built his summer house in Dalarö in the 1840s. (Today my second cousin Karl Otto Bonnier, the head of the Bonnier book publishing company, and his family live in that house.) Ever since, my family's history has been intertwined with Dalarö. My grandfather met my grandmother, Greta Lindberg, at a party there one summer evening; her parents also had their summer house on the island. When my grandparents married, they built a house across the road from her parents' place, high in the sky with a splendid view so that my grandmother could see the island where her sister was living. The fashion then was to build summer houses with belvederes that offered expansive views of the sea; that was close enough to the water for an age in which quick dips in the Baltic before breakfast or spins in a speedboat were no one's idea of pleasure. Now my sister, Jeanette, lives in our grandparents' hilltop house, and my daughter, Christel Engelbert, lives with her husband, Peter, and their son, Oscar, in the Lindbergs' house just across the road.

History repeats itself. My parents also met in Dalarö, in the summer of 1926. Six years later they married and bought a peninsula outside the village. I remember sailing in the archipelago almost as soon as I could walk and racing for the first time when I was about eight.









Summer means Dalarö to the Bonniers, *opposite below left*, among them, clockwise from lower left, Marcus Forsell, Peder Bonnier, Valentina Forsell, and Marie-Louise and Daniel Bonnier, who now have a house on Ornö, *opposite top*. *Opposite below right:* At the Bonnier dock. *Clockwise from above:* Christel Engelbert and her family, who live in a house built by her great-great-grandparents; Charlotte Bonnier's living room; Peder's son, Grant; nautical charts; Daniel's boathouse; a tile stove at Christel's.





The family gathers in Dalarö in the mon





A painted checkerboard floor and Osborne & Little wallpaper set off 18th-century Swedish furniture in Charlotte's sunny dining room. Details see Resources.



The old houses have been modernized, but their spirit is intact

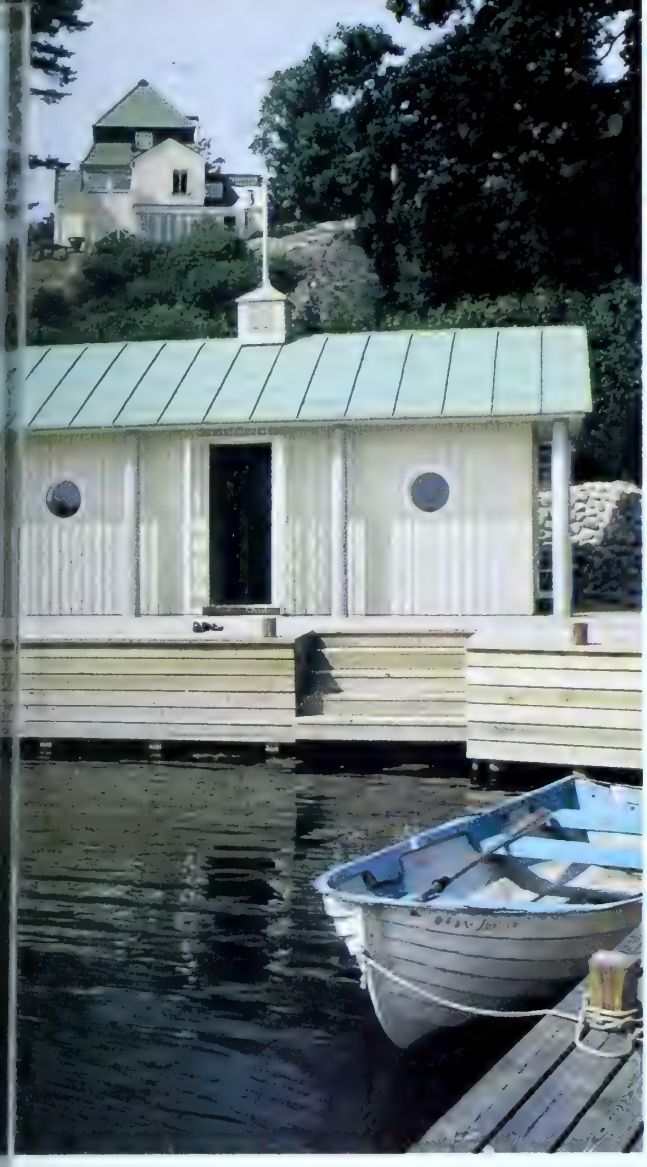


I still spend summers on the peninsula, in an old red cottage that my father bought from an estate. Originally a tenants' house, it was taken down piece by piece and reassembled on my parents' property. When I came back from America in 1951 after two years of training in the publishing business, the red little cottage was there on a green lawn to surprise me. Near the cottage at the edge of the lawn was a log shed, used in the old days to shelter extra hands at harvest time; it is now a guesthouse.

My little house had a living and dining room with a fireplace, a kitchen, a small master bedroom, and tucked under the eaves three small bedrooms, one for the maid and two for the children, Christel and Marcus. We soon outgrew the cottage—and the feeling that it was charming to have no bathrooms and use the sea as our bathtub. So early in the 1960s we started to plan.

Because there was no space to expand within the existing structure, we had to build. We had one demand: the new house had to be connected with the old one. The architect, Jefta Engstromer, devised a clever solution. The main entrance is still through the old cottage, its hall enlarged to include part of what was the master bedroom. Then Engstromer created a gallery that links the entrance hall with the living room in the new building, which is situated a bit behind the old cottage. We got our bedrooms, comfortable bathrooms, and a big living room without giving up the tiny cottage.

My sister faced a similar situation with our grandparents' house. Rich or poor, Scandinavians never had very comfortable summer dwellings in the old days. The difference was that Jeanette—like Christel—could fill her needs within the existing walls, installing new kitchens, converting bedrooms into bathrooms, and putting in central heating. Today all of us can enjoy our summer days knowing that fresh water flows







Beds in a guest room in the red cottage, *opposite above*, are tucked under eaves covered with fabric from Colefax & Fowler, available at Cowtan & Tout. *Opposite below:* Painted grapevines climb the walls of Jeanette Bonnier's Biedermeier dining room in the house her grandparents built. *Far left:* Jeanette's new sauna offers water views through a porthole, *left*. David Bonnier and Hugo Stenbeck, *above*, docking after a day on the water, *below*.

out of our faucets instead of being carried from the well in buckets.

My cousin Daniel Bonnier, who lives in Paris with his wife and four children and heads our French magazine publishing company, has also lost his heart to the archipelago. He even spends Christmases there. His first hideaway was at Dalarö, but because fishing is his passion he wanted a place farther out in the archipelago. He found the perfect spot—an old fisherman's dwelling and a charming big boathouse—about twenty-five minutes away by speedboat, on the island of Ornö. For years Daniel has been adding to his paradise. Today there are houses for guests, children, and boats and a sauna. He and his family have managed to cultivate a small garden in this rugged climate where they grow peonies, roses, herbs, and fruit trees.

Daniel's place is a piece of heaven. There is a constant flow of friends from near and far; the king and queen of *(Continued on page 141)*

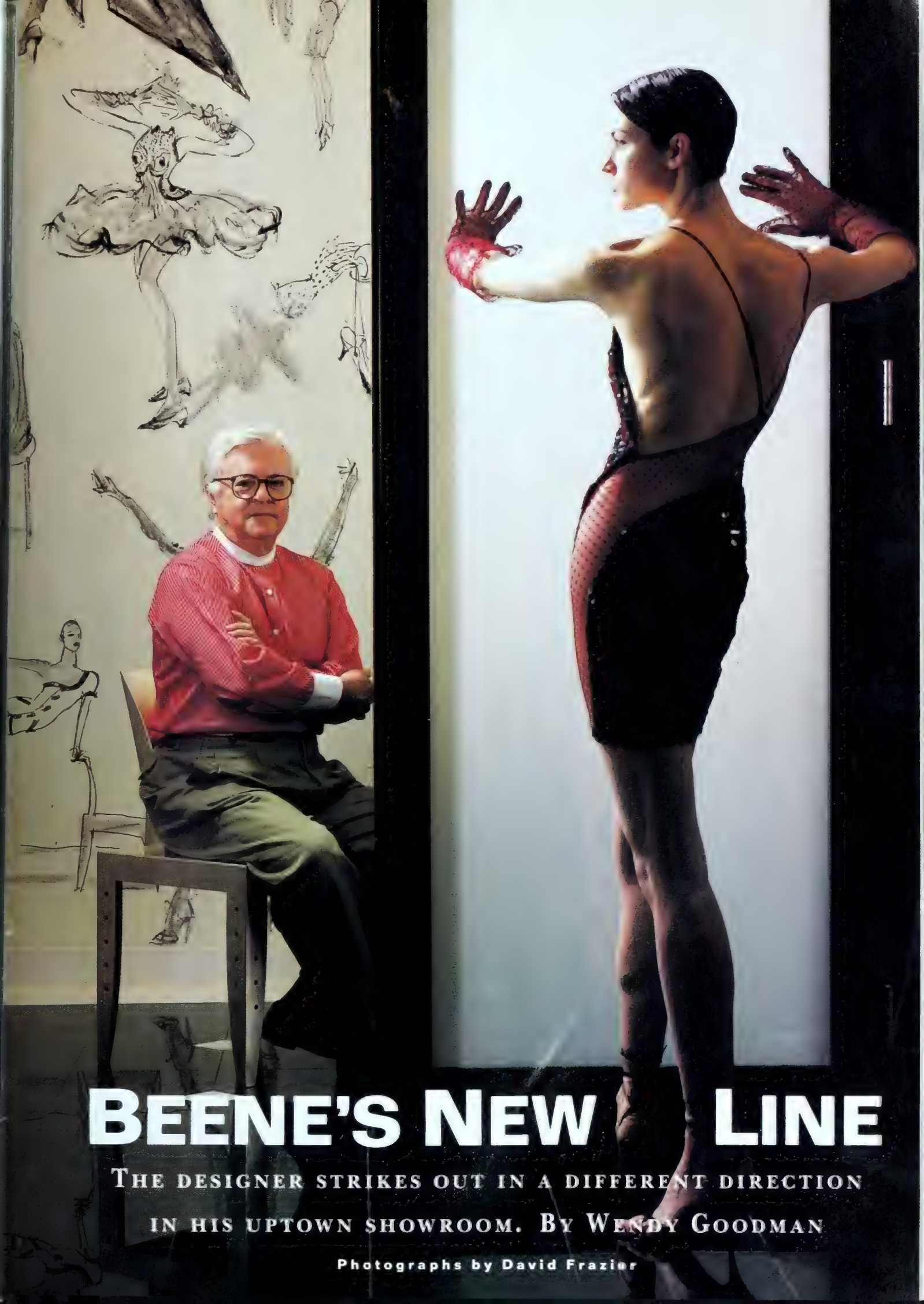


AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS ON SEVENTH AVENUE, Geoffrey Beene has opened a gleaming showroom on 57th Street. The new space is a treat from the moment you step into the reception area. The showroom shimmers with reflective surfaces: silver-leaf walls, mirrored panels, black lacquer doors, and glass tabletops, on a marble floor. It is the perfect setting for his dramatic clothes. "The idea was to utilize the height to give the illusion that the place is bigger than it is," he says. "I learned in Japan that overscaling in small spaces works."

Amidst the triumphs of his fashion collections, Beene is turning his eye toward furniture design. "I don't want to do living room sets," he says, "just exquisite singular pieces." Some of his furniture is on display in his Fifth Avenue store. "That's the thing about the shop: no matter what my indulgence happens to be, I can share it." ▲



Geoffrey Beene, *opposite*, with painted ladies by Joe Eula and a model in a lace dress from the fall collection. *Above:* Beene's new showroom reflects his interest in furniture. The stool, *left*, and leggy black lacquer table, *far left*, are his designs. Details see Resources.



BEENE'S NEW LINE

THE DESIGNER STRIKES OUT IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION IN HIS UPTOWN SHOWROOM. BY WENDY GOODMAN

Photographs by David Frazier

Safe Harbor in Kennebunkport

A Maine boathouse provides a home port for a lifetime of collecting

By Pauline C. Metcalf

Photographs by Sherry Hill



In the living room, walls painted to resemble limestone and an antiqued wooden ceiling set the stage for what Lynn Chase calls his "old things." Among them an Elizabethan table, a 17th- or 18th-century garden figure, and windows from an English manor house. Details see Resources.





A VISIT TO LYNN CHASE'S SANCTUARY IN Kennebunkport, Maine, is not unlike following Alice into Wonderland or wandering onto the back lot of a great movie studio. Outside, the Boathouse is a simple colonial revival structure on a tidal cove in a venerable New England summer community. Inside, it is a timeless fantasy. Guests are greeted in the entrance hall by two eighteenth-century Italian figures of youths riding dolphins and holding candles. These playful wooden statues stand on a floor of well-worn squares of black and white marble from a family chapel in Shropshire, England. On the right, an English Gothick chair—supposedly from Horace Walpole's mid eighteenth century Strawberry Hill—is stationed next to a Gothic archway that leads to the bedroom area. On the left a pair of old leaded-glass doors opens into the main room—a long space flooded with light and filled with a remarkable variety of furniture and decorative objects. This is a place where things are not what they seem to be, nor where they might have been once upon a time.

The large living hall is dominated by a great hooded fireplace painted, like the walls, to resemble limestone. The room reverberates with the sheer diversity of the architectural fragments and decorative elements it holds. At one end of the room are two Gothic revival windows from an early nineteenth century English manor house. Along one wall, nineteenth-century English Corinthian columns with their original gilt highlights flank the French doors that lead to the deck, and an eighteenth-century French apothecary cupboard holds a collection of creamware, most of it English. Another pair of Gothic-style windows illuminate the two seventeenth- or eighteenth-century wooden caryatids, perhaps French or Italian, that command the other side of the room. Nearby, two Meissen pots rest on the rough stone top of a carved Elizabethan table under Italian gilt wall sconces and an eighteenth-century French mirror. The only acknowledgments of the twentieth century are an upholstered armchair, a comfortable sofa, and a pair of standing lamps with 1940s floral chintz lampshades.

Somehow the effect is not one of discord but of charm. The warm colors of an early nineteenth century Aubusson carpet in the center of the room help provide a mellow background for the props scattered about. But the secret ingredient is the faded laissez-faire quality that pervades the space, like the pleasing decay of Irish country houses. The untouched finish of an old table, the gesso peeking through a gilt frame, the stuffed bookcases, even a spattering of candle wax on the floor bespeak generations of lively chatter and good cheer.

"It was a complete indulgence," says Chase of his transformation of the boathouse

The Boathouse has acquired this patina in only a half-dozen years, thanks to wood walls scored in stonelike blocks and sponged with shades of beige, an antiqued plank ceiling, and,



sofa, *opposite*, is
of Chase's few
to the recent
Below: A gilded
-century column
ds next to an
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ch apothecary
net filled with
ish creamware.



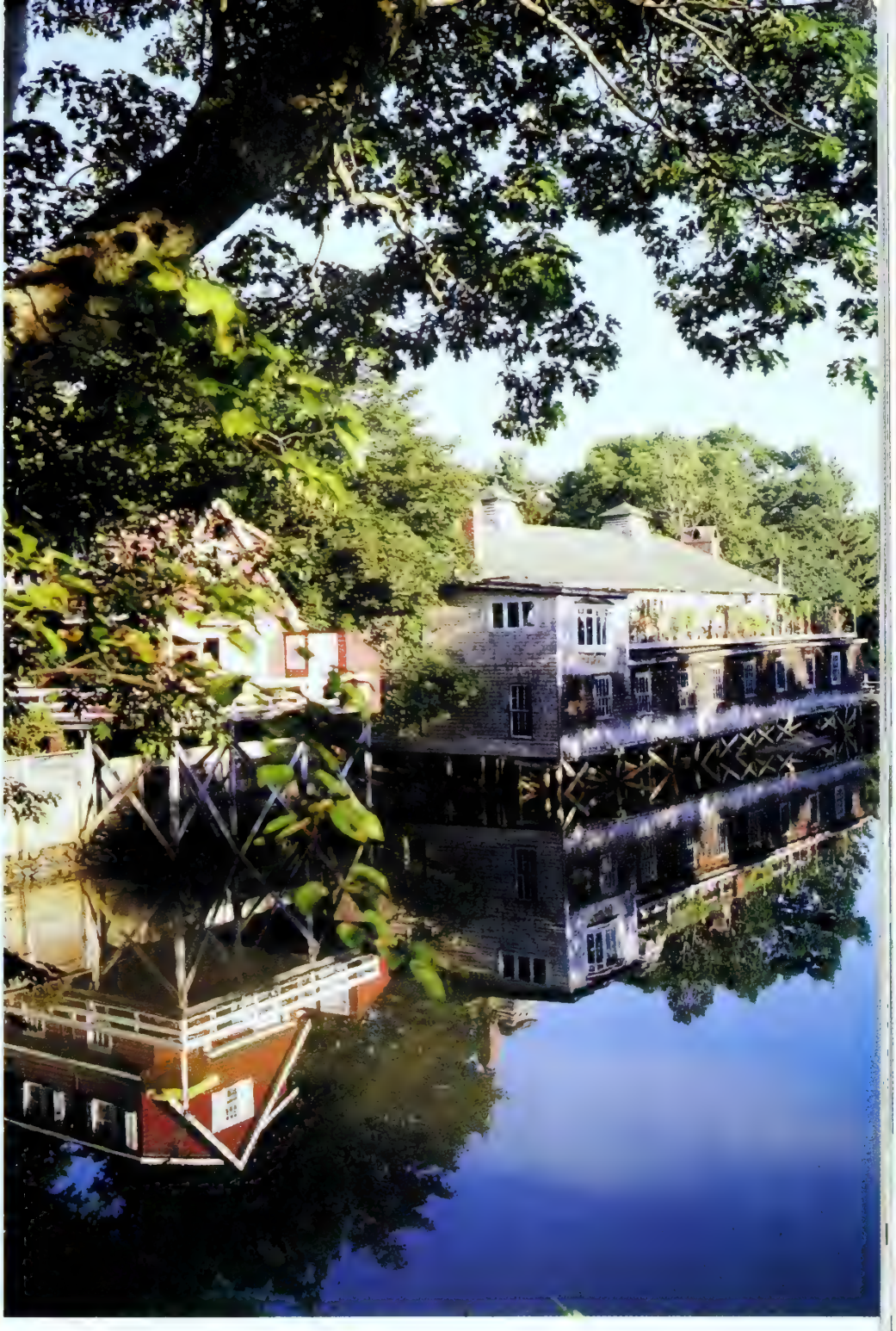
By adjusting cornices and moldings or adding bases, Chase managed to accommodate all his orphaned fragments

most of all, the taste of its owner, Lynn Chase, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, banker. "It was a complete indulgence," says Chase of his transformation of the Nonantum Hotel's 1909 boathouse and garage into what he calls "my little Vizcaya." When the hotel put the structure on the market in 1983, he says, he jumped at the opportunity to house his heterogeneous objects and pieces—"old things," says Chase, refusing to describe them as a collection.

"I get a feeling that emanates from things," he explains. "Sometimes I buy a piece for no rhyme or reason, except to prevent someone else who would not appreciate it from buying it. It seems as if I have to protect all this from the world, like a great caretaker."

His greatest challenge with the boathouse was to devise ways to fit all his orphaned fragments into the exist-





ing 100-by-30-foot shell. By adjusting cornice heights, adding to a base, or trimming a window molding, he and his carpenter-builder managed to find a home for almost everything—although not necessarily where he originally planned. An Austrian food cupboard with fitted drawers, shelves, and egg slides turned out to be too large for the kitchen and ended up in Chase's bedroom as a wall-to-wall armoire and dresser. "At times impulsive action took over," he says, describing how the floral Victorian fireplace tiles meant for the greenhouse eventually became a backsplash in the kitchen. "They seemed the answer to a boring spot."

In the bedroom the food cupboard turned armoire holds pride of place, but it is by no means the only thing of interest. Among the others: an assemblage of French pottery tucked on top of the cabinet, a carved Dutch crest, an English painting of a boy holding a bird and its nest, and an American painted demilune cabinet topped with what is perhaps the only predictable of Chase's collections—a selection of English and German money boxes. The bottom edge of a Flemish tapestry serves as a border on the wall behind the bed.

Chase's love affair with old things began as a child when he visited his grandfather in Exeter, New Hampshire, watched him refinish simple country pieces for resale, and accompanied him to *(Continued on page 141)*

When the massive Austrian food cabinet, *above left,* was too large for the kitchen, Chase had it refitted as an armoire. At the head of the bed is a 16th-century carved Dutch crest; at the foot, an American copy of a French demilune cabinet with a collection of English and German banks. *Above:* The tidal cove is an idyllic site for what Chase calls "my little Vizcaya."

REDISCOVERING THE POET OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BY MARTIN FILLER

New Light on Kahn

AFTER FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT DIED IN 1959, people wondered who would take his place as America's greatest architect. The answer lay in an obscure Philadelphian known only to a small circle of cognoscenti: Louis I. Kahn. He was then almost sixty, had built little, and seemed unlikely to be on the brink of the most fruitful portion of his career. Yet within the remaining fifteen years of his life he was to transform the course of modern architecture.

Kahn's greatest contribution was to insist, contrary to the prevalent attitudes of postwar America, that architecture is an art form, not merely a profession. With his incisive, painterly renderings he reasserted the importance of architectural drawing after years of neglect. Through his charismatic gifts as an educator, he inspired a generation who have become leaders of the American avant-garde, including Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, Charles Moore, and Romaldo Giurgola. Kahn also has had a conspicuous influence on such younger international followers as Tadao Ando of Japan and Mario Botta of Switzerland.

It is no overstatement to say that



Louis I. Kahn in the auditorium of his Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, 1966–72. Paraphrasing the poet Wallace Stevens, Kahn often said, "What slice of the sun does your building have? What slice of the sun enters your room?" *Opposite:* Kahn's Salk Institute for Biological Studies, La Jolla, 1959–65.


THEODORE GILDRED COURT



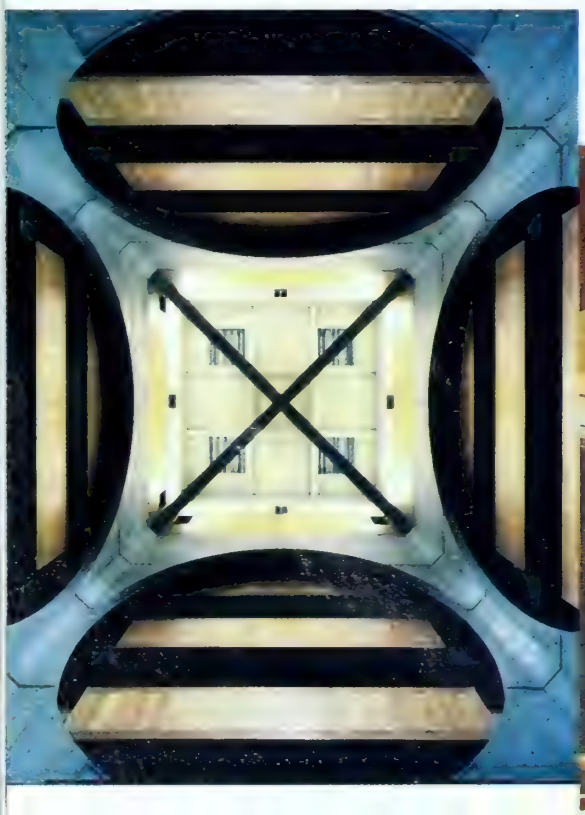


Kahn restored the soul of architecture; the building art in the second half of the twentieth century is unthinkable without him. Nevertheless, Kahn's posthumous fame comes nowhere close to Wright's, nor is it ever likely to. Kahn was an architect's architect, especially in matters of construction and detailing that escape the understanding of laymen.

Now an effort to increase appreciation of this seminal figure marks the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. Kahn, who was born in Estonia, came to Philadelphia at the age of five. On October 20 that city's Museum of Art opens a retrospective, "Louis I. Kahn: In the Realm of Architecture," which then goes on an international tour until 1994. Three new books on the architect, being published by Rizzoli this fall, include the exhibition catalogue by David B. Brownlee and David G. De Long; *Louis I. Kahn: Writings, Lectures, Interviews* edited by Alessandra Latour; and *Paintings and Sketches of Louis I. Kahn* by Jan Hochstim.

Kahn's development as an architect was thwarted by economic and political conditions. Only five years after he received his degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1924, the Great Depression brought building activity to a virtual halt. Although he did work under government-sponsored programs, those tight-budget projects were hardly conducive to flights of creative fancy. Then World War II imposed another hiatus on private construction. Kahn occupied himself with low-cost housing, additions, and remodelings until he was asked to teach at Yale in 1947, the major turning point of his life. There he met Vincent Scully, a

A Kahn collection. *Clockwise from top left:* Pastel drawing of Temple of Horus, Idfu, Egypt, sketched during the architect's Mediterranean trip, 1951; Richards Medical Research Building, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1957–65; Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, 1966–72; Yale University Art Gallery addition, New Haven, 1951–53; Jewish Community Center bathhouse, near Trenton, New Jersey, 1955; entry court, Yale Center for British Art, 1969–74, completed after Kahn's death by Pellecchia & Meyers, Architects; central court of Phillips Exeter Academy library, Exeter, New Hampshire, 1965–72.







His greatest contribution was to insist on architecture as an art

young professor who only this past spring retired as the most influential classroom teacher of architectural history of the postwar period. Scully was the architect's most diligent and insightful exponent, sensing before anyone that in this unlikely character lay the seeds of greatness.

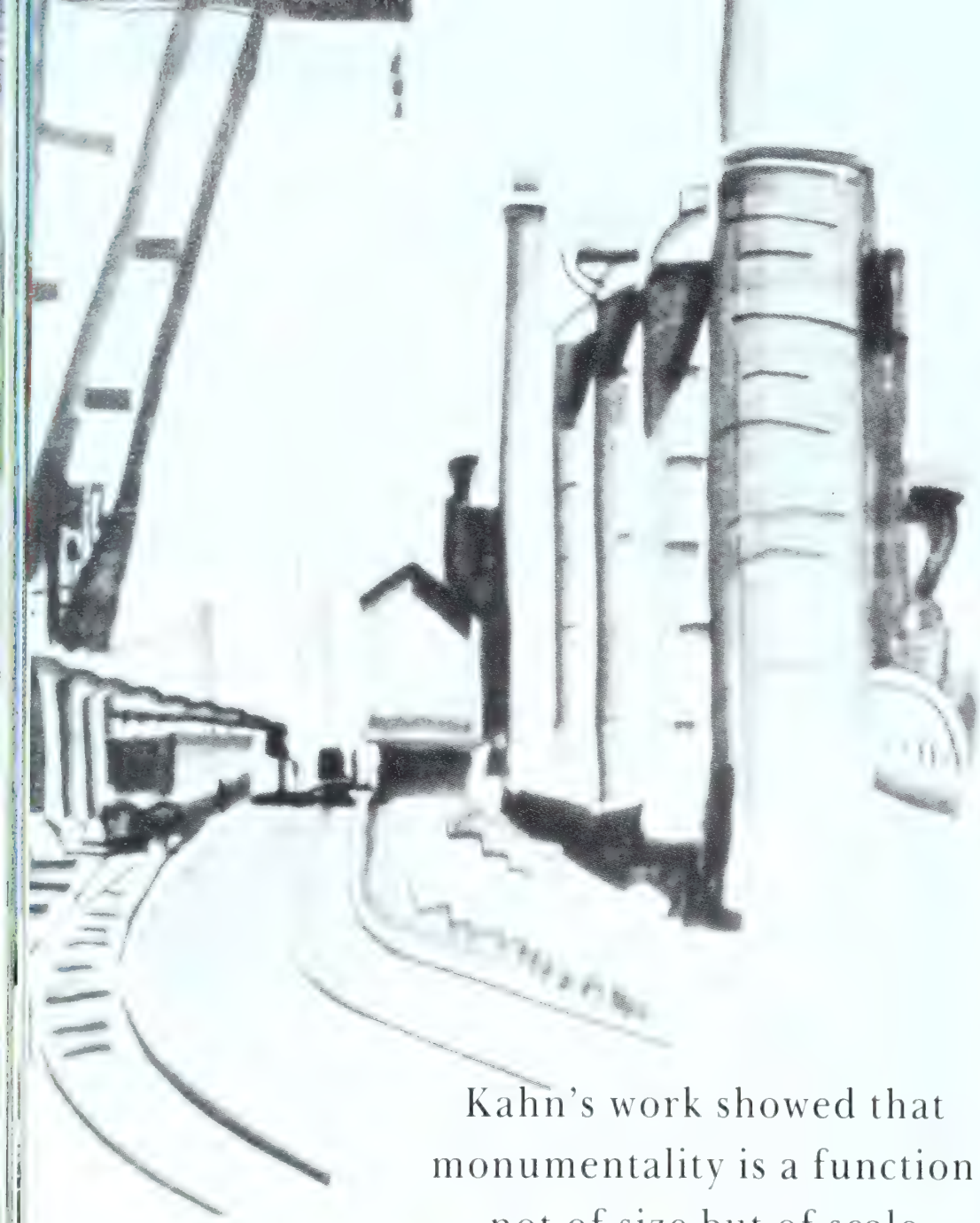
Through his widening circle of contacts Kahn was named resident in architecture at the American Academy in Rome in 1950–51. In the Mediterranean he discovered the silence and light, as he termed it, that lay at the heart of classical architecture. Kahn was predisposed toward classicism through his principal teacher at Penn, Paul Philippe Cret, who had been trained at the École des Beaux-Arts. But Kahn's firsthand contact with the monuments of antiquity enabled him to tap directly and deeply into the intuitive sources of creativity. In Italy, Greece, and Egypt he sketched buildings and ruins with furious intensity. "I was trying to get the essence of it all," he later explained. "I wanted to take the mountain home with me, to implant it in the memory of something that must remain as a lasting reverence."

The way was now clear to him, even if the struggle to make buildings was no easier than before. Indeed, his work never completely outgrew a certain awkwardness that no doubt came from his getting such a late start. Kahn's first major commission, an extension to the Yale University Art Gallery of 1951–53, was brutally simple. Its windowless brick façade, with glass confined to the building's narrow ends, proclaimed him as an architect determined to transmute the watered-down American version of the international style into something more potent. His long-pent-up talent was to have some unlikely outlets. In 1955, a Jewish community center near Trenton, New Jersey, hired him to design a bathhouse for its swimming pool. Kahn invested that tiny cinder block structure with all the grandeur of the Baths of Caracalla. Never has there been a better demonstration that monumentality is a function not of size but of scale.

Kahn's commissions from educational and cultural institutions confirmed him as a practitioner. At Penn (where he taught from 1955 until his death) he built the Richards Medical Research Building, whose form was inspired by his visit to the northern Italian hill town of San Gi-







Kahn's work showed that monumentality is a function not of size but of scale



mignano. Kahn appropriated the distinctive towers of that locale for the labs' utility shafts and stairwells, dramatizing the separation between "served" and "servant" spaces, his widely copied device for organizing space. The Richards complex led to another prestigious scientific commission: a biological study center at La Jolla, California, for Jonas Salk, the polio researcher. The Salk Institute not only faces the Pacific Ocean but incorporates it as the focal element between two identical wings. They flank an austere central plaza, the minimalist treatment of which was recommended to Kahn by the Mexican master Luis Barragán.

By 1959, when the Salk project began, Kahn's work was becoming increasingly formal and overtly Beaux-Arts in feeling. The raw primitivism of his earliest mature schemes gave way to symmetry, central axes, and diagrammatic geometry. But when he broke free from those strictures, he soared. One of his more informal schemes is also his best loved: the Kimbell Art Museum of 1966–72 in Fort Worth, perhaps the most successful gallery of this century. Kahn's modern reinterpretation of Roman barrel vaults split by narrow skylights bathe the domestically scaled interiors in an ethereal glow. This strong frame for great paintings puts to the lie the claim that architecture for art must be recessive and neutral.

Kahn's mystical inclinations became more pronounced as he grew older. At a time when many architects had become glorified cost accountants, Kahn wanted to be a shaman. He was given to oracular pronouncements such as, "I asked the brick what it liked, and the brick said, 'I like *(Continued on page 140)*

Kahn's love of elemental geometric forms was a recurrent theme in his career. *Above left:* The architect's graphite sketch of a factory yard in Philadelphia, c. 1930–35, with cylindrical silos reflected in his later architecture. *Left:* A 1951 study for a mural based on Egyptian motifs. *Opposite:* National Assembly building at Dacca, Bangladesh, 1962–83, completed after Kahn's death in 1974 by David Wisdom & Associates.





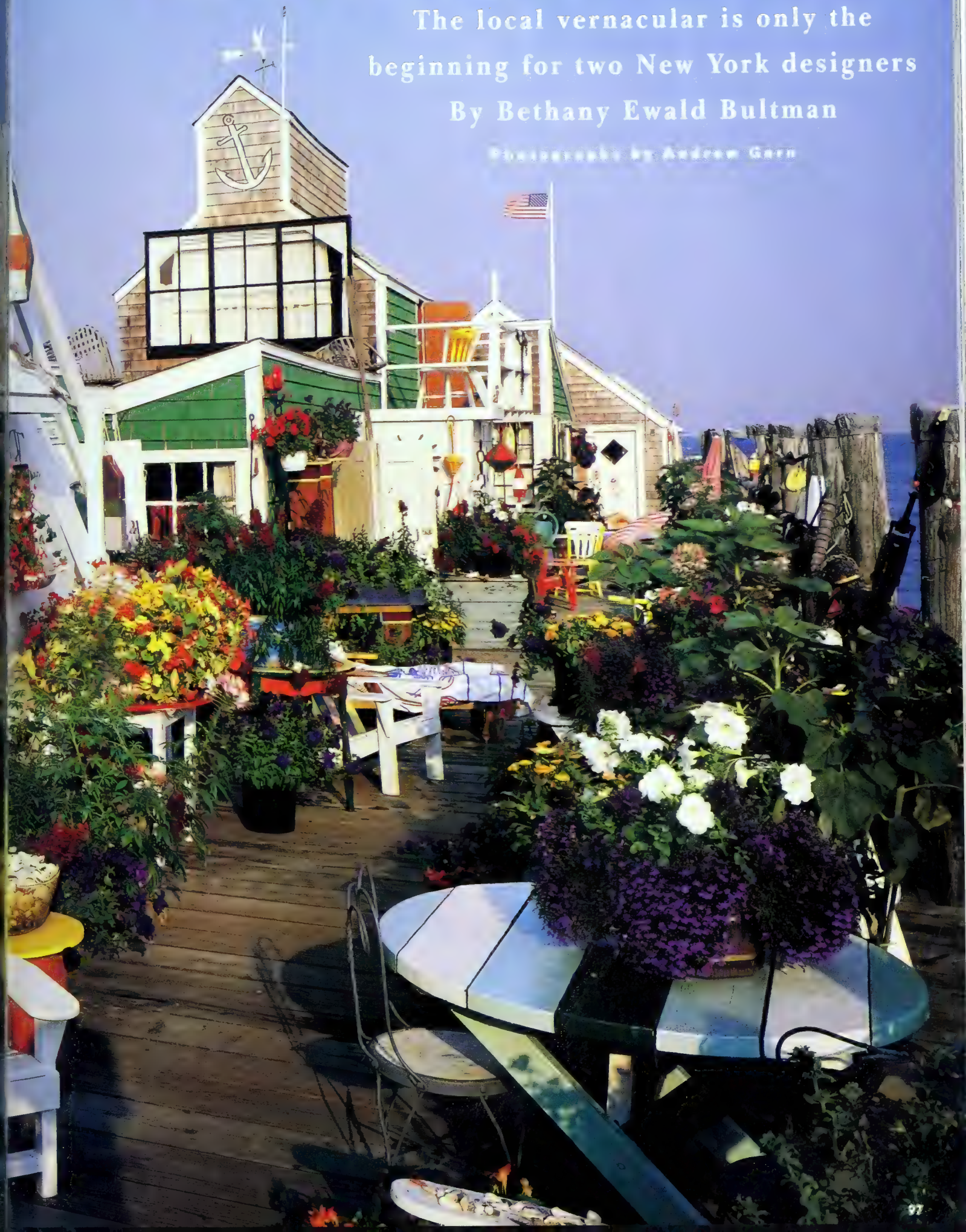
At Captain Jack's Wharf, where they own cottages, Peter Gee and Olga Opsahl added splashes of brilliant color to Provincetown's characteristically bohemian variation on Cape Cod style. Details see Resources.

Coloring the Cape

The local vernacular is only the beginning for two New York designers

By Bethany Ewald Bultman

Photographs by Andrew Garn







The Gees' own hilltop house is alive with Peter's colors and Olga's fabrics. The living room, *above*, reflects Olga's penchant for combining the old and the new and "different textures you can see through." *Left:* In the guest room, a pink wall glows at sunset. *Far left:* The master bedroom was inspired by the children's book *Goodnight Moon*. *Opposite above:* A window-seat collage of stripes, 1940s chinoiserie, and a black and white grid. *Opposite below:* Starfish in Peter's studio.



EVERY CHILD should spend the summer in a cottage overlooking the sea, with worn wooden floors and homey furniture inside and a private sandpile outside along with an old barn full of toys and paints and stuffed animals, a few chickens ranging among the hollyhocks and wild asters, and a ten-foot-tall hedge of climbing tea roses.

It is just such a retreat that New York designers Olga Opsahl and Peter Gee have created in Provincetown, Massachusetts, for themselves and their two sons, nine-year-old Odin and five-year-old Harry. In the city the couple are known for restorations, notably of the Puck Building on the edge of SoHo. For their country house they have assimilated the elements they love about Provincetown into their personal style, which has been described as "low tech and high funk." And the 300-year-old port some call Key West North may be the only spot in New England where low tech and high funk fit right in.

"Why is it," muses Peter Gee, "that when people start marketing 'good taste,' they inevitably bypass color?"



A sliver of sand dune and beachfront three miles long and less than one mile wide, Provincetown has attracted a unique breed of visitors ever since the Pilgrims first dropped anchor before sailing across the bay to what became Plimoth Plantation. They have come for a variety of reasons, but all feel secure in the knowledge that this small community will never be glamorous. By World War I the town was a full-blown artist's colony, with Charles Hawthorne's students painting on the beach and a remarkable assortment of playwrights and novelists—among them Eugene O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis—talking and writing in the cottages on the harbor. After World War II abstract expressionism moved in; Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Helen Frankenthaler, Milton Avery, and Jackson Pollock all spent time here. Tennessee Williams summered on Captain Jack's Wharf, where the Gees own cottages.

Today the year-round population of about 4,000 swells to 15,000 in the summer. On peak days as many as 40,000 people jam aptly named Commercial Street, where eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses stand cheek by jowl with a ragtag assortment of shops that sell plastic harmonicas shaped like lobster claws, nightclubs that showcase female impersonators, and a remarkable number of art galleries. Only two blocks from this hubbub is the Gees' hideaway.

The Gees' property figures prominently in the mythology of my family. The barn where the children play was once Hans Hofmann's studio, and the cottage where the Gees live was his students' residence. In 1942 Fritz Bultman, a young painter studying with Hofmann, was introduced in that cottage to a model named Jeanne Lawson. They fell in love and married and soon bought the hill across the road from Hofmann's School of Fine Arts. Years later I married their son, and we began spending our summers at the Bultman compound. Since our two sons met Odin Gee, we have once again been closely related to Hofmann's "house on the hill."

It was Provincetown's bohemian reputation that originally attracted Peter Gee some twenty years ago. A successful British graphic artist, he was teaching a course on color at Harvard when he first visited the tip of the Cape. "What I discovered was a magnificent quality of light and sense of color," he recalls. "The character of the shacks along the dunes and the old buildings along the harbor gave the town a texture I had not seen in the United States. The Portuguese fishing boats were painted with bold colors, which added a Mediterranean sensibility to it all." He returned to Provincetown each summer, renting studios until 1979, when he found his ideal house.

Once Peter had bought the property on Miller Hill Road, he and Olga set about restoring the old house to a



state of innocence, stripping away any modern conveniences that might mask its eccentric spirit. They demolished the 1950s kitchen and installed the oldest operating appliances they could find. When they had to replace shingles, they bought old ones and maintained the original patterns.

Peter's ideas about color—his preference is for small areas of brilliant color—have been incorporated with such cunning that an orange banister seems the perfect complement to a two-tone green wall. "Why is it," Peter muses, "that when people start marketing 'good taste,' they inevitably bypass color and impose a palette of gray, white, cream, or black? Every person is born with an innate sense of vibrant color," he asserts. "Look at toys and children's books. They are alive with color."

While Peter has been rethinking color, Olga has been devising quirky but functional collages of fabrics from her collection—from organdy, dotted swiss, and innumerable varieties of gauze to gabardine, crisp Ralph Lauren striped cotton, and 1940s bark cloth—to hang at the windows and cover the furniture. Her combinations sound improbable, but they work visually. The music room, for example, has curtains of Italian silk taffeta and nineteenth-century French lace with medallions of German pink and gold striped brocade—but the taffeta is a tiny blue and white gingham-style print and rows of yellow and blue pom-poms the size of golf balls are stitched to the bottom of the curtains.

It is all, as Peter says, "New England gone wild"—a combination of invisible restoration, laissez-faire functionality, and whimsy that perfectly reflects the people who live there. ♠ *Editor: John Ryman*

An idiosyncratic history of Provincetown, from tepees and Pilgrims to a turn-of-the-century artist painting on the beach, is depicted on the stair runner, *left*. *Opposite:* Instead of modernizing the kitchen, the Gees chose to re-create the feeling of the shacks that dotted the Provincetown dunes in the 1920s with a worn wide-plank floor, a venerable range, and simple country furniture.









A bougainvillea-covered loggia topped by a pergola stands next to the pool. *Left:* Francesco Mondadori focuses on the living room. *Below left:* Katherine Mondadori on a chaise designed by Verde Visconti. *Bottom left:* Francesco and Filippo Mondadori play among chimneys on a roof terrace. Details, see Resources.



Retreat to Capri

Katherine and Leonardo Mondadori close the cover on the publishing business when they escape to their island villa

By Andrea Lee | Photographs by Oberto Gili



Rush matting is "delicious to walk on," says decorator Verde Visconti. "It gives the house a plantation smell"





THE MAIN PIAZZA ON Capri has the feeling of a sunlit drawing room in a dream: enclosed, intimate, yet open to sea breezes and roofed with a sweep of Mediterranean sky. Much of the enchantment that the island has held over the centuries for Roman emperors, artists, and garden-variety lovers comes from this magical combination of sanctuary and space. The result is a euphoria that quickens fantasy.

Since the days of Tiberius, Capri has been the site of idyllic villas and one of the loveliest of these is Lo Studio, property of the Italian publisher Leonardo Mondadori and his American wife, Katherine. As its name suggests, the villa served as both living quarters and workplace for the original owners, naturalist Ignazio Cerio and his son, writer Edwin Cerio. Built in 1901, the compound —a main building, outbuildings for guests, and pool—lies on a bluff overlooking the harbor, Marina Piccola.

Lo Studio is a handsome example of early twentieth century Caprese style, combining neoclassical details with a Moorish influence visible in the high vaulted roof, minaret-like chimneys, and arched doorways. Most typical of Capri, however, is the delicious sense of isolation. As a retreat, the villa plays an important role in the life of a family that in recent years has been buffeted by one of the biggest power struggles in the history of Italian business. Since the mid 1980s Leonardo Mondadori has been a protagonist in a long-running battle for control of Arnoldo Mondadori Editore, the Milan-based publishing empire founded by his grandfather. The conflict began as a

White walls, rush matting, and seashell wallhangings by Kenneth Turner lend a look of island ease to the living room, *above left.* The sofa pillows are made of Indian fabric; the iron and scagliola side table is a Visconti design. *Opposite below:* Under 1940s Pompeian landscapes Neapolitan banquettes flank a living room doorway overlooking a triptych by Ruggero Savinio. *Left:* A rooftop view of Marina Piccola.

financial dispute between factions of the extended Mondadori family, turned into a face-off between Italian business titans, and initiated a vertiginous series of changes in the career of Leonardo, who has since won back his ascendancy at Mondadori, recently returning as president.

For Leonardo, Katherine, and their sons, Francesco, age seven, and Filippo, age four, Capri means a reprieve from stress and publicity and from the smog of Milan. Leonardo escapes for weekends on the island and Katherine, a native North Carolinian whose Irish grandmother vacationed on the island for years, stays for longer periods with the children. Leonardo and Katherine fell in love with Capri seven years ago on a visit to the Hotel Certosella, whose grounds abut the garden of Lo Studio. There they made friends with the hotel's proprietor, Assunta Jacono, a near-legendary Capri matriarch renowned for her ability to fix and arrange any business on the island. Assunta was to become a sort of fairy godmother to the villa.

Unadorned white walls and faded earth and sea colors draw the senses outward



On a subsequent visit to Capri, Leonardo and Katherine went on a walk to see Lo Studio. By then the villa had passed out of the Cerio family and was owned by an elderly man in whose hands the compound had assumed an aura of neglect. The Mondadori stared through tangled vines at a magnificent fifth-century entrance portal from Puglia and decided that they had found their house on the island. Lo Studio was emphatically not for sale, but Leonardo and Katherine went about things the right way: they consulted Assunta. Long concerned about the disarray of the nearby property, she got in touch with the owner, and in the spring of 1986, through a mild form of Capri sorcery, the villa passed into the hands of the Mondadori.

Before they could feel at home, however, radical transformations were necessary. "When we bought it, the place was a bit like a setting for a Black Mass," remarks Leonardo. "Overgrown garden, inside doors

and woodwork painted black, the walls lined with ex-votos and church statues." To Verde Visconti di Modrone, the designer who presided over the rebirth of the house, it was an "inwardly focused structure, unsuitable for the climate." A cousin of the film director Luchino Visconti, she has also designed interiors for films, a facet of her work that she drew upon in redecorating Lo Studio. "It was emergency work—the kind you might do on a movie set," she says. "I started in April, and they wanted to move in by the end of July. There was no time for nonsense; the main theme was simplicity."

The result is a stripped-down airy look that draws the senses outward. Visconti lightened the woodwork, used unbleached muslin for curtains, and covered the floors with matting made by Scottish craftsmen from apple leaves. "Delicious to walk on, like mattresses," says Visconti. "It gives the house a plantation smell, and you never have to vacuum—just throw water on it once a week."

Eastern and Mediterranean themes mingle throughout the house. The Indian fabrics Visconti chose for upholstery blend well with a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Neapolitan furniture and paintings by modern Neapolitan artists. Everywhere a sense of space is emphasized, sometimes whimsically. Empty Indian picture frames and a headless Roman statue decorate a scagliola table in the living room. The entrance hall features a Neapolitan iron canopy bed heaped with mattresses covered in various shades of striped ticking. Used by the Mondadori children when they want to watch television in an alcove nearby, the *(Continued on page 140)*





In a guest room, white muslin hangs from a 19th-century Neapolitan canopy bed, *opposite above,* with Indian pillowcases. *Opposite below:* Italian blue and white striped cotton and rattan chairs in the children's room. *Above right:* On a roof terrace, Visconti's iron furniture clusters around a wall of bamboo patterned with ivy. The lanterns are modeled after Moroccan examples. *Right:* The colonnaded outdoor dining room.



This Way to the Party

Entertaining friends at home is a four-star production for director Curtis Harrington

By Leo Lerman

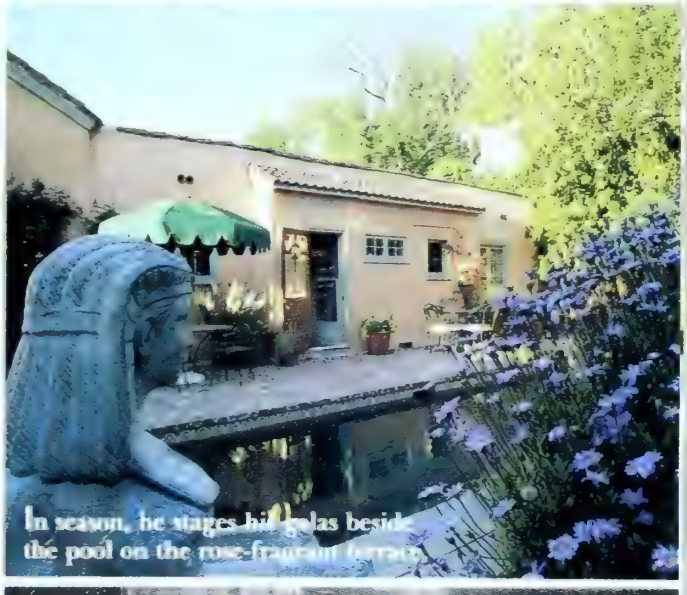
Photographs by Michael Mundy



The entrance hall with its MGM auction loot, original fin de siècle Ibels poster, found-for-a-song art nouveau treasures, faux marble floor, and "after-Walter Crane" frieze keynotes Curtis Harrington's dream-true house. Details see Resources.



When Curtis gives a party, he cooks. Tonight: seafood pasta, veal piccata for eight.



In season, he stages his galas beside the pool on the rose-fragrant terrace.



Curtis directs Simone Signoret in *Games*, 1967.





Curtis himself propped and light







Marlene Dietrich's shoe, *top*, is enshrined with Josef von Sternberg's spats and gloves. *Above left:* Curtis directs Ralph Richardson in *Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?*, 1972. With Shelley Winters, *above*, and Debbie Reynolds, *left*, in the 1971 thriller *What's the Matter with Helen?*

IS MR. HARRINGTON A PARTY ANImal?" Bruce, our Los Angeles driver, asks as we cross Sunset Boulevard and twist our way up Vine Street high into the twenties-heyday Hollywood Hills. In the relentless high-noon sunlight, what we see as we climb to Curtis Harrington's house seems as timeworn as an unreeling silent film. "Curtis Harrington is not really a party animal," I tell Bruce. "Curtis loves to get people together, and he loves to go where people are getting together. He was born local. He's lived local almost all of his life. He's the boy who didn't really get away. He's high on Hollywood."

At fourteen he directed his first movie, derived from Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher." His eight-millimeter camera was a present from his parents. Entire cast, all two of it, was Curtis. That was his debut horror flick. Today—after directing early vanguard successes led to a European wanderjahre, after a stint at Columbia Pictures and Twentieth Century Fox, after directing a string of star-studded chillers, plus a rich go at *Dynasty, The Colbys, Charlie's Angels, Hotel*—he is preparing his latest stylish terrifier, *Cranium*.

Curtis the director took over when he went house-hunting some twenty

h room: "I am more interested in allover effect than in provenance"



years ago, scouting the location for the life he hoped to live. The script? He was writing it daily. Casting? He had a natural affinity for distinctive people: they just came his way and seemed to remain forever, nourished by his generosity, his tremendous outbursts of laughter, his ability to make the least important feel important and the important as important as they thought they were. Sets for this movie? He himself would decorate, prop, and light each room. He already had cherished bits and pieces, "picked up for nothing" at studio auctions, L.A. antiques shops, and house or yard sales.

It was all to be Belle Époque–ish, conjuring up that champagne, razor wit, and scandal time into which Curtis wished he had been born. "I had read Salvador Dali's *Secret Life* and fell in love with art nouveau. Dali thought art nouveau was sublime. When I started to buy it, in Los Angeles, almost nobody seemed to want it. I was so lucky."

Financing for Curtis's one-man production? By 1968, he had saved a "little cache" and he was house-hunting. He walked the Hills. "One day I climbed up through a jungle into a walled patio, and there was this derelict wreck of a house—a kind of Mediterranean villa in a secret place. No ordinary California bungalow here, something extramagical here. This, I knew immediately, was my house. So I bought it—for the modest song I could sing." Curtis had his basic set.

Today we climb Curtis's steep stone steps, past a magisterial seated stone lion, up to an English late-Vic-

The heart of the house is the cove-ceilinged, gray green sit-down-anyplace-and-talk living room, *above*. Typically Curtis: the harmony of authentic Belle Époque pieces, superb period reproductions, and time-tuned effects by Curtis's own art nouveau–sensitive hand. It all makes for a grand illusion.



torian colored-glass-paneled door, flung open by Curtis, glowing with welcome. So into the rosy brick courtyard and into the entrance hall. "I am more interested in allover effect than in provenance," says Curtis. A faux marbre blue black and white checkerboard floor. A Duncan Phyfesque sofa, snatched up at an MGM studio prop auction. Who sat on this elegant piece—in what movie?—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo? The stars have never fallen from Curtis's eyes. Over the sofa hangs H. G. Ibels's poster for diseuse Jane Debary's performances in fin de siècle Paris. "Posters are one of the things I began to collect early. I love them as works of art, as documents of the period I love best." He has at least ten intensely Belle Époque posters throughout the house: Mucha, Chéret. . . the best.

On a faux marbre plinth is a bust of an Italian lady, her veiled beauty so indicative of Curtis's passion for mystery. On a gilded art nouveau console stands a fluidly robed lady bearing a branch of electric lights; hanging over it is a treasure: "I found this mirror in the sixties in a Melrose Boulevard antiques shop. Nobody wanted it. I am now sure that it's by Georges de Feure. And that is rare." Curtis's expertise is

"I have never given a party to further my career. I have never given a cocktail party"

The dining room, *left*, the afternoon before a party for seven friends. *Below:* At night, this room seems to unreel into a Hollywood long ago. The party is never over, even when Curtis snuffs the candles. *Opposite:* His bedroom is a personal album: Edwardian bric-a-brac, Fuseli's spectral *The Nightmare* in reproduction, and a movie-palace Tutankhamen.









mazing. "I've worked hard at learn-ıg," he says. Then he adds, fusil-ades of laughter fortifying his ords, "I never never buy anything I an't use in this house. I do not just cquire." In an art nouveau vase a reat clump of greenish lilies bought at a super supermarket) tands on a table beneath an art nou-eau chandelier brought from pain—a unique piece of brass with opper accents; pendent from it are arge white light globes etched with piderwebs. Curtis loves spooky eauty. Joining the high ceiling to he walls is a peacock frieze, "after Walter Crane."

I have told you, in such detail, bout Curtis's entrance hall because t is the quintessence of Curtis's dream house, the open sesame to the magical set of his lifetime movie. This entrance hall carries us into his cove-ceilinged living room from which you glimpse the beamed and faux corbeled library and the dining room. Beyond these lurk kitchen, breakfast room, and master bedroom wing. All windows, save that in the master bedroom, are uncurtained. Cascades of translucent green leaves, sometimes trembling with onslaughts of hummingbirds, make a green light at the end of every vista. There is, indeed, a "greenery yallery" light throughout this house.

First impression of Curtis's house is that it is crammed with fascinating things. Second impression is that there is order here—that it all, from room to room, makes a harmony, a perfect mise-en-scène. Liberty fabrics; wallpapers, some after William Morris; a mantelpiece gone style nouille—all tendriled by Curtis's own hand (when he couldn't afford the real thing he created it); a Tiffany dragonfly lamp in excellent reproduction; violet-scattered Chinese export carpets made in the 1920s and '30s; a brace of Majorelle armchairs, rare because they are American reproductions (he found them in a storage warehouse); eight "real" Belgian art nouveau dining room chairs. A huge Vallauris cachepot redeems the cliché palm it holds. And enshrined on a chest, a pale pink satin evening pump, at the base of its thin high heel a rhinestone ball. "It was Marlene Dietrich's," says Curtis. Then he grins. "I place it on a pair of Josef von Sternberg's spats, and near them a pair of his gloves, all given me by his widow. Visually, he is one of my great influences."

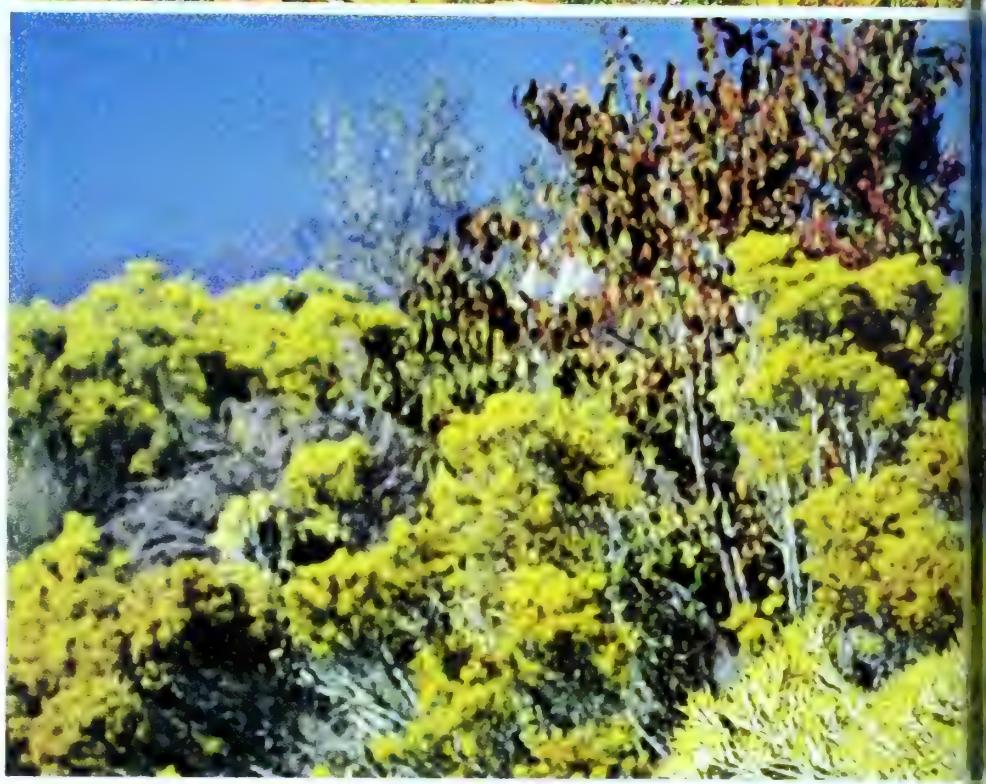
The library, a bois-de-rose room where Curtis pours out tea on occasion, is filled with turn-of-the-century drawings; late-Victorian prints and engravings; signed memorabilia of his moviemaking, including a photo of Gloria Swanson in his *Killer Bees;* drawings by Cocteau and Dorothea Tanning; and books, hundreds of them: ten volumes of Poe, the works of Aleister Crowley, books on the occult, spiritualism, magic, the dark arts, the writings of Gurdjieff, Ouspensky. Curtis's bedroom: family photos, a kitschy *Love Locked Out* in reproduction, a copy of a Tutankhamen head with a movie past. The hefty man with a sword—he is titled *Gloria*—is a Germain Soulé lamp. The bed is high art nouveau—iron with copper details—and its hangings are scattered with flowers and birds. So back through the house and out onto the terrace, which verges on the swimming pool and the cutting garden. Sometimes, when the rose trees are not sufficiently prodigal in their bloom, Curtis helps *(Continued on page 139)*

Return of the Native

Nurseries all over America are looking close to home for ecology and beauty

By Patti Hagan







I LEARNED MY WILDFLOWERS—AND grew up—in a garden near Seattle. My mother, the wildflower maven, used to take my sister, my brother, and me on wildflower digs to the Cascade mountains, where we captured trilliums, saxifrages, violets, bunchberry, and maidenhair fern for internment in suburbia. If you didn't dig it yourself, you didn't garden wild then. Nowadays, long since environmentally enlightened, my mother buys her wildlings from native-plant nurseries that *propagate*. "Wild-collecting plants is a kind of shoplifting," says Judith Phillips of the Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm in Veguita, New Mexico, summing up the creed of gardener-conservationists across the country.

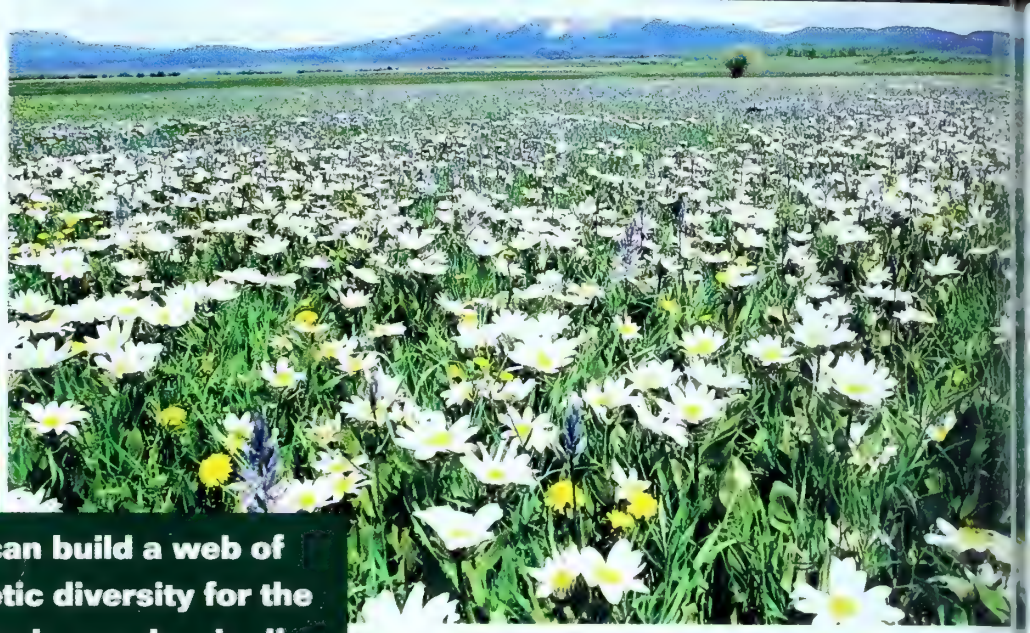
Despite the near-pandemic Anglophilia responsible for a horticultural inferiority complex among American gardeners in recent decades, a neo-nativist garden movement is gaining ground. (Even the New York Botanical Garden, notable for its English-gardening fixation, held a symposium this year on "Wildflower Cultivation: An Environmental Perspective.") Well before


MOUNTAIN
High Altitude Gardens, Ketchum, Idaho


DESERT
Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm, Veguita, New Mexico


PRAIRIE
Prairie Nursery, Westfield, Wisconsin

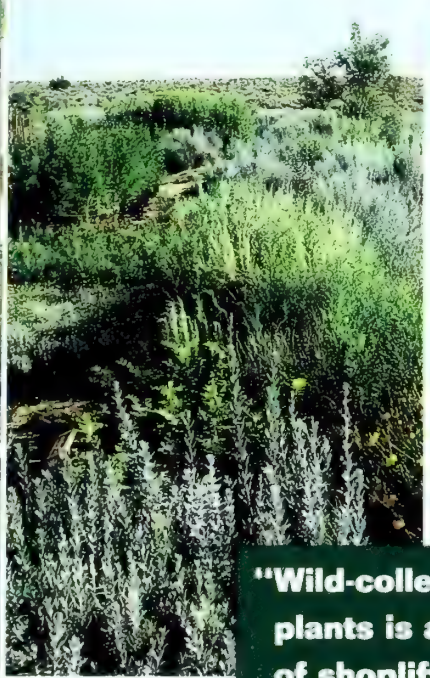






"We can build a web of genetic diversity for the future by seedsaving"

—High Altitude Gardens









"Wild-collecting plants is a kind of shoplifting"

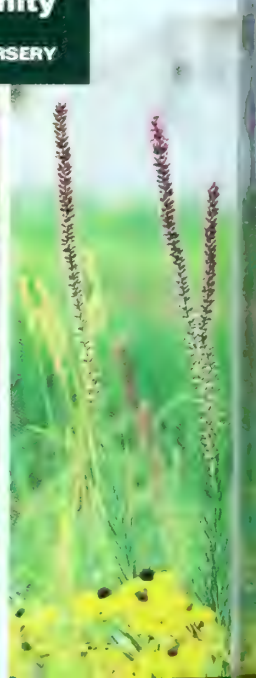
—Bernardo Beach
Native Plant Farm

"When you plant a prairie... you're creating a community"

—Prairie Nursery







Americans started trading accusations about being politically correct, "ecologically correct" nurseries and seed companies had begun to proliferate. More than a hundred mail-order nurseries offering native plants are listed by region in the plant sources index of Barbara J. Barton's *Gardening by Mail: A Source Book*. These nurseries are not just sellers of seeds or plants; rather, they are ecological missionaries to the heathen pesticide-and-lawn-obsessed American garden world. Their catalogues double as catechisms to spread the gospel of appropriate gardening on indigenous roots, to proselytize for a new sustainable landscape ethic.

The statement of philosophical purpose set forth in the catalogue from Prairie Nursery in Westfield, Wisconsin, is typical: "Since 1972, [we have] been dedicated to improving and rebuilding the environment by encouraging ecological gardening, using native plants for soil, water, and habitat conservation. Our mission is to preserve native plants and animals by helping people to create attractive, non-polluting natural landscapes that can support a diversity of wildlife." Such catalogues are invariably unpretentious and usually printed on recycled paper. Bernardo Beach's catalogue begins: "Whether you call it Xeriscaping,

These nurseries are not just sellers of native seeds or plants; they are ecological missionaries to a heathen pesticide-and-lawn-obsessed America

landscape ecology or naturalized landscaping, 'it' is common sense gardening. . . . Working *with* nature instead of naively attempting to conquer the wild, we can save time and water, reduce pesticide use and reestablish our connection with our planet in the bargain." Echoing the same chapter and verse, Plants of the Southwest in Santa Fe directs, "Work with your soil and climate. Grow what will grow. Look at your natural surroundings, if you have any. . . . Poisons don't acknowledge complexity—don't bother with poisons."

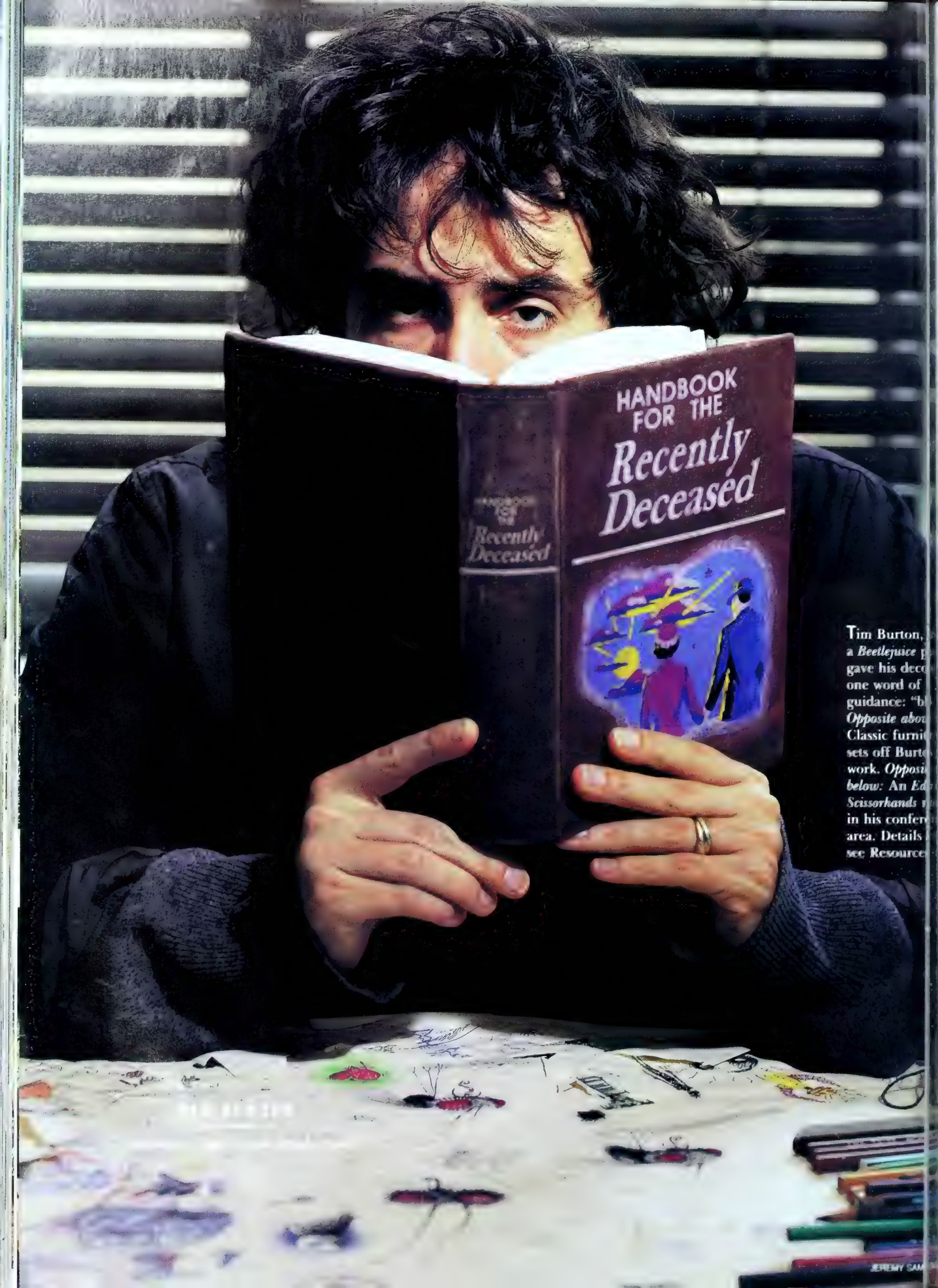
With lofty perspicacity—6,000 feet above sea level—High Altitude Gardens in Ketchum, Idaho, is "dedicated to saving and expanding the genetic resources of the 'alta-region.' . . . We invite you to participate in sustaining our 10,000 year-old genetic heritage by growing open-pollinated varieties and saving their seeds." The catalogue from this seven-year-old "bio-regional seed company" predicts that "the 90s will be remembered as a time of landscaping naturally" and offers hope that "we can together build a resilient web of genetic diversity for the future . . . through ecologically sensitive seedsaving." Kindred spirits are at work in Corvallis, Oregon, home of Peace Seeds: A Planetary Gene Pool Resource and Service.

Native-plant catalogues are contributing to the genetic diversity of the garden language with a generous whole-earth philosophy and its own lexicon. Both the medium and the message are quite unlike any to be found in conventional upscale designer-label nursery catalogues—their four-color temptations appeal to the self-centered gardener in a private Eden, devoted to a style of gardening that amounts to exterior decoration with fashionable ornamental "plant material." The native catalogues talk about the Big Plant Picture and the genes they expect to be around for another 10,000 years in our garden—Earth.

The contrast makes clear what is missing in the slick catalogues: the gardener as earthkeeper cannot be found. Neither White Flower Farm nor Wayside Gardens has ever encouraged me to think bioregionally or plant-communally or presumed to suggest that instead of copying Gertrude Jekyll's classic English perennial borders, I might better copy local ecosystems. Not that looking closer to home is necessarily any easier. Tripple Brook Farm, a Northeast native-plant nursery in Southampton, Massachusetts, cautions in its introduction, "Co-operating with and guiding the forces of nature requires much more thought, understanding, and perhaps effort initially, but we believe it is the best course of action in the long run."

As William R. Jordan of the Society for Ecological Restoration has said, this approach also "involves a certain amount of self-abnegation on the part of the gardener." For nativist nurseryfolk, every garden is potentially a working habitat, quasi-public and shared. A plant's environmental appropriateness becomes just as important as its aesthetics. Prairie Nursery exhorts: "When you plant a prairie, you're planting more than just pretty flowers . . . You're creating a community! . . . The plants of the American Prairie have been living together as a plant community for *(Continued on page 141)*

Nursery folk in their habitats. *Opposite top row, clockwise from top left:* High Altitude Gardens' Bill McDorman with his wife, Barbi Reed, her son, Reed Lindsay, and friends in their Idaho meadow planted with Heart of Idaho wildflower mix. A natural expanse of *Camassia quamash, Wyethia helianthoides,* and *Taraxacum officinale* (dandelion). Wild lupine and coreopsis. *Opposite middle row, clockwise from left:* Sage *Artemisia ludoviciana* in a high desert growing range. Roland and Judith Phillips at Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm in New Mexico. Bush morning glory *Ipomoea leptophylla.* Apache plume *Fallugia paradoxa. Opposite bottom row, from left:* Prairie Nursery's Neil Diboll in Wisconsin in prairie cordgrass *Spartina pectinata* and queen of the prairie *Filipendula rubra.* Dotted mint *Monarda punctata.* Rough blazing star *Liatris pycnostachya* with black-eyed Susan *Rudbeckia hirta* and prairie grasses.



Tim Burton, a *Beetlejuice* gave his deco one word of guidance: "b *Opposite abou* Classic furni sets off Burto work. *Opposi below:* An *Ed Scissorhands* in his confer area. Details see Resource

Hollywood hotshots put on a good show in their offices

By Margot Guralnick

THE PRODUCERS





IN HOLLYWOOD HAVING A SHOWER in the private bathroom adjoining your office is a sure sign of box office clout: "Almost no one uses these showers," says Los Angeles interior designer Joe Hooper, who has installed his share of gold plumbing fixtures. "The hidden message is they might come in handy before the ceremonies on Oscar day." Other standard perks of the business include a fully equipped kitchen, a desk as big as a banquet table, and the modern update of the legendary casting couch—a snakelike seating arrangement that can accommodate twenty. Formerly the domain of a handful of moguls who controlled the studio purse strings, splashy working quarters are now as common—and as crucial in the quest for status—as black BMWs, multiline



DENISE DI NOVI

President, Tim Burton Productions

"PEOPLE WANT THEIR SURROUNDINGS TO SAY, 'HERE'S HOW MY MIND WORKS' "





STEVE TISCH

President, Steve Tisch Co.



telephones, and close ties to Creative Artists Agency chief Michael Ovitz.

Of course, not all power offices are equal. "The space, location, and amount of decorating money a studio is willing to dole out are considered a direct reflection of a person's talent and value in the industry," says a rising studio production executive. Two years of service have earned her a window and the option to paint and carpet. One director who has been everywhere—from the new Michael Graves–designed monument to the seven dwarfs at Disney to Steven Spielberg's adobe compound (aka the Giant Taco Bell) at Universal—explains the office ethos this way: "People want their surroundings to say, 'Here's how my mind works. Don't I have excellent taste and shouldn't you as a creative person want to work with me?' " To that end, industry heavies can, and do, demand amenities such as burnished-steel walls, marble fireplaces, fish tank extravaganzas, and, in Eddie Murphy's case, a leather sofa stippled to look like ostrich skin for his suite at Paramount Pictures, as well as a black lacquer bed lit from below, which has since been dismantled.

The notion of leaving an office untouched—even if the previous occupant abandoned mahogany paneling and a $50,000 Biedermeier desk—is as unthinkable as the next *Batman* making do with *Flashdance* sets. Studio warehouses bulge with the custom castoffs of past employ-

ees, and decorators work at double speed hoping to complete their commissions before their peripatetic clients move on.

Sometimes an image-promoting piece of furniture is deemed too good to leave behind. Producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, the duo responsible for *Days of Thunder* and *Top Gun,* recently arrived at Disney with the twenty-two-foot-long racetrack table of solid mahogany that had served as their joint seat of power at Paramount. Other times, even handpicked pieces of furniture can suddenly seem all wrong for the role. After sitting for two years behind an opulent expanse of Italian black leather, Art Linson, the Armani-clad producer of *The Untouchables* and executive producer of *Dick Tracy,* is said to have accused his desk of "making me look like the kind of guy who drives a Ferrari and ties up women." When he moved to Warner Brothers, Linson ordered a much harder-to-typecast blond plywood desk and coffee table from fashionable L.A. artist Charles Arnoldi.

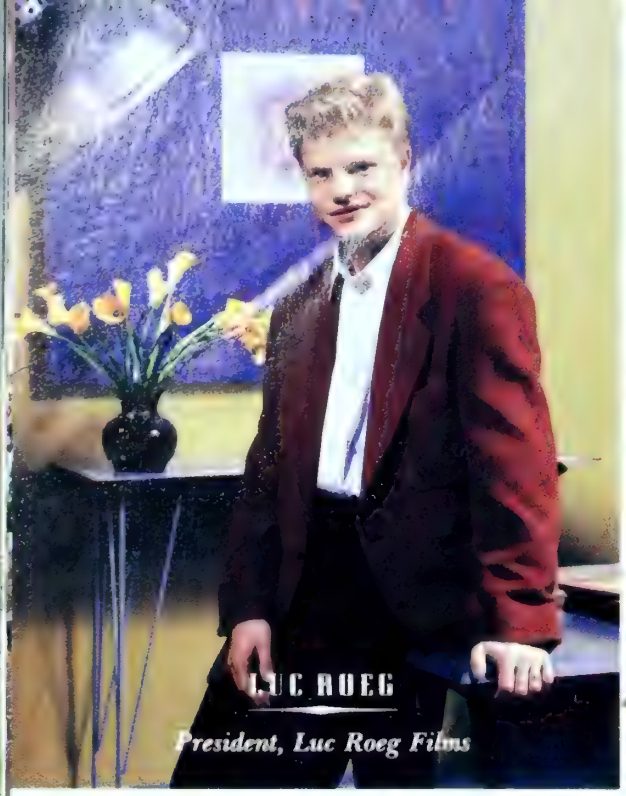
Dark leather does live on in some decidedly hip quarters. Hollywood's young star director Tim Burton, whose credits at age thirty-two include *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure, Batman, Beetlejuice,* and *Edward Scissorhands,* focused his doleful stare on decorator David James and muttered the sole directive, "black, um black...um black." James responded with a mix of black leather banquettes, fifties blond wood tables (ebonized, of course), and a lamp outfitted, he says, with a "thin stem







It's a mood-altering place," says Brian Grazer, *above right,* of his quarters at Imagine Films Entertainment, decorated by Tops Malibu gallery with a cactus desk and eagle armchair, *right,* by Taos artist Jim Wagner, and, *far right,* stone fruit and twig pencils. David James devised a desk made of architectural reliefs, *opposite above,* for Denise Di Novi, *inset. Opposite below, from left:* Frank Israel's doorframe for Steve Tisch's office evokes the entrance to a pyramid; Tisch by a curved wall in the lobby he shares with Jon Avnet and Jordan Kerner; the trio's skylit conference room.





RISING STARS OF THE NEW HOLLYWOOD LEAN TOWARD THE SURREAL WITH OFFICES THAT LOOK MORE LIKE MOVIE SETS THAN WORKPLACES

and tiny head like the creatures in *Beetlejuice*." The result is a clean backdrop that allows Burton's props, posters, storyboards, and bug-eyed doodles to take center stage.

Around the corner Burton's producing partner, Denise Di Novi, anchors the operation in another David James setting, this one emblematic of the recent shift toward the office as an elegant but comfortable home away from home. Several days a week Di Novi's nine-month-old son, Mac, joins his mother at work, where he plays amid tapestry pillows and stacks of scripts. Whenever she can, Di Novi steals time from her desk, made from old architectural reliefs, to walk the treadmill and work out on the gym equipment that she moved into the office when James wasn't looking. CAA founding partner Bill Haber took the gracious living theme (and the penchant for personalizing) a leap further. In 1989, just as the firm's $15 million dollar I. M. Pei building was finished, Haber began masking the clean contours of his office with so much marble and traditional French furniture that insiders call it the "hoot of Hollywood."

Even so, king of action pictures Joel Silver, producer of *Lethal Weapon*, *Die Hard*, and their sequels, gripes that showmanship isn't what it used to be. "The offices of Hollywood's greats like Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner were elegant, elaborate places," he says. "I'm sure Louis B. Mayer said, 'Make mine bigger than the Oval Office.' " Slightly more modest in scale but no less ambitious, the 1920s bungalow that Silver and his crew occupy on the Warner Brothers lot is a masterfully restored relic of old Hollywood: one wing of a fourteen-room house William Randolph Hearst built on the MGM lot for his mistress, actress Marion Davies. A fight with MGM's Louis B. Mayer sent Hearst, Davies, and the entire house (with the assistance of San Simeon architect Julia Morgan) packing off to Warner. Later most of the building was moved to a nearby residential neighborhood where it was occupied by, of all people, Mayer; the wing that was left behind appeared as Norman Maines's dressing room in *A Star Is Born*. After years of shag carpeting, the Spanish-style structure is now a flawless remake of the way it might have been—if Hearst's taste had been as impeccable as Joel Silver's. *(Continued on page 139)*



Luc Roeg, *above left,* basks in a vivid glow that also envelops an assistant's space, *above right,* in offices by Frederick Sutherland. *Left:* For Roeg Films' Lyn Healy, Sutherland paired mauve walls with his "seductress furniture." *Opposite left:* Joel Silver outfitted his bungalow on the Warner lot with Frank Lloyd Wright chairs, a desk from the Knoll Group, and a private shower and bath. *Opposite right, from top:* A vintage zebra head with Roseville Futura pottery; desk clock, c. 1930; Silver in his reception room.



JOEL SILVER

Chairman, Silver Pictures



Iron structural columns frame a massive fireplace with a honed Belgian marble surround in the living room. The Venini vase and Breuer nesting tables are from Fifty/50, NYC. The L-shaped leather and canvas sofa is by D'Urso. The French terrace chair dates from the twenties. Sisal from Stark. Details see Resources.

Modern Still Life

In an East Hampton house, Joe D'Urso enriches and expands his palette

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Oberto Gili





IN THE OLD DAYS, IN THE MIDDLE AND LATE SEVENTIES TO BE more precise, Joe D'Urso subscribed to a reductivist aesthetic and a minimalist palette. Design was black and white. Less was still too much. Beauty was to be found in paring further and further and further down—to a point many found uncomfortably short of essentials. Although the result of the Zen-like discipline D'Urso adhered to in those days was routinely termed poetic, it was, at times, an exceedingly fragile poetry that seemed to hinge on a sublime still life of a lone iris in a glass vase casting its shadow across a blank wall.

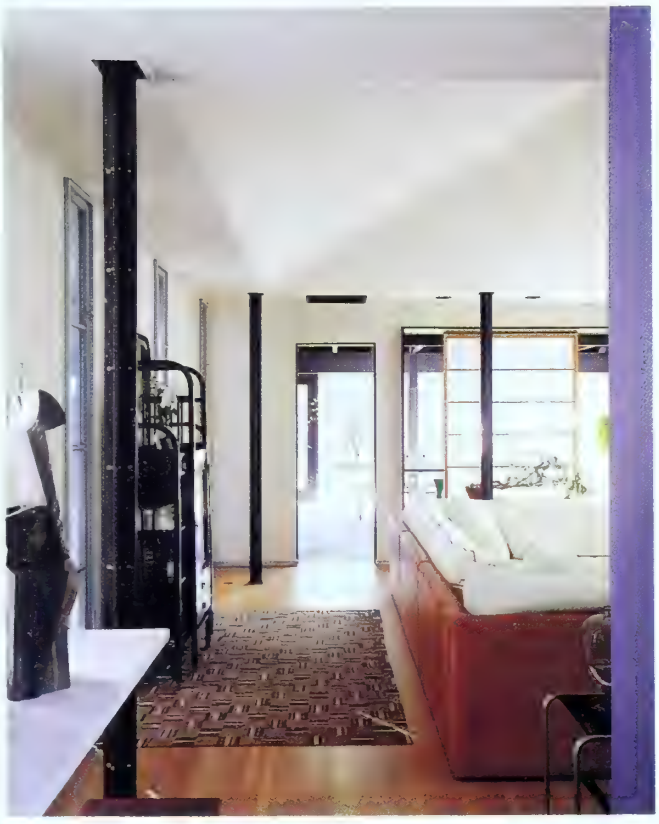
And then came the eighties, a decade D'Urso devoted to slowly easing his way out of the exquisite corner he had designed himself into. Color showed up first. Then period furniture—a Hoffmann chair here, a Ruhlmann secrétaire there. The master of minimalism was casting an ever-widening net. More, D'Urso appeared to be discovering, could be made of more. His exclusive aesthetic turned inclusive. He even went so far as to suggest that personal effects could be incorporated to introduce at least the semblance of nonchalance. There was still poetry, of course. The artful sensibility hadn't been lost. But what was once haiku was by decade's end free verse.

The measure of the distance D'Urso has traveled in his career can be found in a small house built next to an East Hampton pond in 1968



by architect Herbert Beckhard, keeper of the modernist flame his late mentor and partner Marcel Breuer helped ignite in the twenties at the Bauhaus. Ten years ago, the minimal modern box would have been the ideal stage for the then minimal modern D'Urso. By 1986, however, when Tom Flynn, a young New Yorker with an eye for design, bought the house, it was a different D'Urso with a different agenda who approached the renovation-cum-addition of the flat-roofed box overlooking the pond.

Although D'Urso and Flynn had already worked together on Flynn's Greenwich Village apartment, the designer was initially unavailable for the country house project—he was heading off to the American Academy in Rome for a year. So Flynn enlisted New York architect Walter Chatham for the cause, but midway through construction Chatham, like D'Urso, won the Academy's Rome Prize and he too headed off to Italy. After going it alone for a while, Flynn rang up D'Urso, who, with some cajoling, was persuaded to assume design responsibility. Perhaps because of the complexity of the dual Beckhard-versus-Chatham aesthetic, perhaps because of his own predilec-



Sliding shoji screens divide the formal living room, *right* and *below*, from the informal dining room, *opposite below*, where a floor-level seating area expands the room's function. *Opposite above:* The entrance to the house is through a modernist portal that opens onto a courtyard filled with birch trees.





The difference between D'Urso then and D'Urso now
is the difference between haiku and free verse

room wing, D'Urso opted for a more sophisticated, more formal tack. Less rustic materials join with more luxurious furniture arrangements to signal the change. In the luminous living room, a massive leather and canvas sofa resting on a sisal area rug suggests somewhat more proper social interaction than the pillow-strewn daybed in the dining room. Similarly, the living room's monumental blue wall punctured with a black marble fireplace is an elegant counterpart to the wood-burning stove on the other side of the sliding shoji screens. Additional clues signaling the change in aesthetic can be found down the hall in Flynn's bedroom, where butter-soft velvet carpeting and ever-so-slightly-crinkled linen curtains join a tiger maple four-poster and a nineteenth-century English armoire to suit the most urbane gentleman. Also appropriately luxe is the leather floor in the teak-lined dressing room; likewise, the marble in the master bath with twin white porcelain pedestal sinks.

"Here you have a place that makes an effort to titillate all the senses," explains D'Urso of his variegated approach—adding, not incidentally, that nowadays monostylistic design is something he finds "tedious, shallow, dull." The same clearly holds true for monochromatic design. Witness the greens, blues, reds, grays, and blacks that drench the rooms. "Plain walls look like primer to me now," confesses the man whose color palette once ranged from flat to glossy white. ▲







A woven velvet carpet from Sanford-Hall, NYC, softens the moody aubergine master bedroom, *right,* furnished with a tiger maple pencil-post bed and an English armoire, c. 1820. *Above:* A black lacquer Ruhlmann chair, a chrome D'Urso side table, and a turn-of-the-century American wicker daybed overlook the lily pool outside. *Below:* The pool recalls the elegant abstractions of Luis Barragán—minus the color.









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A fireplace painted in a black and white harlequin check contrasts with the muted tones of a Manuel Canovas fabric on a club chair and ottoman. The Dutch scroll armchair is from Newel Art Galleries, the wool carpet from Stark. Details see Resources.

Great ROOMS

At the Kips Bay Show House, Noel Jeffrey designs a guest room for reverie

BY ALEXANDRA DE ROCHEFORT

Noel Jeffrey had lofty ambitions for the small square room he was asked to decorate for the 1991 Kips Bay Decorator Show House in New York. He set out to create a neoclassical space replete with Biedermeier furniture, sphinxes, and elaborate window treatments that nonetheless looked restrained and simple, in keeping with what he terms the "new pared-down style of the nineties." The result is a guest room that pays homage to the sumptuous decorating of the nineteenth century without succumbing to ornamental excess. "I wanted

Classical Greek patterns in pastels trail across the ceiling



Great Rooms

An art deco alabaster fixture, *top,* illuminates the stenciled ceiling. *Above:* Draped curtains of Manuel Canovas silk frame a Syrie Maugham–style sleigh bed dressed with E. Braun linens. *Below:* The faux bois walls harmonize with a Swedish Biedermeier table, a late 19th century English glass-paneled screen, a Viennese Biedermeier chair, and an Italian commode, c. 1785.



a certain grandeur, but I didn't want the room to be overwhelmed by the things it contained," he says. "There is a lot to look at in a very controlled way."

Taking his color cues from the honey tones of the furniture, Jeffrey put decorative painter J. Nels Christianson to work lining the white walls with a faux bois finish. The decorator then filtered light into the room through richly draped curtains of unlined pale green silk. On the lower windowpanes, stretched panels of diaphanous silk further counter the glare and promote a feeling of privacy "conducive," says Jeffrey, "to napping and contemplation." Also conducive to daydreaming is the ceiling he stenciled in pastels with Greek patterns taken from Owen Jones's 1856 classic, *The Grammar of Ornament.* And to draw the eye back to earth, there's a chair covered in a bold black and white stripe and a mantel punctuated with harlequin checks. Says Jeffrey, "I designed the room to be useful and practical but also to transcend the ordinary. I like to be realistic and romantic at the same time, and I think this room provides a little of both." ♠

The Producers

(Continued from page 122) Frank Lloyd Wright–designed stained-glass windows on the front doors cast a sepia glow over the reception room. There's a working 1950s Coke machine in the kitchen, vintage renderings of picture palaces in the file room, museum-quality Carlo Bugatti and Paul Frankl furniture in Silver's office, and a gilded lily on his desk.

Three offices that look more like surrealist sets than backdrops for serious speed-dialing define the look of the new Hollywood. One was designed for twenty-nine-year-old Luc Roeg, who learned the importance of visual pyrotechnics from his father, English director Nicolas Roeg. A rock video producer who is breaking into feature films, the younger Roeg operates out of a former art gallery, a windowless space that designer Frederick Sutherland doused with color. Santa Fe by way of Disneyland is the playful theme of another mood-altering space, producer Brian Grazer's headquarters at Imagine Films Entertainment, where, with director and co-CEO Ron Howard, he makes movies like *Parenthood* and *Backdraft*. "I wanted people to come here and feel safe, if a bit disarmed," says Grazer of his rainbow antler hat rack and cactus desk, created by Taos artist Jim Wagner.

The third winner in the special effects category is the extraordinary tomblike sanctuary Frank Israel carved out of an uninspired 1980s building for producers Steve Tisch, Jon Avnet, and Jordan Kerner. Although the three generally work separately, they share the powerful image put forth by a two-story sky-lit conference room shaped like a ship's hull, a reception area with dramatically angled walls of tinted stucco, and a central oculus modeled after what Israel calls the "down-the-gun-barrel 007 theme."

None of today's Hollywood types share Dorothy Parker's simple, cost-effective approach to office decoration. In the thirties and forties, during her stint as a screenwriter, Parker reportedly took one decisive step to make sure she wasn't ignored: she replaced the nameplate on her door with a sign reading MEN. ▲

This Way to the Party

(Continued from page 113) Mother Nature by tying on an artificial blossom here and there.

It is beside the dark greenish-black pool edged in cream and rust that Curtis entertains in season. But Curtis entertains all year long—in the house, outside the house, and always, most remarkably, Curtis's parties are social occasions. No deals here—just chums or could-be chums. The cast over the years includes Maria Rasputin (yes, his lion-tamer daughter), Twiggy, Gore Vidal, Anaïs Nin, Julie Harris, Shelley Winters, Jennifer Jones, Tony Duquette and Beegle, the Peter Shaws (she's Angela Lansbury), the Peter Duchins, Simone Signoret, Ed Ruscha, Lindsay Anderson, Peter Weir, Hurd Hatfield, Bruce Beresford, the John Housemans, Maggie Smith—an omnium-gatherum of colleagues, migratory workers in screen and theater arts and crafts, artists, critics, journalists, museum and auction house know-alls, collectors, and so many old, old, old friends. "I have never given a party to further my career," says Curtis, "so I invite people that I find interesting. I like to have a reason for a party—a birthday or an old friend in town or a holiday, or getting to know somebody better or just celebrating for the joy of celebration—luncheons, teas, buffets, impromptu pool dips. I have never given a cocktail party."

We have known Curtis for some forty years, and when we asked him could we have one of his parties photographed for HG, he beamed. "Of course," he said. "And this one will be a very formal dinner for eight dear friends." He was casting his festivity: Jean Howard, whose "social occasions" are world famous, those she has given and those glorious Hollywood ones she's gathered in *Jean Howard's Hollywood;* Tony Santoro (guitarist, singer, Jean's husband); Ivan Moffat (screenwriter); Pavla Ustinov (writer, developer of screen projects, and Peter's beautiful daughter); Jacques Natteau (cinematographer); Yvonne Furneaux (Mastroianni's exquisite *La Dolce Vita* fiancée, Natteau's real-life wife); Bar-



This Way to the Party

bara Steele (alumna of Fellini's *8½* and TV's reborn *Dark Shadows*).

On the early evening of his fiesta, Curtis was nonstop propping, checking supplies for the dinner he himself would cook (he cooks for four to forty)—seafood pasta, veal piccata, asparagus, a mixed green salad, a Black Forest cake (brought in), demitasses of coffee. "I basically go by Emily Post," Curtis says, laughing mightily, "the 1927 edition. I don't have a butler, but I almost always have a man in to help." The wines? California chardonnay and a Côtes du Rhône. He welcomed the helper, moved swiftly into his dining room, flung a white Jugendstil-patterned heavy linen tablecloth on his oval table. "It's a mess," he bellowed. "I'll have to iron it!" And, in his evening jacket, his black tie unbowed, he ironed it into an impeccable surface. At eight thirty the circle of friends sat under a chandelier from which hang Favrile glass shades. April-fragrant air wafted in from the rose garden—and somehow there was an air, a feeling of mystery. Los Angeles nights are the darkest nights I have ever known. And no matter how hot the day, there is usually a chill. The candlelight trembled in Curtis's dining room, a room now of shadows, a room in one of his anything-could-happen movies.

Late the following afternoon, we sit with Curtis in his after-party, sunshimmering dining room. The hummingbirds are busy in the window-covering vines, the art nouveau silver gleams—talismanic? And the Jugendstil tablecloth is still smooth on the table. "I wish that I could create a time warp," says Curtis wistfully. And, of course, Curtis has created a perfect illusion. ♠ *Editor: Gray Foy*

Retreat to Capri

(Continued from page 107) mattresses inspire thoughts of *Princess and the Pea* but really serve as a work of art—a witty commentary on bare essentials.

The roof terrace is decorated in a Marrakesh style with large divans and dozens of small lamps modeled after an antique Moroccan pattern. Here, one breathes the fragrance of the garden, which, under the direction of Milanese landscape designer Marco Mosterts, underwent its own transformation. Mosterts made the focal point of the hillside garden a collection of flowering shrubs that the Mondadori brought back from North Africa: gardenias, varieties of jasmine, and datura, a blossom so highly perfumed it is said to induce hallucinations.

Lo Studio is now a place where one feels as comfortable in a damp bathing suit as in an evening gown. Friends ranging from Capri antiques dealers to Italian literary figures like novelist Aldo Busi to stars in the international firmament like Susan Sontag and Annie Leibovitz drop in to dine on fresh fish or spaghetti topped with tomatoes from the kitchen garden. In a pinch, Assunta sends over food from the hotel.

Despite their life in Milan and apartments in Manhattan and Tokyo, the Mondadori feel rooted on Capri. "Some evenings," says Leonardo, "the sun sets at the same time the full moon rises, and the whole thing is magic. It gets under your skin." Adds Katherine, "We measure the seasons by the lights we can see from our terrace. After high summer, the number diminishes week by week. I love witnessing the lights going out—they're leaving us alone in the most beautiful place on earth." ♠

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Bloom's Day

(Continued from page 74) tas—where are they all to go? On the other hand, a pool of green lawn is a peaceful sight, and one hopes sense will prevail.

When people ask to see the garden, the polite thing to say is that there is absolutely nothing to see: the slugs or the blackbirds or the weevils have eaten nearly everything, and the frost or the east wind or hail has killed everything else; there were some nice irises, but they went over last week—in fact, there is no point in coming at all. Secretly, though, my garden gives me great joy. And when some beautiful plant is in flower, I think it would be mean to keep it to myself and I long to share it. ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

New Light on Kahn

(Continued from page 94) an arch.' " To students in the 1960s he was a guru whose time had come, though clients often had trouble with his unworldly air. Yet on the Indian subcontinent, where he did some of his most important work, Kahn was respected for having achieved samadhi, or a heightened consciousness.

For his several projects there he employed labor-intensive but inexpensive low-tech construction and an evocative modern aesthetic respectful of local traditions. Those attributes he raised to colossal proportions in his most majestic structure, the National Assembly building of Bangladesh at Dacca, constructed (with long pauses) from 1964 to 1983. Immense cubic forms and cylinders of masonry, pierced by superscale circles, rectangles, and triangles, establish an elemental gravity that goes right to the heart of the social contract. Although undeniably grand, this edifice is by no means indecently sumptuous for that troubled country. It is an eloquent affirmation of permanence and the common good.

"Architecture should start a new chain of reactions," Kahn said. "It shouldn't just exist for itself; it should throw out sparks to others." His teachings did that more refulgently than any other architect since the days of the so-called great form-givers. But Kahn gave more than form: he offered a heroic example of how an artist can achieve a fundamental change against great odds. Louis Kahn never built a skyscraper, but he now stands taller in the light of history than any of his contemporaries who did. ♠

Safe Harbor

(Continued from page 89) auctions. The fledgling banker spent his allowance on odd box lots at twenty-five cents apiece, intending to increase his worth by reselling the contents, but the budding antiquer in him already had the upper hand; ultimately, Chase says, he "would never part with anything."

Since then he has opened a seasonal antiques shop in Wells, about six miles from Kennebunkport. Like the Boathouse, Riverbank Antiques is a thoroughly eclectic repository of all sorts of bits and pieces, from eighteenth-century architectural fragments to Victorian garden furniture and brass ram's-head finials of indeterminate age. "I cannot guarantee every nail," he says. "I buy something if it has a look and price it accordingly." He also admits to having a weakness for "things in shreds."

Now the businessman and the collector keep each other company, especially when Chase's banking responsibilities take him to San Francisco, Chicago, or Montreal. Acquiring old things is still his passion; he can name the place and time when he discovered any object "winking at me." It is that openness that gives Chase's Boathouse its special ambiance. "More important than grandeur," he says, "is for someone to come into the room and feel immediately at ease." ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

Return of the Native

(Continued from page 117) thousands of years." An ecological innovation at Bernardo Beach last year was to arrange the plants in the catalogue by plant community, not alphabet. This format couldn't be more different from the customary presentation of solitary plant individuals, often modish hybrid ornamentals, destined for the hermetic Skinner box garden unconnected to any larger landscape.

No mainstream slick catalogue has asked me to "cool the globe," as does Niche Gardens in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. "Help fight the greenhouse effect," urges Niche. "All plants take up CO_2 and help balance the excess. . . . Plant trees (and shrubs and perennials) in your yard and within your community and town. You *can* make a difference." And while White Flower Farm, in a listing of "grasses, ornamental" finds them "entertaining" and capable of "making an elegant statement . . . an arresting display . . . charming effects," High Altitude Gardens tells me what really matters, grasswise. "Native, sod-forming grasses are increasingly valuable as low-maintenance, drought tolerant substitutes for the traditional lawn. . . . As water resources become more scarce, native grasses are destined to be more prevalent." Welcome buffalo grass, sheep fescue, bottlebrush squirreltail, Indian ricegrass, and the andropogons, little and big. In the environmentally correct—EC to the converted—catalogues grasses make more than elegant statements. "Grasses build the foundation for life," says Plants of the Southwest. "They bind the earth. . . . They are the base of the land food chain, feeding all wildlife, including ourselves." At last, the gardener as wildlife!

Now, when was the last time Wayside Gardens threw an ecological fit? The EC catalogues can get angry, especially about that great American gas-guzzler, the lawn. Plants of the Southwest blasts it as "an atrocity. It is the largest crop in the world—a $17 billion per year industry, using more fertilizer than all of India and Africa, let alone pesticides—producing nothing but poisonous surfaces for our children." The countercatalogues ask the gardener to be mindful of what High Altitude calls "compatibility with ecological soil health." Plants of the Southwest commands: "Don't treat the soil like dirt." Niche Gardens enters a plea for "understanding your plants and what they can offer." Bernardo Beach won't even sell plants to people who want to hustle them off to inappropriate environments. Partner Roland Phillips says gardeners from Seattle have come south during the Pacific Northwest's last two "drought" summers—Seattle totaled 34.69 inches of rain in 1989, 44.75 inches in 1990—in search of drought-tolerant plants. Says Phillips, "We get eight to twelve inches annually. If somebody gets more than that, we won't sell to them. Our plants will rot."

The native nurseries herald a back-to-the-land movement in situ—even if the site is a reclaimed inner-city trash lot or a suburban tract yard. Their hope is to help American gardeners come back to their own plant communities, their common roots, and their common plant sense—to think and plant locally. Judith Phillips puts the message simply: "Seek out your own local growers for plants that can be grown well and profitably in your own neighborhood. They'll stand a better chance in your garden than exotic imports will. . . . We all have a responsibility to be stewards of this earth, and it seems to me that stewardship begins in our own backyards." ♠

(For native plant and seed nurseries see Resources.)

Swedish Summers

(Continued from page 81) Sweden and their children come every summer to eat crayfish in the boathouse. Everybody wants to stop by, which means that my cousins are entertaining throughout the summer.

All of our renovations have altered our summers on the island. But to appreciate how rapidly modern technology has taken over in our way of life, I recall the generations before me who had to take a steamboat from the center of Stockholm out to Dalarö. The traveling time was three and a half hours, with stops at many different islands on the way. Steamboats also carried the mail and all the supplies our summer household needed. Today I drive out to Dalarö in my car from the center of Stockholm in forty-five minutes, thanks to a new bridge. Not only for the Bonniers but for all Swedes, summer living has changed dramatically in the past few decades. What has not changed is our family's lasting attachment to the island of Dalarö. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Resources

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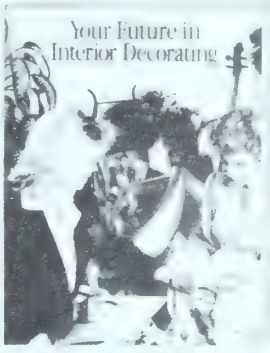
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Gandee AT LARGE

This is what Ralph Nader has to say about . . .

WHY WE DIDN'T HEAR MUCH ABOUT HIM IN THE EIGHTIES: "My work is trying to make the federal government work. When the Reagan administration shuts down de facto the auto safety agency, the Food and Drug Administration, the EPA, that should be news. But the media doesn't see that as news. If they issued a regulation, that would be something happening. If they deregulate, that's nothing happening. So we suffered."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BUSH AND REAGAN: "Very little. Bush has a gall that Reagan never had. Bush can actually say, 'I'm the environment president, I'm the education president, I'm the transportation president,' and be no more of those than Reagan was."

THE CURRENT STATE OF AFFAIRS: "We are a crumbling society. And other countries are going to drag us down further because multinational corporations' allegiance is no longer to Hartford or Topeka. They'll go anywhere in the world where they can get a better profit. We can't compete with $27-a-week Mexican labor producing the same products that are being produced in Michigan."

COMMERCIALISM: "It only stimulates one value in the society—the acquisitive, materialistic, profit value. How about the justice value? The health value? The safety value? The heritage-for-future-generations value? The accountability-in-government value? The enforcement-of-consumer-environmental-worker-laws value?"

HEALTH HAZARDS IN THE HOME: "In terms of toxins, we've got chlordane—to deal with termites—which is now banned, but it's in nine million homes. Then there's asbestos. Then there's formaldehyde in pressed wood products. Then there's lead in drinking water and lead from lead-based paint on crumbling tenement walls."

SOCIAL IRONY: "Tobacco is killing 434,000 people in this country per year; drugs are killing about 8,000. One is legal, gets invited to the White House; the other is illegal."

TELEVISION: "Mostly it's low-grade sensuality. It shrivels the attention span. It heralds violence as a way to solve problems. It undermines parental discipline. Children are overwhelmed with video games, junk food, clothing styles. We get them all hyped up, after thirty hours of this a week, and then we deliver them to teachers and say, 'Develop their minds.' "

THE MEDIA: "I try to keep the focus on the work, and the media wants to focus on the boots that I wore at a congressional hearing."

DEMOCRACY: "The essence of democracy is not delegation. The essence of democracy is vigilance after delegation. We've got to get over this idea that we can go to the ballot box every two or four years and choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, both of whom are backed by the same monied interests, and say, 'That's all we have to do.' "

THE IDEA OF A CIVIC CULTURE: "Instead of simply voting and hoping for the best, there's a whole civic culture that can be developed. Not everybody is interested in everything. But there's something for everybody. Some people may want to have a tree policy in their community. This has ecological aspects, aesthetic aspects. It does something to the community's quality. Others may want to deal with tax reform, the schools. People who can't handle the big problems can go into the community with a smaller problem—save the library from being closed. Then, when they get more confident, they can go for the bigger issues in alliance with a lot of other people."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF INDIFFERENCE: "Look at the way we're living—poverty, misery, disease. That's the penalty, over decades, of civic inactivity. First it becomes neglect, then corruption, then rapaciousness, then implosion—like the South Bronx."

ACCOUNTABILITY: "If someone is spending twenty-two percent of your income, knocks on your door, and says, 'I'd like to increase your taxes and send your children off to war—see you later,' that better mean something to you. We have to monitor. Instead we've been drawn into a corporate, commercial, narcissistic culture which develops status symbols and incentives that completely absorb our waking hours. It's a collision of the corporate with the civic culture, and the future of society rests on how we resolve the collision."

THE TASK AT HAND: "We've got to spend more time building democracy. There's such an imbalance of power, so many have-nots: information have-nots, have-nots in wealth. And it's now coming home. You can see the decline in index after index—schooling, literacy, homelessness, disease, infrastructure."

THE POTENTIAL GOOD NEWS: "If you look at the scenario of optimism, there's a huge amount of wealth—public and private—and there's a huge amount of waste, a huge amount of unapplied science and technology. We know how to clean the air. We know how to clean the water. We know how to make our libraries sing again. We know all this."



WHY HE CARES ABOUT THESE THINGS: "Because it's what needs to be cared about. It's what life is all about—on earth, at least." **Charles Gandee**

September

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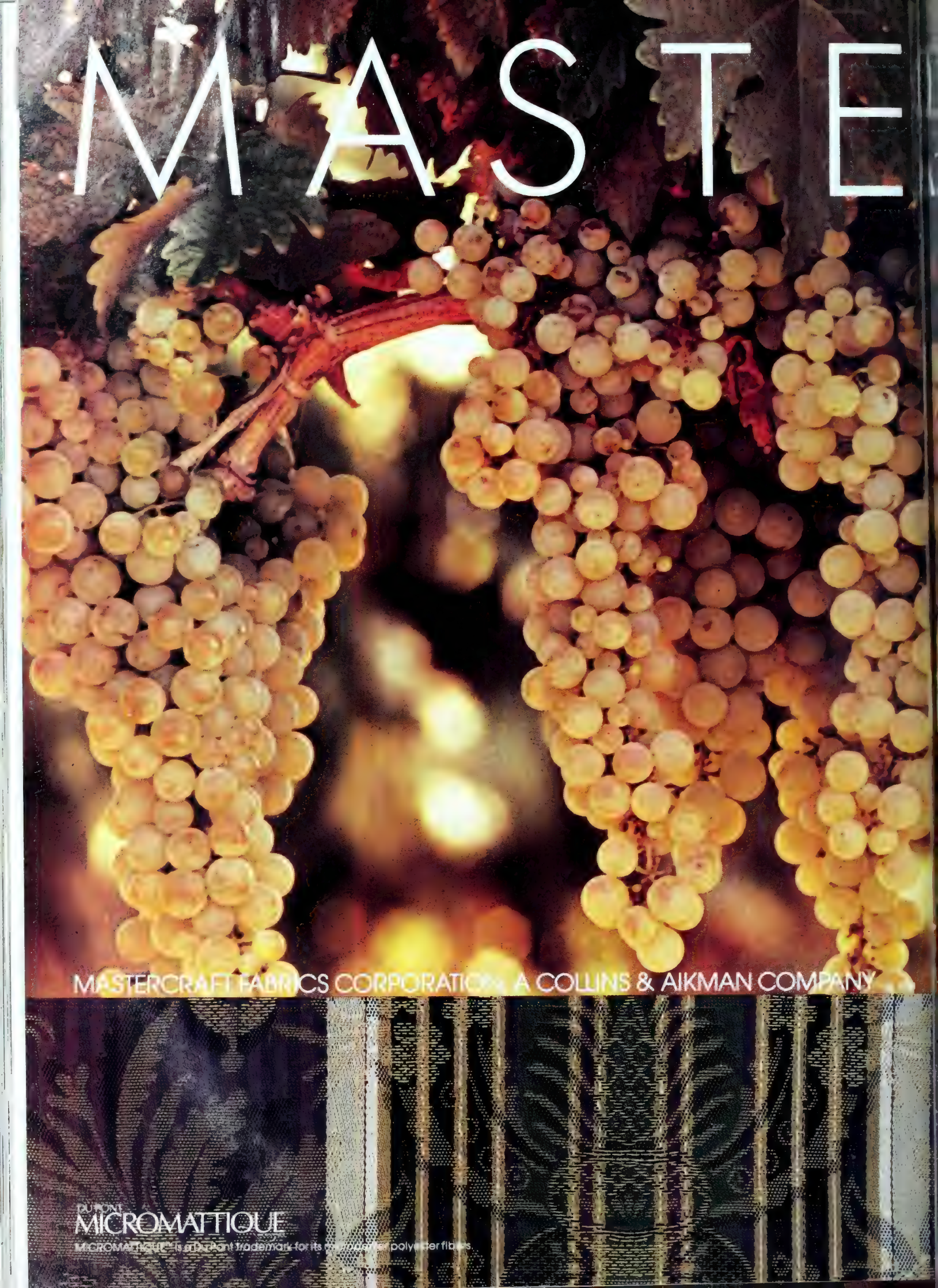
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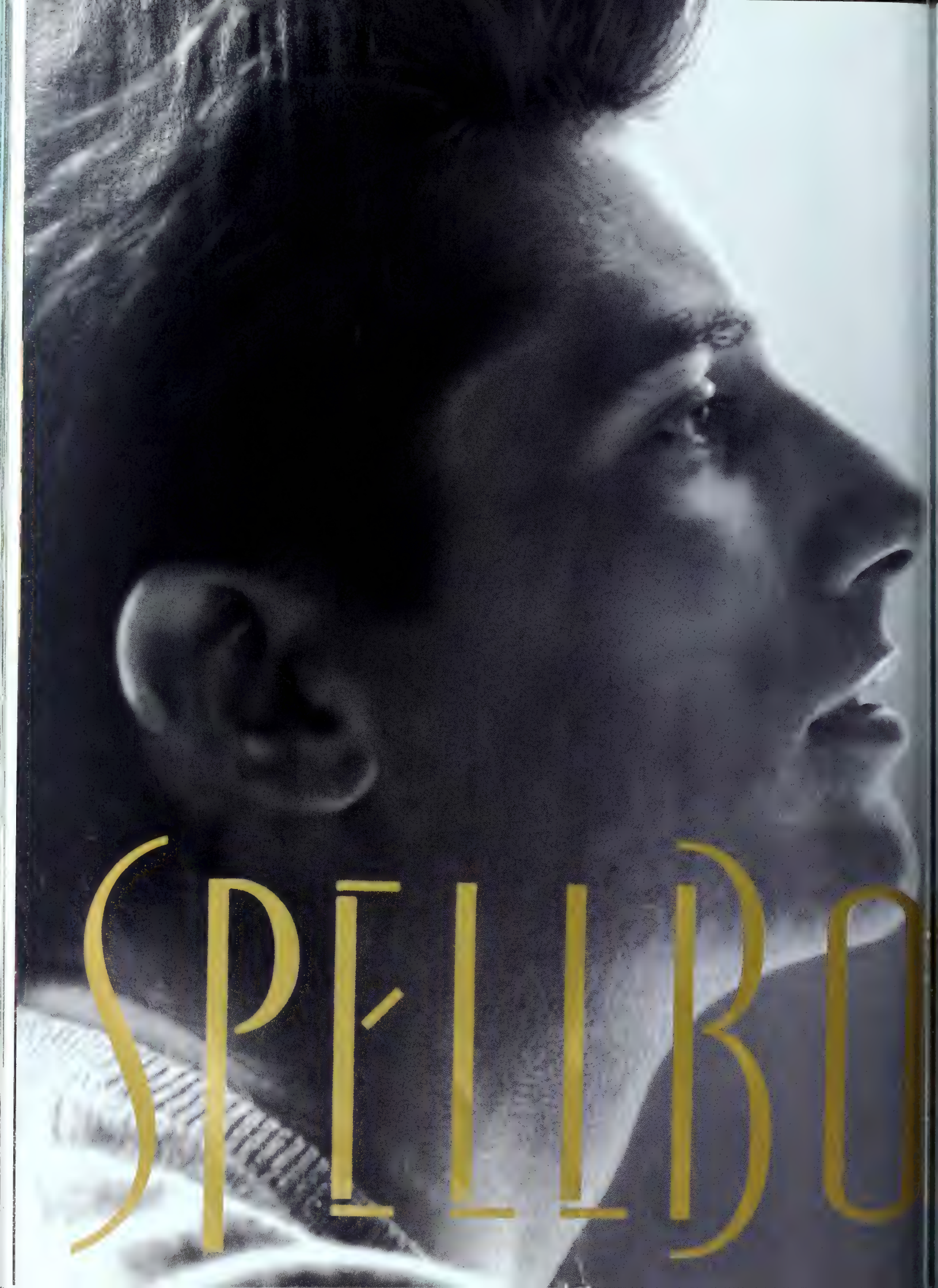

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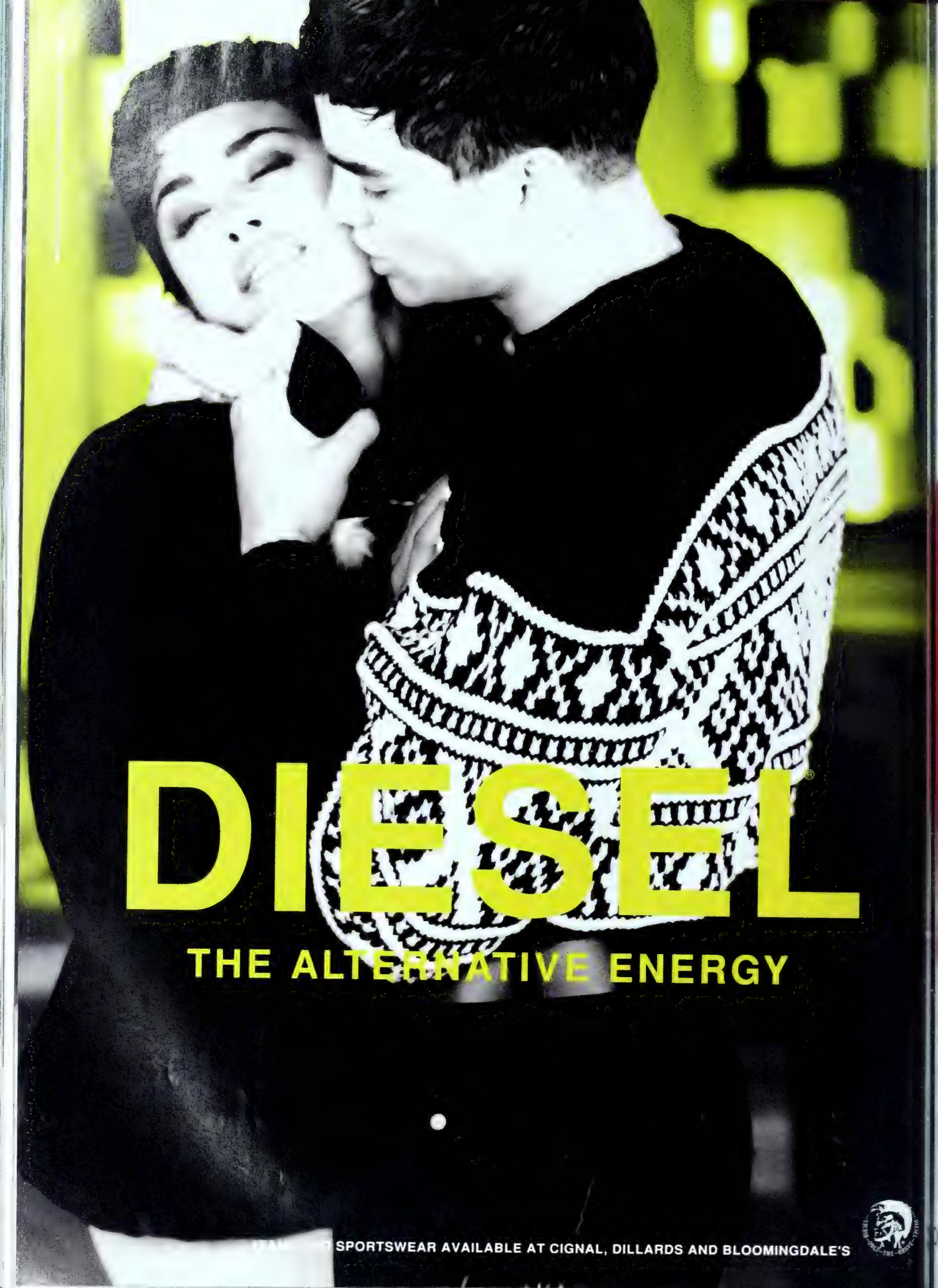
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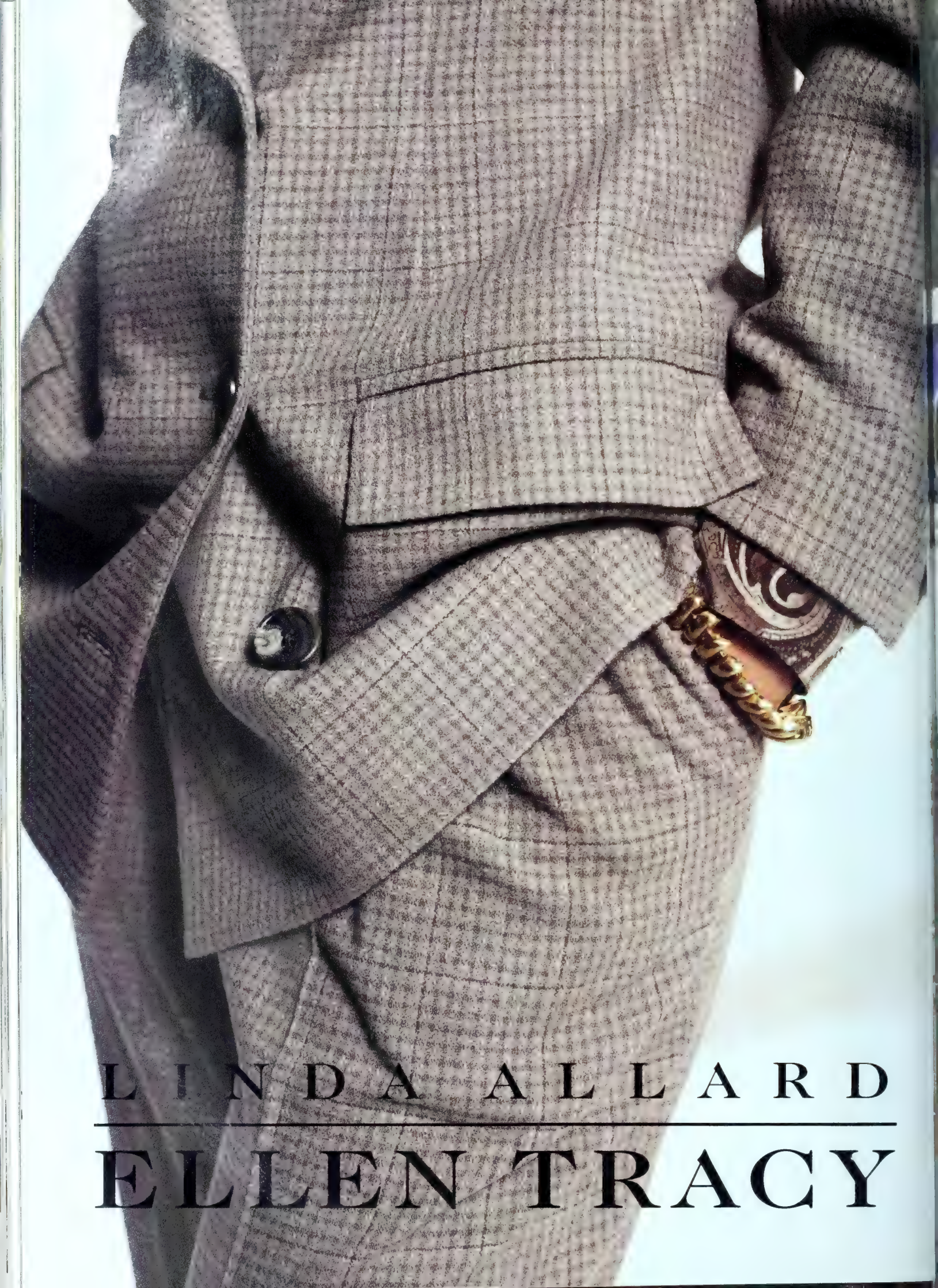
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HOUSE & GARDEN SEPTEMBER 1991 Volume 163, Number 9

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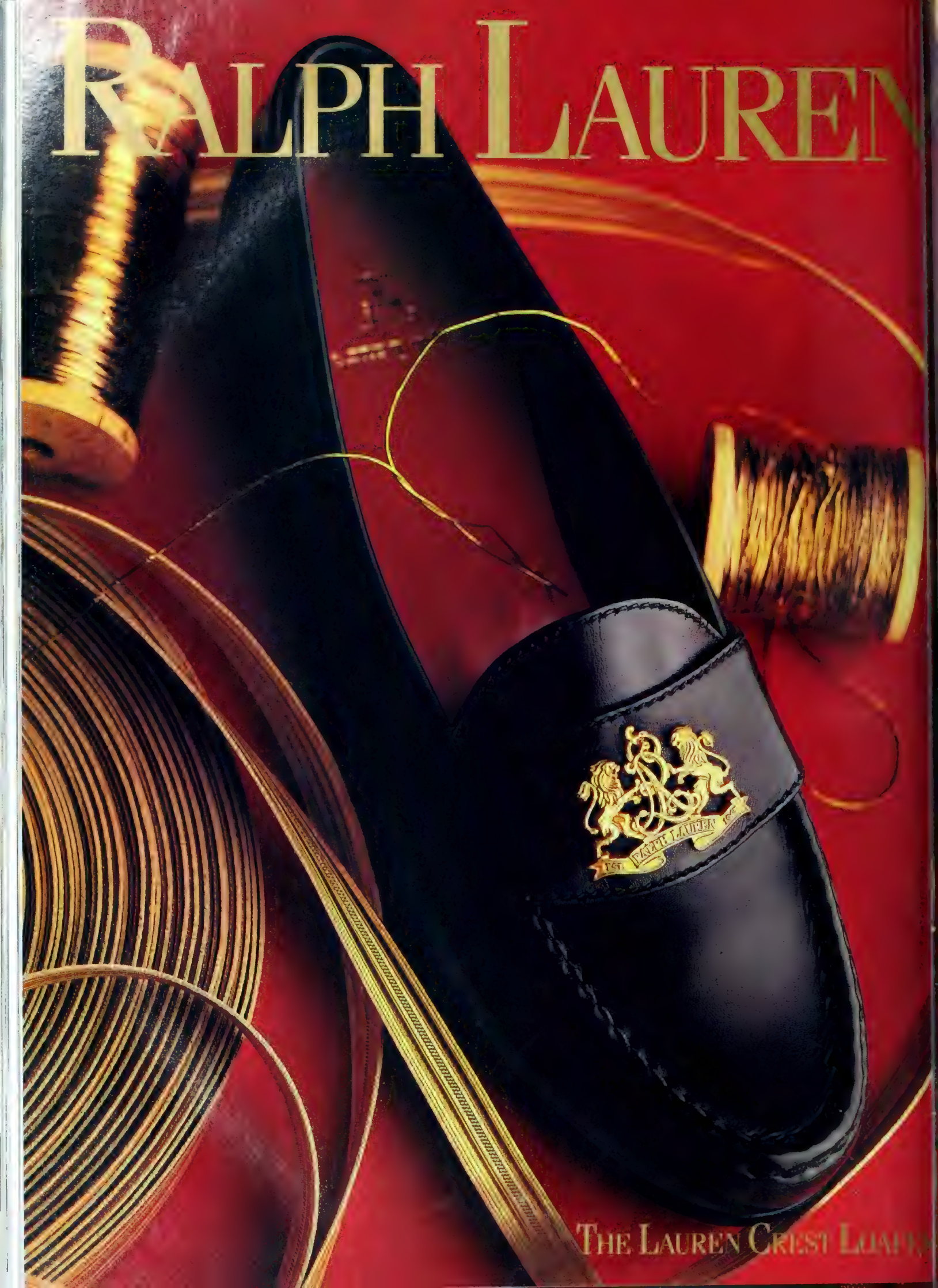
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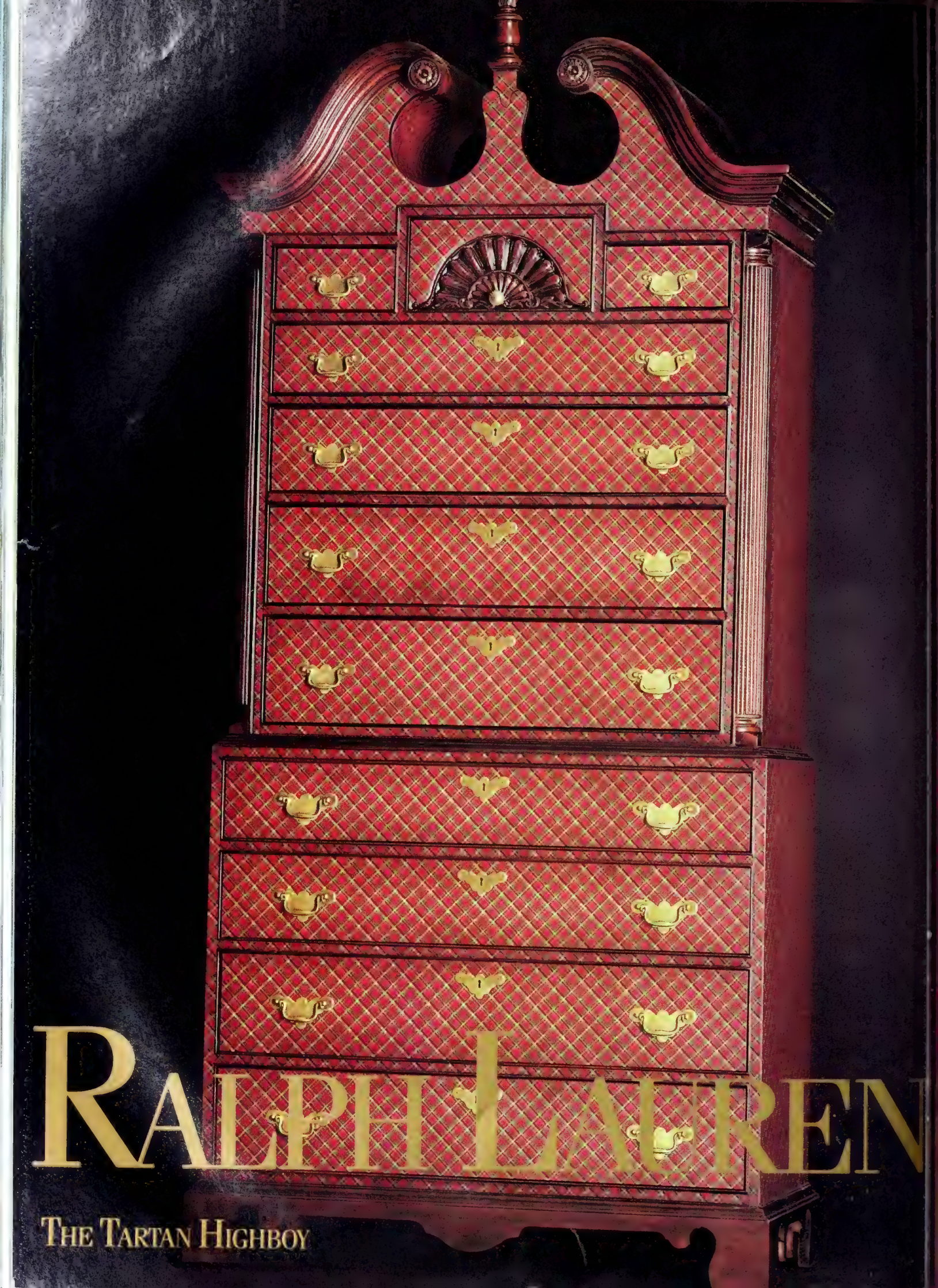


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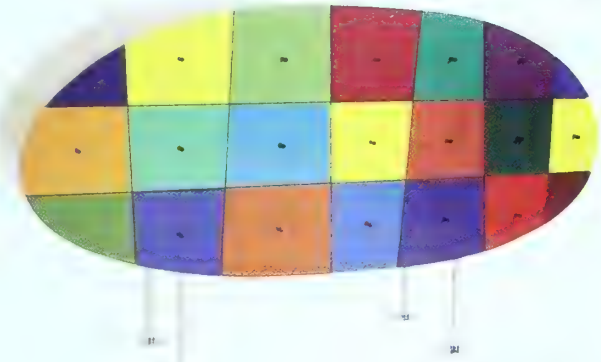


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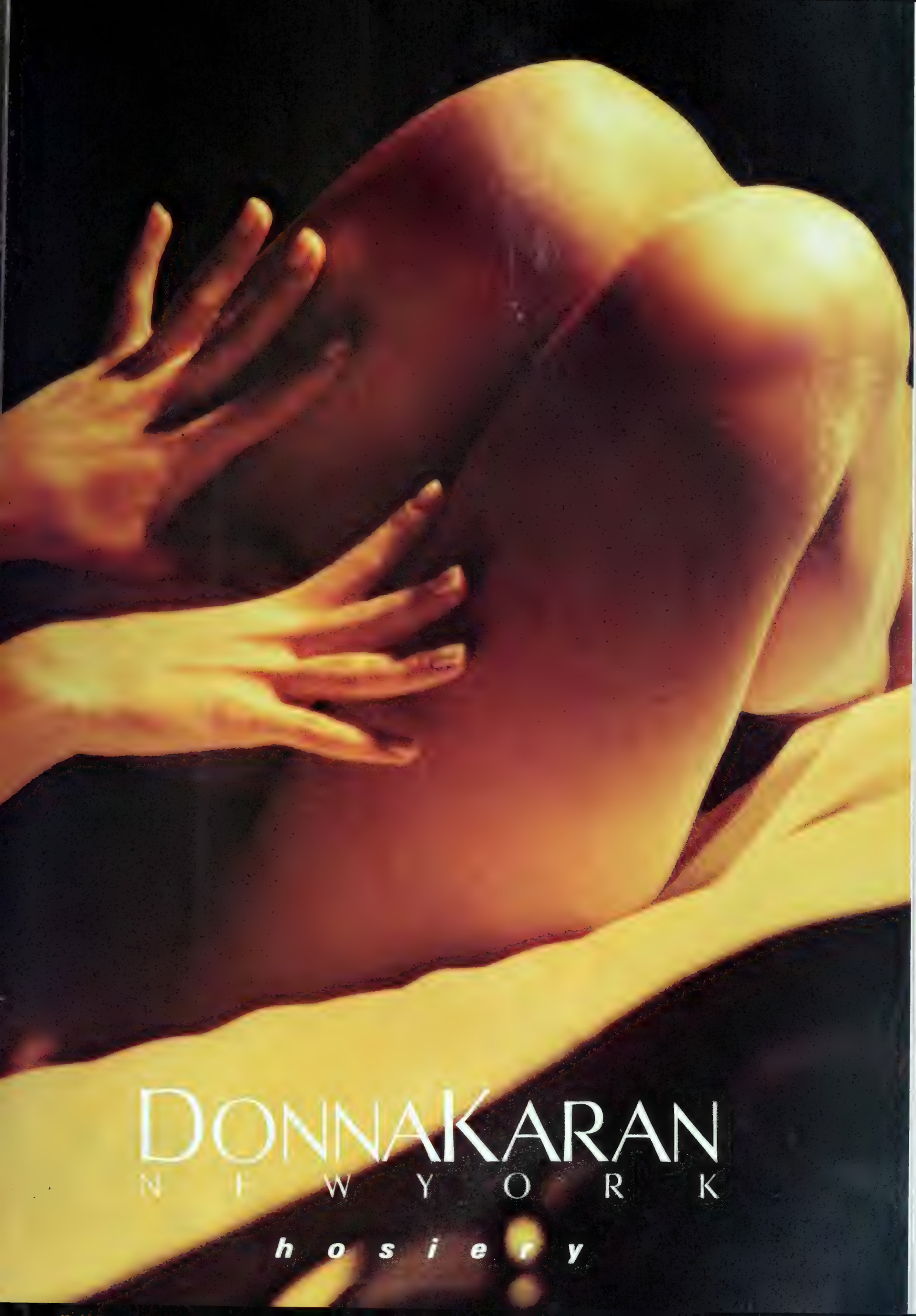
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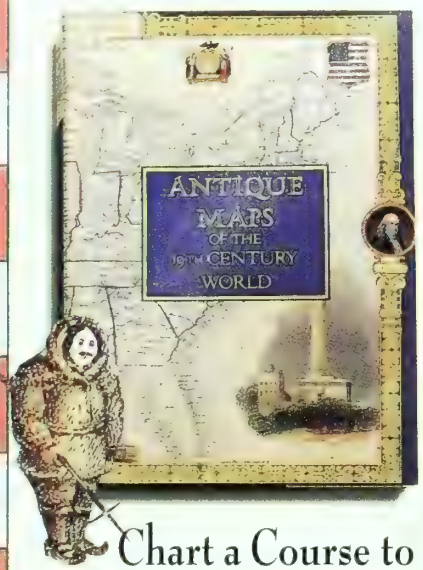


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KARL LAGERFELD

Karl Lagerfeld unveils his restored Monte Carlo villa, formerly the domain of the Belle Époque beauty Daisy, princess of Pless. The couturier, who photographed the villa for HG, began taking pictures five years ago out of necessity: "I couldn't find any good photographers to shoot my products and I needed the work done fast. So it just made sense that I should handle it. Now I photograph for magazines whenever I can find the time."



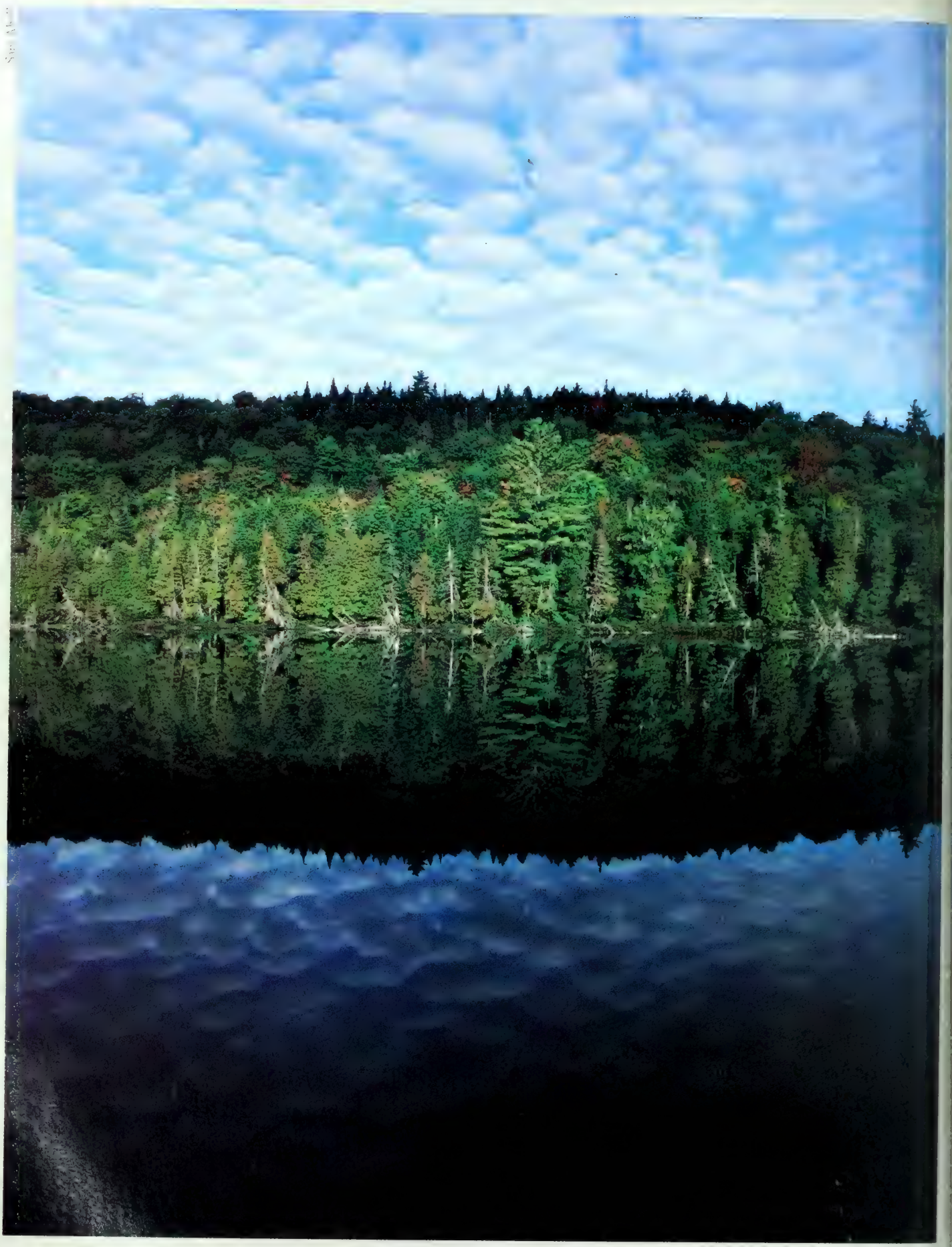
Holly Brubach, *The New Yorker*'s peripatetic fashion critic, relates the romantic history of Karl Lagerfeld's Riviera retreat. Originally a dance critic, Brubach says she "fell into fashion writing at first as a self-justification for my exorbitant clothes spending. But I soon became fascinated by the subject and its parallel themes of vanity, greed, and sex." Brubach is writing a book on the history of *Vogue* magazine.



STEVEN SMITH

Eleanor Weller (left) and **Mac Griswold** (right) collaborated on *The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890–1940* (to be published next month by Harry N. Abrams), parts of which have been adapted for this issue. Griswold cites various motives for the creation of these ambitious landscapes: "Some owners sought social advancement, others longed for the appearance of a dynastic family life, and a few were actually enthralled by gardening and nature."

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Contributors Notes



RICHARD AMT

John Wilmerding, Sarofim Professor of American Art at Princeton University, explores nineteenth-century still-life master John F. Peto's New Jersey house and studio, now a bed-and-breakfast inn. "Peto was a withdrawn person who didn't look to New York or Paris for inspiration. To understand him, you have to see his studio, the colors and textures around him, the bric-a-brac and books he owned." Wilmerding's book of essays, *American Views*, is due this fall from Princeton University Press.



JERRY BAUER

Leslie Land extols the virtues of nearly forgotten varieties of historic American apples. Author of *The Modern Country Cook*, published in June by Viking, and a former chef and caterer, Land turned to journalism "because it gave me the opportunity to share my love for the history of food as well as to provide immediate pleasure."







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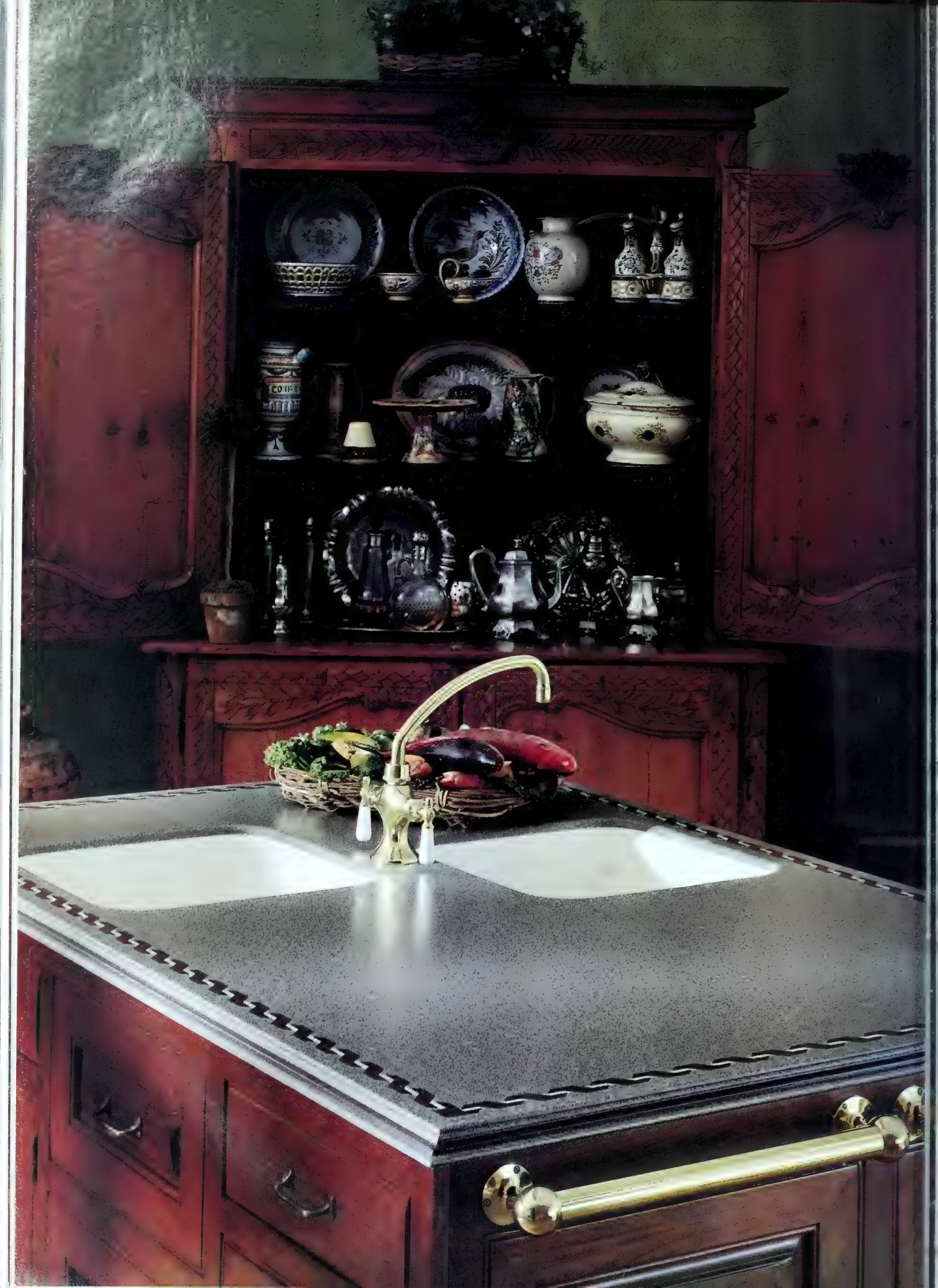


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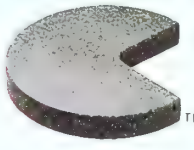
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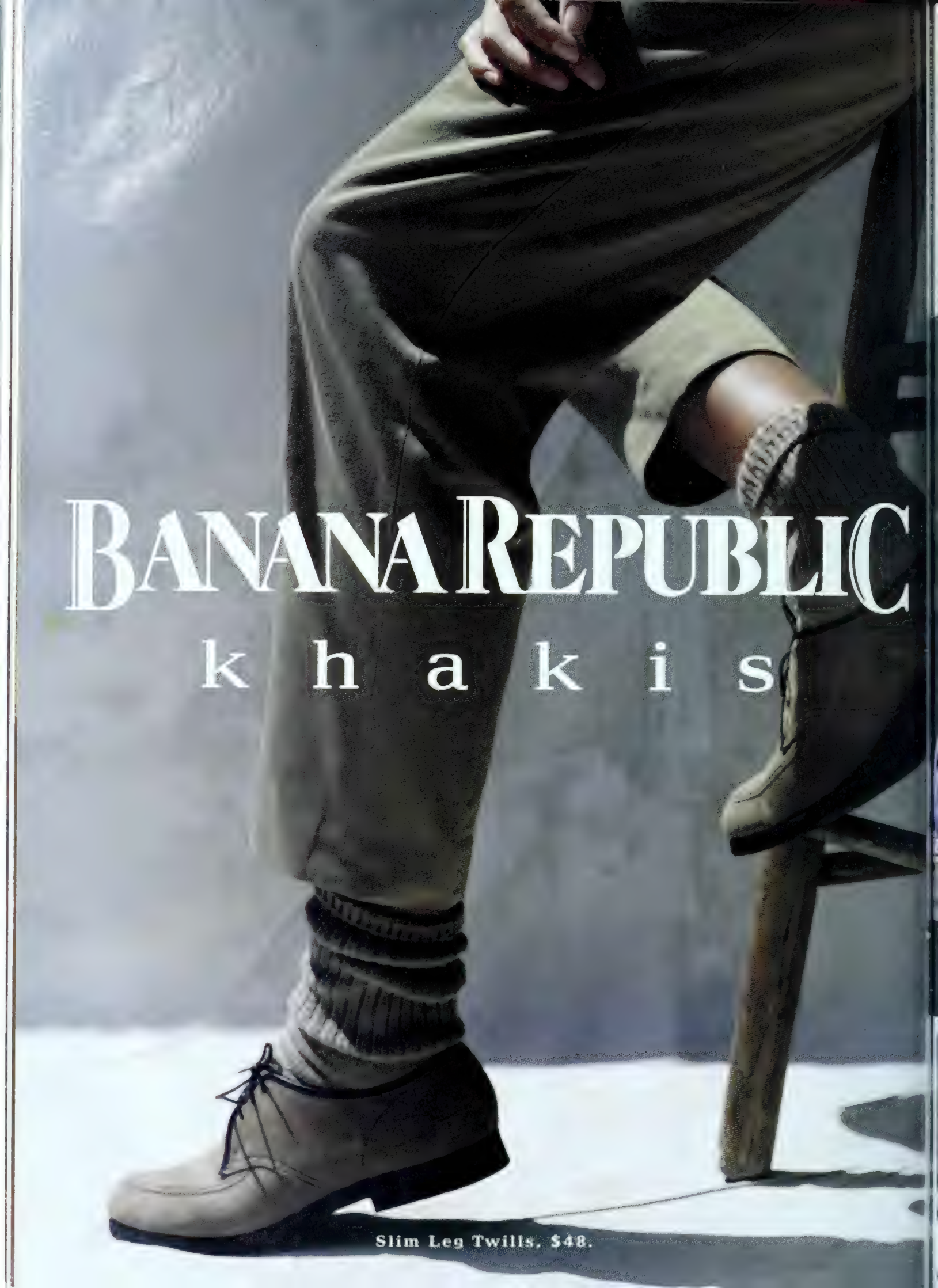
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold





Rogers Turner (*right*) abandoned a top executive job in an oil company after thirty years to do what he had set out to do when he first came to New York: be a painter. Since then he has filled his days looking very carefully at everything, from asparagus to figs (*above*) and sunflowers (*left*), and turning out gouaches of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Reminiscent of Dutch and French 18th-century still lifes, his paintings often include pieces of faience and delft or glimpses of art from his collection. His first exhibition since 1981 runs Sept. 23–Oct. 11 at Frederick P. Victoria & Son, 154 East 55th St., NYC (212) 755-2549.



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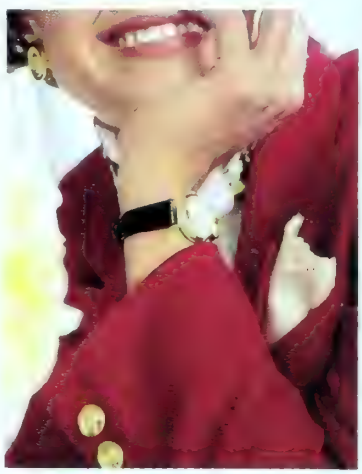
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Sun Spot A convex mirror with gilded sunburst frame (*above*), $300, from Espino, 8119 Melrose Ave., L.A. (213) 651-2791.



Eating Room Red Order Attingham Park colors (*above*) and other paints used in National Trust houses from Farrow & Ball, Uddens Trading Estate, Wimborne, Dorset, BH21 7NL, England.

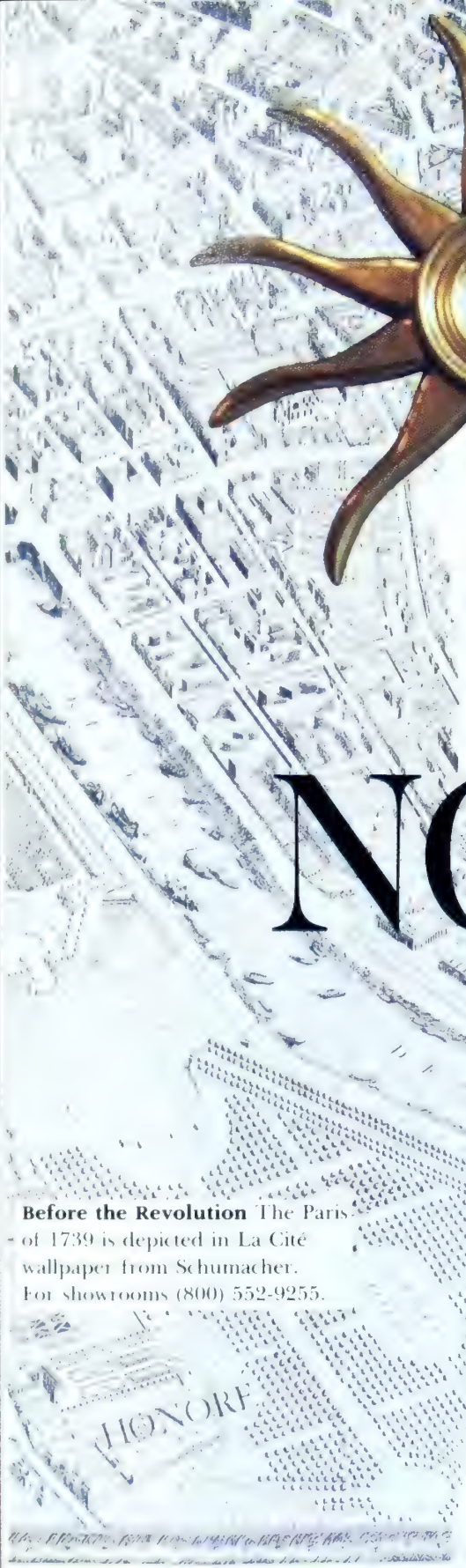
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Made in the Shade Parchment shades (*above*) are hand-painted in England for Ireland-Pavs, 2428 Main St., Santa Monica (213) 396-5035.



Raj Revisited Edwin Lutyens's New Delhi side table (*above*) is being reissued by Arkitektura, 379 West Broadway, NYC (212) 334-5570.



Before the Revolution The Paris of 1739 is depicted in La Cité wallpaper from Schumacher. For showrooms (800) 552-9255.

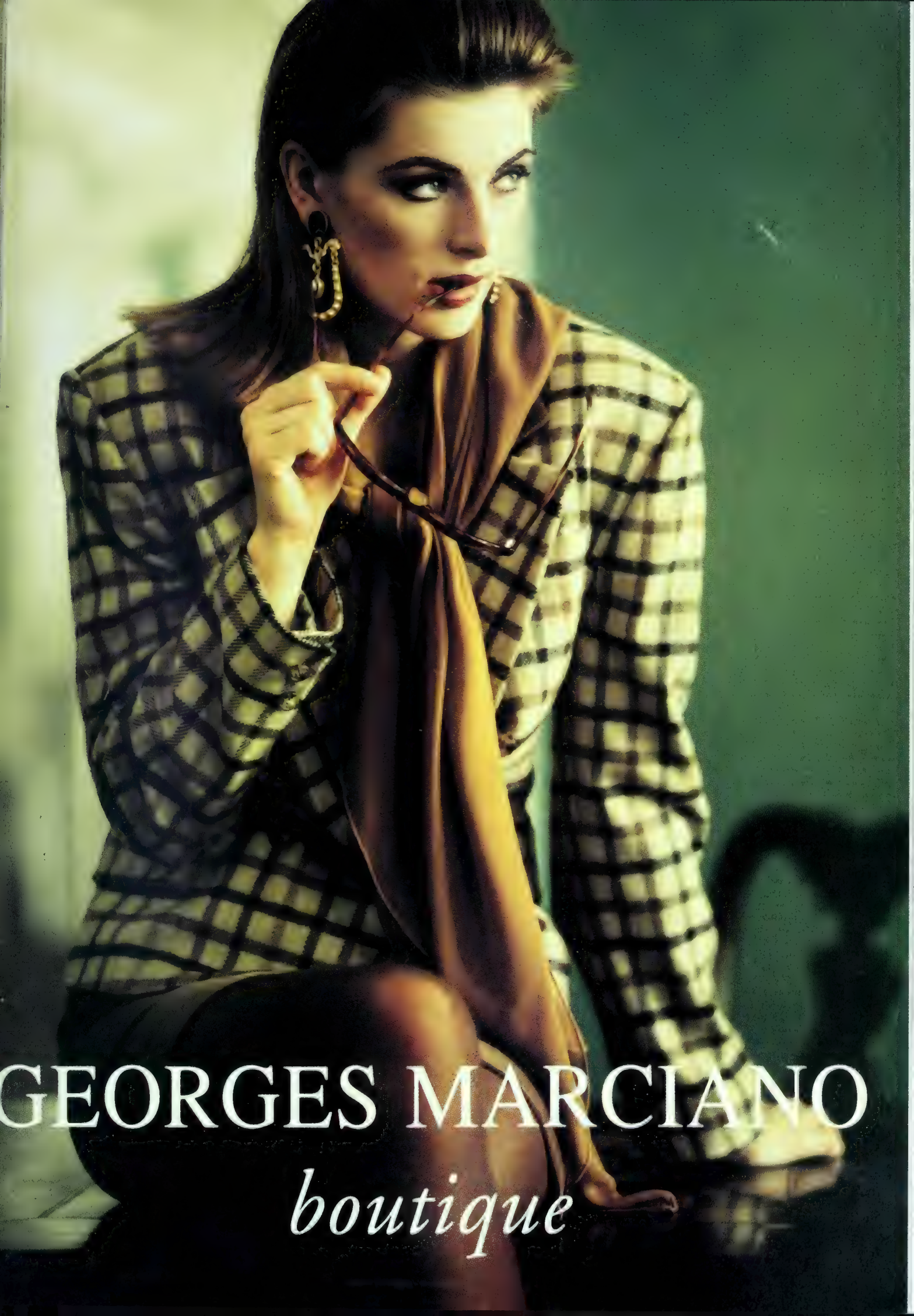






Glass—Act I An all-star cast of crystal for late summer: (*right*) Nymphale from Lalique, (212) 684-6760, and (*from far left*) Latimer from Cartier, (800) 227-8437; Vector from Baccarat, (212) 696-1440; Yutahk from Cristal de Sèvres, (212) 355-2060.

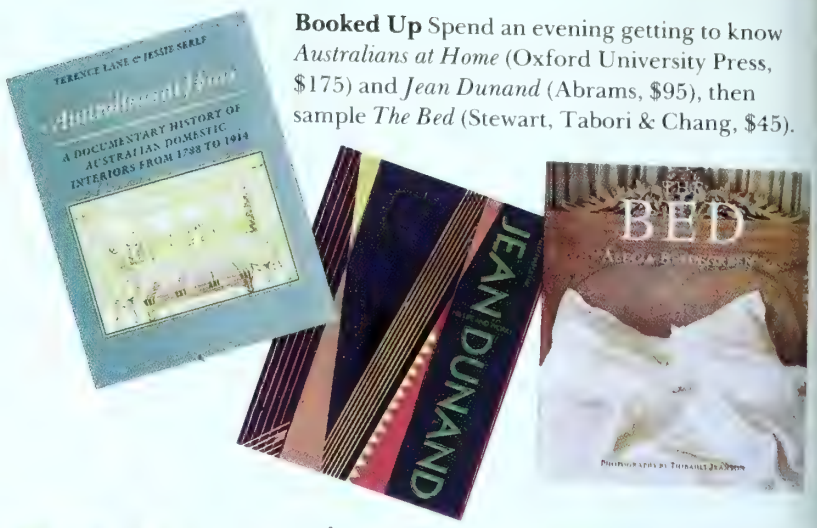



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The High Road
A mahogany highboy with tartan finish (*left*) from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection. For stores (212) 642-8700.

Booked Up Spend an evening getting to know *Australians at Home* (Oxford University Press, $175) and *Jean Dunand* (Abrams, $95), then sample *The Bed* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45).



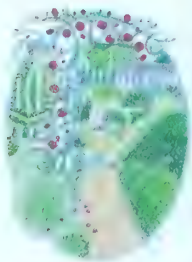
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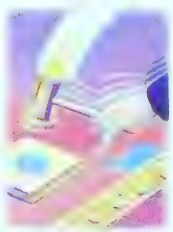
Feather Heading
Richard Neas's Feather Your Nest border (*above*) is at Brunschwig. For showrooms (212) 838-7878.



Rawhide Meets Steel
Sepik River chair (*above*) from Arc International. For showrooms (800) 272-4685.



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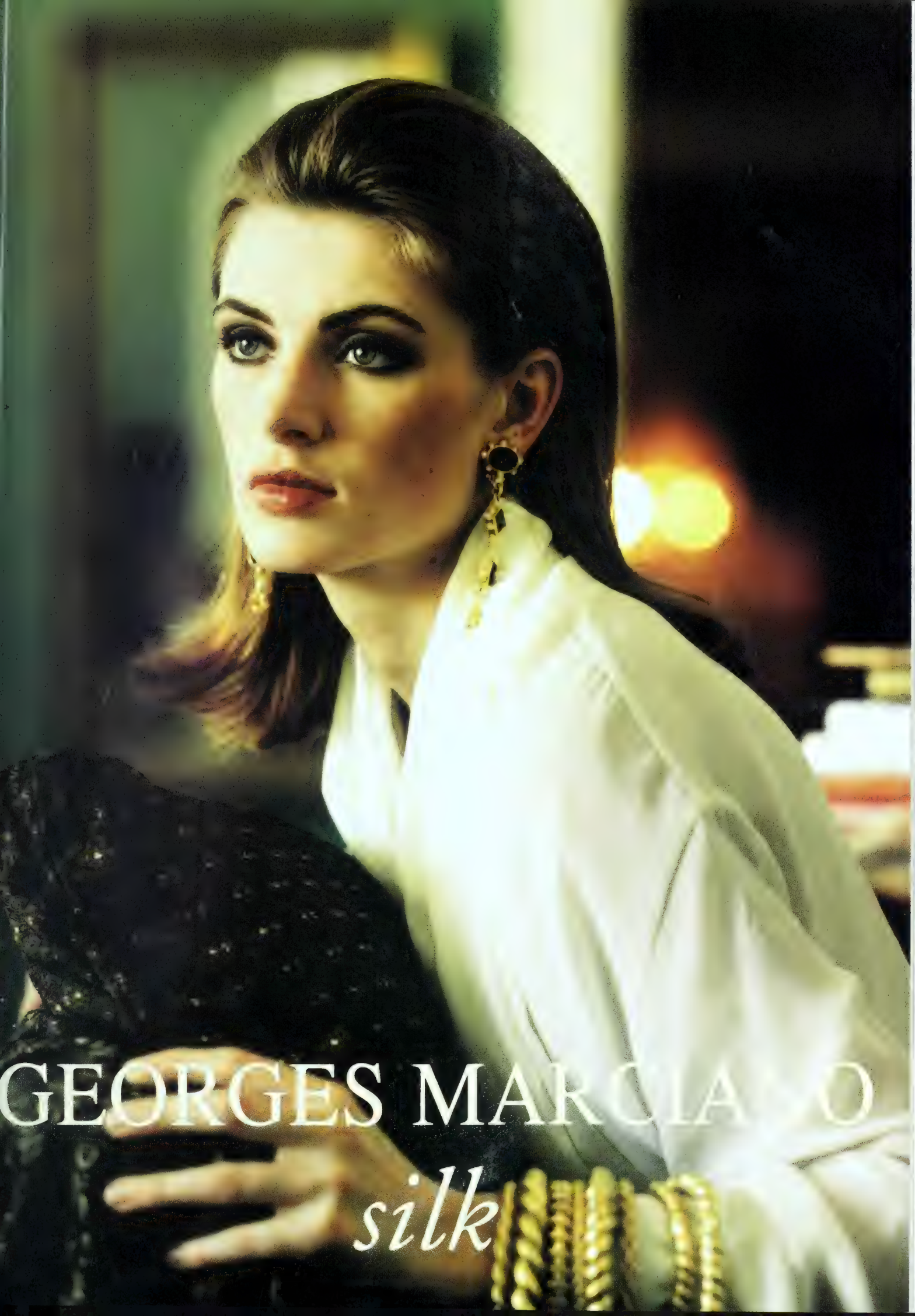


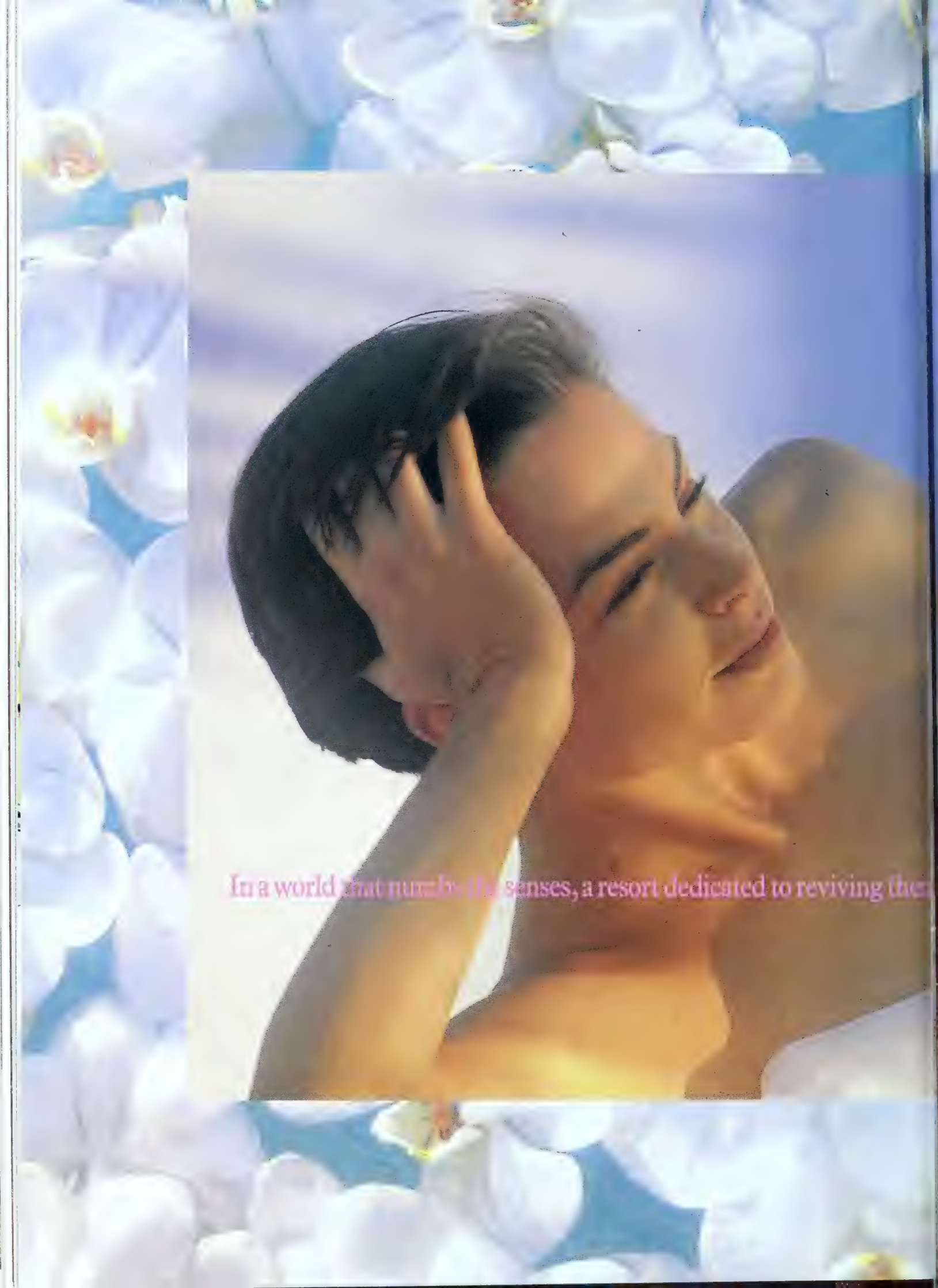
Glass—Act II
Louis II de Bavière (*left*) from Saint-Louis (212) 838-3880, and (*right to far right*) Djerba goblet from Hermès (800) 441-4488; Terpsichore from Val Saint Lambert (203) 734-8090; Turnover bowl from Waterford's Museum Collection at Neiman Marcus.








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Royal Gardener's Treasure

As a connoisseur, André Le Nôtre pleased his own taste and Louis XIV's

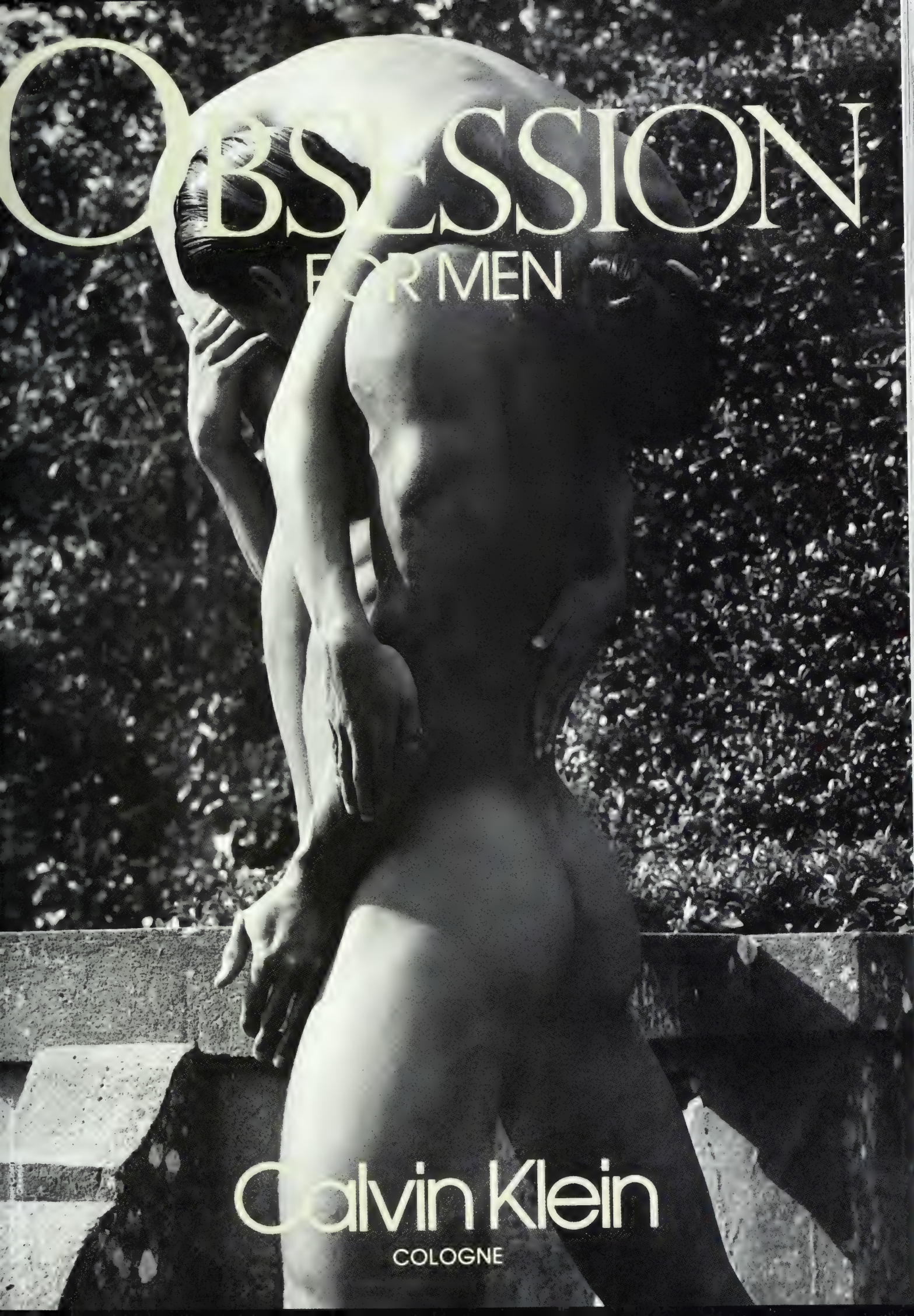
BY OLIVIER BERNIER

Paintings by Poussin, a sculpture by Michelangelo, even a pair of Egyptian sarcophagi, all of irreproachable quality—it was the sort of collection that only a wealthy connoisseur could put together, a collection worthy of a king. Yet it belonged to a man who called himself a "poor gardener."

André Le Nôtre was, of course, far more than a gardener. The son and grandson of supervisors of the French royal parks, he was a genius, the creator of what we know today as the French garden. Vaux-le-Vicomte, Versailles, and Chantilly attest to his inventiveness and his feeling for light, color, and water. What is often forgotten is that he was also a distinguished art collector.

In an era when collecting was reserved for the most privileged, it is surprising that even this greatest of garden designers should compete with the likes of Louis XIV and Philip IV of Spain, especially given Le Nôtre's lack of pretension. He "had an honesty, correctness, and rectitude which made everyone respect and love him," wrote Louis de Rouvroy, duc de Saint-Simon, in his memoirs. "Never did he try to rise above his station. . . . He had a charming naiveté and truthfulness." At one point Louis XIV lent Le Nôtre to Pope Innocent XI for a few months. According to Saint-Simon, when Le Nôtre met the pope, "instead of kneeling down he ran right up to him. 'Well, hello, Reverend Father,' he said,

Designer of the grand gardens at Vaux-le-Vicomte, above, and Versailles, André Le Nôtre, above left, wears the Order of Saint-Michel, presented to him by Louis XIV, in his official portrait by Carlo Maratta. Left: Le Nôtre purchased five paintings by Nicolas Poussin; *Saint John Baptizing the People* is now in the Louvre.


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Confident of his taste, Le Nôtre bought less fashionable works such as Claude Lorrain's *Harbor at Sunset*, above.

hugging him and kissing him on both cheeks. 'You really look well. How glad I am to see you in such good health.' "

However naive Le Nôtre may have been in matters of papal etiquette, he was a model of sophistication once he started to look at art. Indeed, one of his tasks in Rome was to make purchases for the French royal collection, and while he was at it, he acquired several ancient Roman marble and bronze figures for himself.

As a boy, Le Nôtre had shown a striking aptitude for drawing and painting. His admiring father, Jean, seems to have thought he might forsake his family's profession, an unusual occurrence in an age so inhospitable to change. It is a mark of his talent that the artist to whom he was apprenticed at an early age was Simon Vouet, then the most illustrious painter of the French school and a favorite of Louis XIII. In Vouet's atelier Le Nôtre met Charles Le Brun, who became a lifelong friend and a member of the great trio—Jules Hardouin-Mansart, Le Brun, and Le Nôtre—who designed the palace, interiors, and gardens of Versailles.

Dispatched to Rome to buy art for Louis XIV, Le Nôtre also did some shopping for himself

We don't know why Le Nôtre decided to return to the vocation of his father and grandfather; his later career is proof enough he made the right choice. But we do know that Le Nôtre never lost his eye for art and that he soon had the means to indulge himself. By 1637 the twenty-three-year-old was in charge of the Tuileries parterres, jointly with his father; by the time he was thirty he was chief designer of all the royal gardens. His royal commission allowed him to work for private patrons as well, and in 1656 Nicolas Fouquet, superintendent of finance under Louis XIV, selected him to create the gardens at Vaux-le-Vicomte. From there it was straight to Versailles. At the height of his career he was earning 35,000 livres a year, the equivalent of perhaps $250,000 today.

With that kind of money Le Nôtre could do quite well in the art market of the mid seventeenth century, especially since he sometimes found less fashionable paintings appealing. This was true of his five splendid Poussins—one, *The Woman Taken in Adultery Presented to Jesus by the Scribes and the Pharisees,* was bought directly from the artist after the great French classicist had moved to Rome and was falling out of favor at home—and of his three paintings by Claude Lorrain. Firmly bucking the trends of the day, Le Nôtre also acquired Jan Brueghel the Elder's *The Battle Between Alexander and Darius,* now called *The Battle of Issus,* and a Rembrandt portrait of a young girl. Three of his Poussins, two of his Claudes, and the Brueghel now hang in the Louvre.

All this is not to say Le Nôtre was unmoved by the taste of his time. He owned at least one important work by Pierre Mignard, whose rich color and ingenious compositions greatly appealed to Louis XIV, and about eight canvases by Francesco Albani, an occasionally insipid and now largely forgotten painter whose slightly etiolated classicism was once considered proof of his genius. (Four of his Albanis are now in the Louvre.) And like many of his contemporaries, Le Nôtre had several copies of famous paintings. Even demanding collectors of the seventeenth century did not distinguish as sharply as we do between originals and replicas.

Le Nôtre also purchased seventy-nine large portfolios of engravings. The list makes dazzling reading: the principal engraved oeuvres of Le Brun, Poussin, Mignard, and Antoine Coypel as well as significant works by the Carracci, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Vouet, and Jacques Callot. When Le Nôtre wanted to look at his prints, he could do so in great comfort, on a vast marquetry desk supported by bronze columns. (Known from an inventory of his possessions, the desk has vanished.) When he was tired of looking at his engravings, he could contemplate his rare Chinese porcelains, busts and statues of bronze and marble, gold and silver medals, or, perhaps the crowning glory of the collection, a sculpture described in the inventory as "one of Michelangelo's *Slaves,*" which may well have been a study for or a copy of one of the figures originally intended for Julius II's tomb.

Having accumulated all this, Le Nôtre decided in 1693, toward the end of his life, to give the best pieces to the king. It says a good deal about their relationship that Le Nôtre was confident the king would appreciate these great works of art and that Louis XIV felt honored by the gift. For the rest of the Sun King's life, these paintings and sculptures were arranged in his private gallery at Versailles. It surely would not displease the great gardener to know that three centuries and several revolutions later, his collection is still admired by crowds in one of the world's finest museums. ♠

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Lyn Godley and Lloyd Schwan



Jean-Charles de Castelbajac



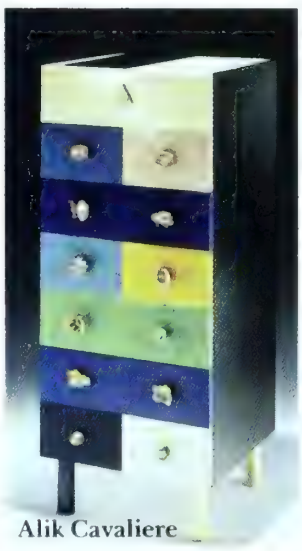
Enrico Baleri and Alain Fankhauser

Patchwork Primer

Furniture designers brush up their color sense

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

The current burst of color on the furniture scene may look like yet another nod to the sixties, but, in fact, it has a lot more to do with the late seventies. After a decade spent recovering from the riot of color and pattern that was Memphis, designers are dipping into their paint buckets again. Says Lyn Godley of the firm Godley-Schwan, "People stayed away from color because no one wanted to be pegged as knocking off the Italians." No designer wanted to be lumped with the postmodernists and their pale palette either, but eventually everyone tired of the basic black and raw metal option.



Alik Cavaliere

The preponderance of simpler furniture on the market seems perfectly in tune with belt-tightening times, and designers are daring to add undiluted color to these pure shapes with brilliant effect. Instead of using a printed material, whether fabric or Formica, they are creating pattern by putting together blocks of color in a single piece. Godley-Schwan's new lounge chair and ottoman are made up of planes of bright wool stitched together. And the drawers of their showstopping Checkers cabinet sport twenty-one vivid hues arrived at after having tried at least ninety. Like Checkers, Alik Cavaliere's chest of drawers for Zanotta has a simple shape; the drama is reserved for the front where bronze handles punctuate a stack of drawers in ten gemlike shades. Jean-Charles de Castelbajac shows a set of his new side chairs with different colors on every seat and back cushion—a new mix-and-match application of the fashion designer's talents. The Mimì chair by Enrico Baleri and Alain Fankhauser features a flip-up seat and comes in a range of translucent tints. Nested together they form a rainbow, which should finally bring stowable seating out of the closet.

Colorful as they are, one can picture living with these pieces for a long time. The palette may be loose, but the lines and forms are tighter than ever. Godley could be speaking for all of these designers when she says, "We want to keep it clean." ♠



Lyn Godley and Lloyd Schwan

Showing their true colors. Clockwise from left: The Otis lounge chair and ottoman in brilliant wools. Sculptural bronze pulls ornament the stained drawers of a dresser from Zanotta. My Funny Valentine chair from Ligne Roset comes in infinite combinations of fabrics and two leg finishes—black lacquer or pearwood. A loose grid of vivid drawers fronts a maple cabinet called Checkers. Baleri Italia's folding Mimì chairs come in five translucent hues; stowed together they create a rainbow. Details see Resources.



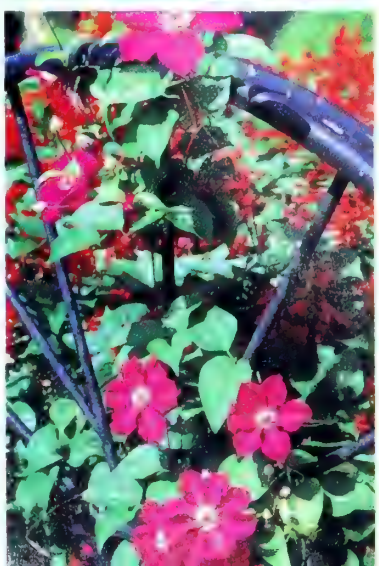
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Divine Vines

With a spectrum of color and luxuriant blooms, clematis rises above the ordinary BY PATRICIA THORPE





HEAVY SWAGS OF RUBY velvet edged with glittering passementerie descend from a fringed valance; a baldachin of silk and gold swoops up behind a bed; a scarf of Valenciennes is tossed over an emerald tapestry. No, these are not drapery effects from the latest designer showhouse; this is what clematis can do for you.

Vines are the drapery of the garden, the swathes that bind the earth to the air, the horizontal to the vertical, the horticultural to the architectural. There are many vines besides clematis, of course—wisteria, the anaconda of the plant world, slowly crushing delicate pergolas in its fragrant coils; Virginia creeper and English ivy, the masonry experts, reaching deep into the mortar of your house; climbing roses, which are not so much vines as upwardly mobile barbed wire. But the greatest of these is clematis, which has none of the drawbacks of the above and which in spite of its appearance of almost tropical opulence is hardy in the coldest parts of this country. It has only to be known—and pronounced properly—to be loved.

Webster makes it perfectly clear: *clem*-a-tis, like clemency. There is no common name, however, and since Americans are notoriously reluctant to grow anything they cannot pronounce, clematis has not until recently enjoyed the popularity it deserves. But just as food and wine fads have prompted many formerly tongue-tied citizens to spout Italian or Chinese, so the current passion for perennials has made us more fluent in Latin and Greek, with the result, at least to judge from catalogues, that clematis is about to make it big.

Clematis is not just a plant but a world of plants in one genus: delicate garlands of tiny bells like *Clematis texensis* or *C. alpina;* herbaceous perennials like *C. recta*, which strew the border with sprays of stars; overwhelming cascades like the montanas, which can engulf small buildings. The flowers can be as small as a fingertip or the size of a saucer; the colors go from deepest purple and red through all shades of blue, violet, and pink, with pale yellows and an array of whites. There are more than two hundred species from all over the world and hundreds of hybrids as well. Most flower for several weeks, some flower virtually all summer, and even a small collection of clematis can provide bloom from April until late fall.

Cautious gardeners are waiting for the bad news, but with clematis there really isn't any. The most commonly available clematis are reasonable in their demands, which are not



Paintings of, above right, *Clematis lanuginosa* and, below left, *C. rubro-violacea*. Above left: *C. tangutica*. Far left, from top: Large-flowered hybrid 'Nelly Moser' twines with wisteria; *C. macropetala* is a slender species with early bloom; *C. montana* 'Rubra' surrounds an upper window; 'Ernest Markham' provides vibrant color for months.

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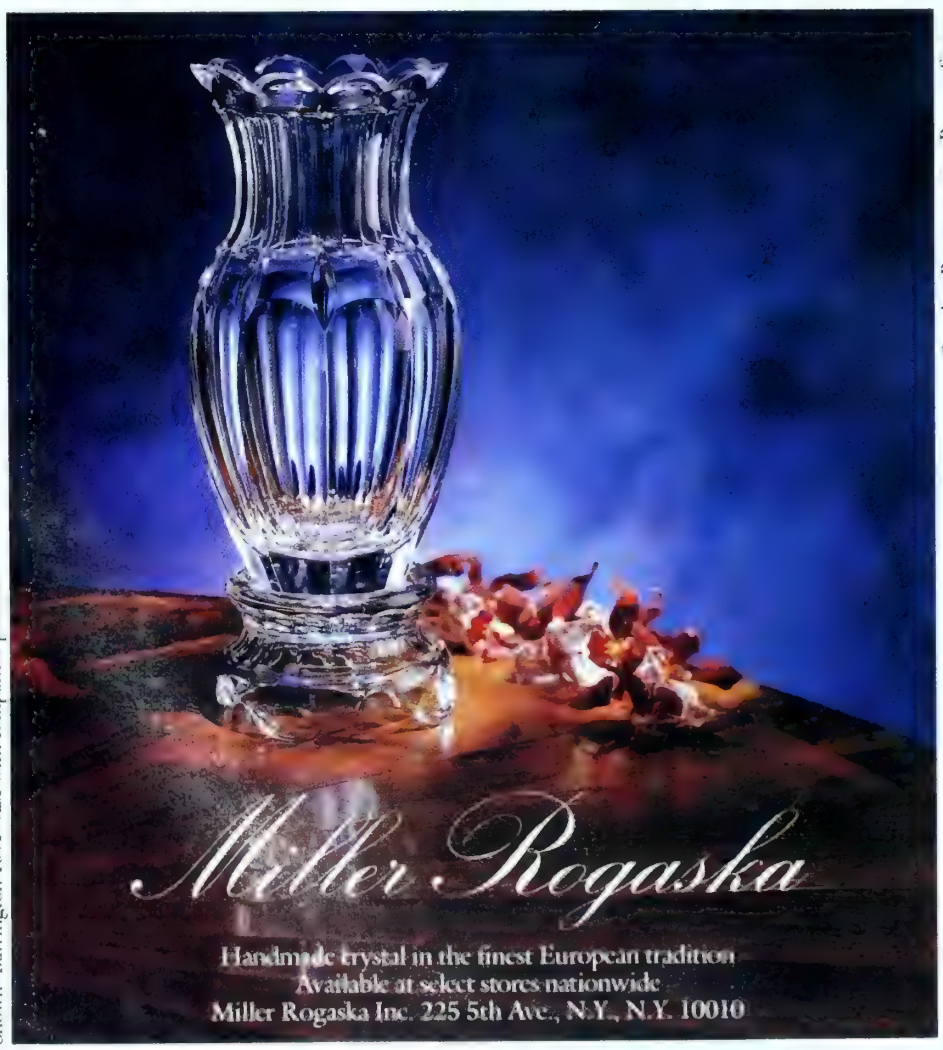
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very different from those of most perennials. They need rich well-drained soil, lots of water, particularly in the first year, and abundant food through the growing season—this hearty appetite is justified by the prodigious growth and the wealth of flowers these plants produce. Clematis do best with lots of sun, but there are many that will succeed in some shade, and all prefer to have their roots shaded, which is easily achieved by liberal mulching or by growing other plants around the base of the vine. Two major pests are chipmunks and earwigs. The first must be treated with utter ruthlessness or, in the face of your lingering attachment to Chip 'n Dale, a great deal of chicken wire around the bottom of the stems. Rabbits can be dealt with the same way. Earwigs are harder to eradicate but can be eluded by selecting early- or late-flowering plants and avoiding light or white hybrids that bloom in midsummer.

The question of pruning produces unreasonable panic in some gardeners. You will have no disasters if you don't prune, but some clematis—notably *C.* × *jackmanii*, which is probably the one most widely sold—will end up looking "like a disembowelled mattress," as the British gardening writer Christopher Lloyd observes, if you don't cut it back every spring. In any case, don't prune at all for the first few years until you see how your clematis grows and flowers. After that, common sense will go a long way, but if you don't trust yourself, *Hortus Third* has simple instructions and all the clematis books go into great and unnecessary detail.

Clematis are not plants for instant gratification. They are decidedly unprepossessing for the first few years, and I think this has led to some misunderstanding about their use. Most are sold attached to some kind of stake or small trellis, and many gardeners seem to believe that this two- or three-foot support defines the limits of future growth. It is both hilarious and sad to see husky plants ready to leap tall trees in a single bound instead wound relentlessly into a stubby knob the size of a fire hydrant. Many of the large-flowered hybrids present statuesque blooms on rather small-scale vines and are probably best used on a traditional trellis, although one of six or eight feet rather than three. But the species and small-flowered hybrids are plants of infinite possibility, plants for swooping and swagging and tossing, plants that add sensuous curves to rigid beds and softened edges to stark new gardens, plants that can carry the brilliance of the border up into trees or across porch railings. In the wild, clematis grow up through shrubs and underbrush and flower atop their supporters. In the garden, the May and June species will flower in ravishing combinations with bridal wreath or kolkwitzia or add an early burst of blossom to late bloomers like tree hydrangeas. Wreaths of clematis can provide improbable flowers for dark evergreens like holly or yew; the more generous species will drape spruce or fir, and late in the season when the spectacular seed heads appear, whole trees will shimmer with tinsel.

Climbers do not necessarily have to go up; clematis can stream down a bank or scurry along the top of a wall or spread under shrubs as well as over them. They do need guidance, however, as you will discover if you go off for a few days in late May. The young shoots grow several inches a week and will twine around anything, including themselves. You may return to a Gordian knot of infuriatingly fragile buds, stems, and leaves that could tempt you to play Alexander with your secateurs. But your early-season attentions will be well repaid as clematis works its magic. Unsightly pool fences disappear behind a riot of flowers; nondescript bushes suddenly sport flamboyant costumes of crimson or magenta; shrub roses become mixed bouquets of pale pink and royal purple. Clematis bring a grace of gesture to the garden, draping our mistakes with a fling of lace, wrapping the ordinary in ribbons for our delight. ♠



Shown: Barrington 10½" vase with compatible pedestal
Canadian Representative: Parsons-Steiner
Photo by Katrina


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The Temptation of Heirloom Apples

Historic varieties offer the lure of nearly forgotten flavors BY LESLIE LAND

The Esopus Spitzenburg is by most connoisseurs' accounts the tastiest apple grown in America. At its best it is crisp, juicy, blooming with the effervescent sweet-sour flavor usually called "sprightly." The Spitzenburg, a favorite of Thomas Jefferson's, was prized throughout the nineteenth century and remains in high repute today; culinary historian Anne Mendelson has called it "possibly the best apple ever to come from New York State," America's premier apple-growing territory. So why is it so difficult to find?

The same question might be asked about scores of other heirlooms: the great tribe of russets, rough skinned but fine flavored; the Winesap, as aromatic as its name implies; the Newtown Pippin, considered our best cooking apple ever since the 1750s, when it was identified in Newtown (now a part of Queens), New York. These varieties are still available in season, as lovably a part of fall as bright-colored leaves against blue skies, but they form only a fraction of the total U.S. crop.

In 1990, of an estimated production of 231 million bushels of apples, more than half were some kind of Delicious: 100.7 million Red Delicious, 36.4 million Golden Delicious. Another 43.7 million were Granny Smith, McIntosh, or Rome, in roughly equal numbers. These apples, often called the Top Five, have gained supermarket hegemony for reasons that have little to do with taste. The trees bear heavily and early and are easy to grow and control. The fruit is uniform and good-looking and takes well to controlled-atmosphere storage. They can be good, especially when fresh. Nonetheless, they are classic examples of the good driving out the best.

Fortunately, regional preferences keep some local favorites going strong. In season the Northern Spy, a firm snappy variety that tastes like the soul of apple pie, is easy to find in New England and the Great Lakes region. Staymans are still widely grown in the Appalachians, Jonathans in the Midwest, Gravensteins in California.

Flavor is not just a matter of variety but of growing conditions as well. Delicious, for instance, need not be the skin-deep beauty stuffed with cotton wool that usually goes by that name. Most of our Delicious apples come from Washington State, east of the Cascades, where about half of this country's fresh market apples are grown. The dry conditions there are ideal for growing handsome apples, but the necessary irrigation tends to work against ideal sugar formation. A western-grown Golden Delicious is likely to be large, bright yellow, smooth, and shiny-skinned with a taste somewhere between bland and nonexistent. One grown in the humid northeast, on the other hand, is likely to be smallish, its skin partially russeted, with a rough pale brown



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ESOPUS SPITZENBURG

A Newtown Pippin or Northern Spy wrapped with a phyllo sheet makes a light and flavorful apple dumpling, above, served on a Napoleonic Ivy plate by Wedgwood. Silver from James II Galleries, NYC. Left: Vintage prints of vintage varieties. Details see Resources.

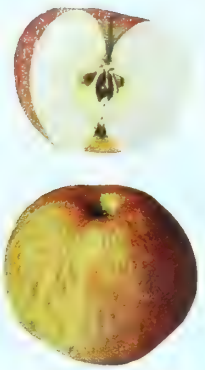
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NORTHERN SPY



ENGLISH RUSSET

The tastiest apples may not be the prettiest

overlay. The flavor is far more interesting than the standard, but the loss of cosmetic appeal is fatal from the commercial standpoint.

In fact, many of the apples that taste best have quirks that make them unsuitable for large commercial orchards. They are small or irregular in size or mottled and streaked in color. Many of them are glorious only briefly; even modern technology cannot extend the storage life of fine summer apples such as the Red Astrachan.

Small-scale orchardists, specialty growers, and home gardeners have other priorities. They are loyal to the varieties—in some cases to the very trees—their grandparents planted. They care about taste. And they hear consumers longing for the same old-fashioned qualities they value themselves. At Breezy Hill Orchard in Clinton Corners in the Hudson Valley, Elizabeth Ryan and her partner and husband, Peter Zimmermann, grow thirty-five varieties, many of them heirlooms, such as the Golden Russet. "The wholesale stream is resistant to anything that's unusual," she explains, "and supermarkets only want what they can get in vast quantities. But customers love these old apples. They sell out as fast as they're picked, and growers who sell retail are customer-driven."

Except in the Deep South, where apples don't grow well, the best way to get a wide selection of apples is to go to a farmers market; during the height of the season the farmers who sell in New York City's Union Square Greenmarket offer upwards of fifty varieties. Or take a day-trip in the country and visit a number of farm stands. Each orchard will have a slightly different choice.

If you can't go to the apples, the apples can come to you through Applesource, a mail-order apple emporium that offers more than eighty varieties. Applesource (Rte. 1, Chapin, IL 62628; 217-245-7589) coordinates the output of several farmers from several states. For best results follow ordering instructions carefully; try to choose apples that have similar ripening dates and avoid those not described as good keepers.

If you want to grow your own, many nurseries now offer heirloom varieties, and scion wood—small, living branches used for grafting—is increasingly available through groups of enthusiasts. One such group, North American Fruit Explorers, runs an exchange column in its quarterly journal. Whether all these will produce true to name is not entirely clear, however.

For finest flavor, adaptability is more important than authenticity. Before selecting a variety, consult local nurseries and cooperative extension agents to learn what types will do well in your area. For instance, Cox's Orange Pippin requires a British-style long cool summer and can be hard to grow in the United States. The Westfield Seek-No-Further will yield a marvelous apple when grown in gravelly loam but will not produce good fruit when grown in clay perfect for Sweet Bough and Red Astrachan. (For nurseries that offer heirloom apple trees see Resources.)

FLAKY APPLE DUMPLINGS WITH SAFFRON CUSTARD

Custard
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup half and half
- 16 peppercorns
- ½ teaspoon saffron threads
- 1 egg
- 1 egg yolk
- 1½ tablespoons sugar
- Pinch of salt

Dumplings
- 6 large cooking apples such as Newtown Pippin or Northern Spy
- ¼ cup calvados or cognac
- 12 frozen phyllo sheets, thawed
- 6 ounces unsalted butter, clarified
- 3 tablespoons sugar

Custard. Combine the first four ingredients in a small, heavy, nonreactive saucepan and warm over very low heat about 40 minutes. Turn heat off whenever liquid starts to simmer. The object is not to cook the milk but to infuse it with the flavors of the spices.

Beat the egg, egg yolk, sugar, and salt until well mixed, then slowly strain in the milk infusion, stirring constantly. Return the mixture to the pan and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until it thickens. Pour into a chilled bowl, cool completely, and refrigerate tightly covered.

Dumplings. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Peel and core the apples; rub each inside and out with the calvados, and set aside. Unroll phyllo and cover with a tea towel. Place a sheet on the work surface. Brush lightly with clarified butter and fold in half. Repeat with a second sheet. Stack the second sheet on top of the first (with folded edges in), leaving a couple of inches exposed at the left margin to form a rough square. Brush with butter, place an apple in the center, and sprinkle on 1½ teaspoons of the sugar.

Stand a chopstick in the center of the apple and loosely draw up the sides of the square to enclose the fruit. There will be extra pastry at the top. Squeeze it together around the chopstick to make a pastry bag with a flaring top. Press tightly at the neck so pastry sticks together, then withdraw the chopstick, leaving a narrow hole.

Place the dumpling on a jelly roll pan and brush lightly with butter. Repeat with the remaining dumplings. Bake for 40–50 minutes or until pastry is browned and apples are cooked (test through the hole with a skewer).

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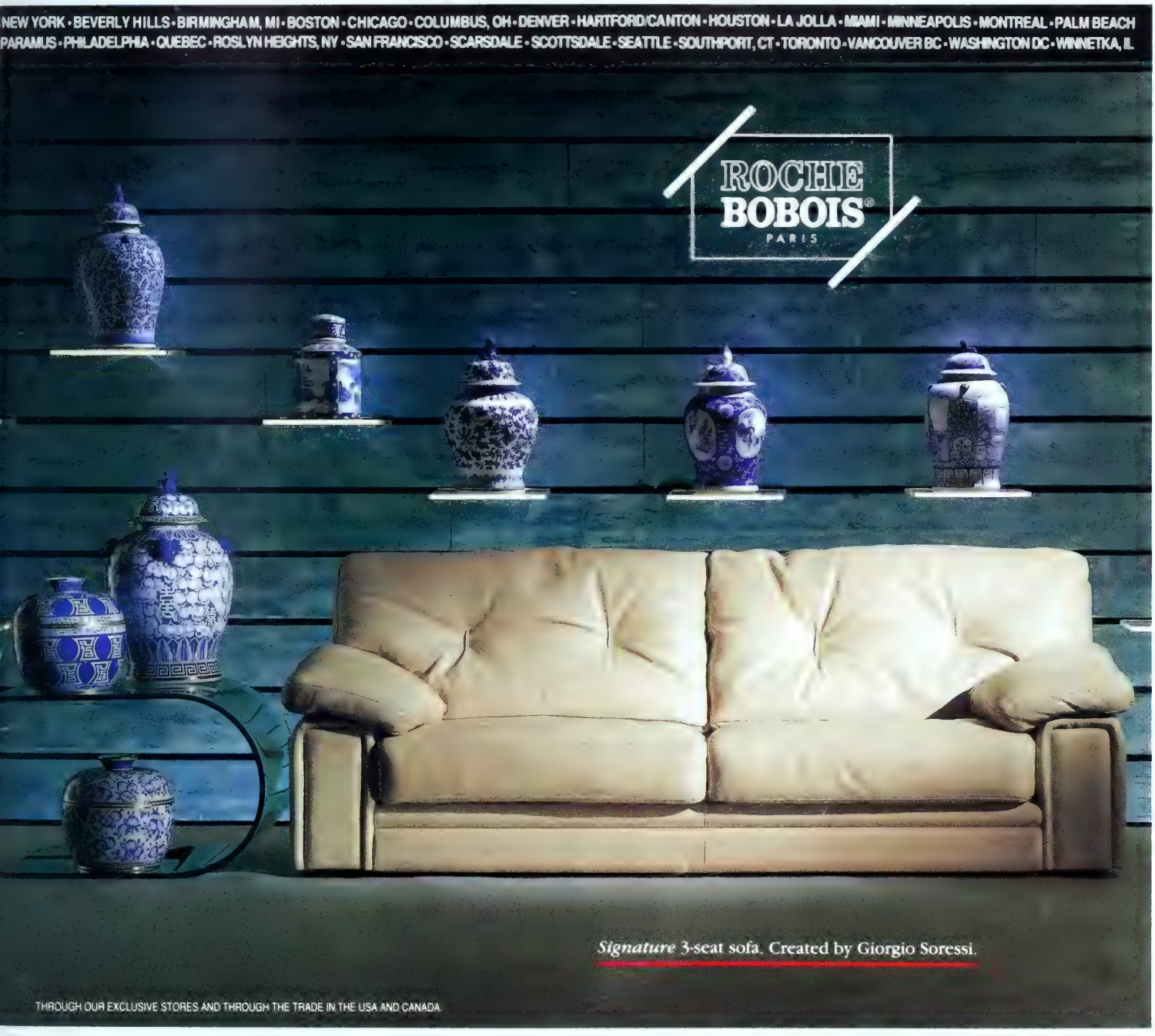
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To serve, pour cold custard into deep dessert plates and top each with a dumpling. Serves 6.

APPLESAUCE

6 pounds apples, a mixture of sweet and tart
1 cup cider
½ cup sugar (optional)

Applesauce is best when made from a blend of apples: Tolman Sweet, Jonathan, or Smokehouse for sweetness balanced by Northern Spy, Macoun, Rhode Island Greening, or other tart types. Peel, core, and chop apples roughly. If you want smooth sauce, keep varieties separate and cook the hard ones about 15 minutes before adding the softer types.

In a 3-quart nonreactive saucepan, 8 inches in diameter, add cider and apples. Cover and cook over low heat, stirring more and more frequently until apples have disintegrated. Purée if desired, then taste and add sugar if needed. Unsullied by spices or other extraneous flavoring elements, applesauce can be a revelation: simplicity exalted. Yield is variable; as a general rule you get about a cup from each pound. Serves 6–8.

DEEP-DISH DOUBLE-APPLE PIE

2 tablespoons unsalted butter, plus butter for the dish
6 firm cooking apples , such as Wolf River or Northern Spy
4 apples that lose their shape when cooked, such as McIntosh or Winesap
5 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons brandy
1 tablespoon rose water
Pastry for 1 piecrust
1 tablespoon cream

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Peel and core cooking apples. Butter a deep 9-inch pie plate and arrange the apples in a single layer. Divide the butter into six pieces; place one in the hollow center of each apple.

Peel, core, and slice remaining apples, and combine with 4 tablespoons of the sugar, the brandy, and the rose water. Pack the apple slices around the whole apples. Roll out pastry ⅛ inch thick and drape it over the filling, pressing it down. Trim it, leaving a bit of overhang. Crimp the edge and make slits in crust.

Bake 30 minutes or until crust is light gold and the apples are almost cooked. Brush crust with cream, sprinkle on remaining sugar, and return pie to oven 15–20 minutes or until pastry is browned. It's best warm. Serves 6. ♠

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East Meets West Meets East

All the world's a stage for a young playwright

BY DAVID HENRY HWANG

The Chinese pioneers who came to America in the nineteenth century to build the transcontinental railroad called themselves "sojourners"—one foot in the United States, the other in China. I am a sojourner of the twentieth-century American variety—one foot in New York, the other in Los Angeles. For most of my adult life I have shuttled between the two, hearing in each the customary complaints about the other.

Although I have lived in New York for most of the past ten years, I imagine I will always consider myself a Californian. My parents, she from the Philippines, he from Shanghai, met at the University of Southern California at a foreign students' dance on Halloween. I was born in the center of town at Queen of Angels Hospital and grew up in the dusty eastern suburbs of the San Gabriel Valley.

My colleagues who were raised elsewhere tend to regard Los Angeles as the Detroit of the entertainment industry, a factory town where everyone is in the same line of work. There is some truth to this, particularly as it applies to an area on the West Side extending from Culver City to West Hollywood to Santa Monica to Encino. Yet as a child I experienced southern California as a conglomeration of middle-American small towns, each with its own strip malls and Main Street. The meeting of these two worlds and their blending in turn with other disparate cultures shaped *M. Butterfly,* and they continue to shape my vision and my writing.

My family lived in a two-story house in San Gabriel, known as the "city with a mission" because its centerpiece is a mission founded in 1771 by Father Serra and built in the following decades by Native Americans of the Shoshone tribe. My parents had tried to settle in neighboring Monterey Park but were told flat out that the owners would not sell to Chinese. The irony amuses me when I visit today's Monterey Park, which has become a magnet for overseas Chinese investment. Theaters where I once sat watching *You Only Live Twice* now sport flashy marquees in Chinese, and whole avenues have been transformed into Asian malls with parking lots full of German cars. An example, I suppose, of the notion that fear creates the thing feared.

In Monterey Park, David Hwang finds that the "theaters where I once sat watching *You Only Live Twice* now sport flashy marquees in Chinese."

I grew up with Sears catalogue–style


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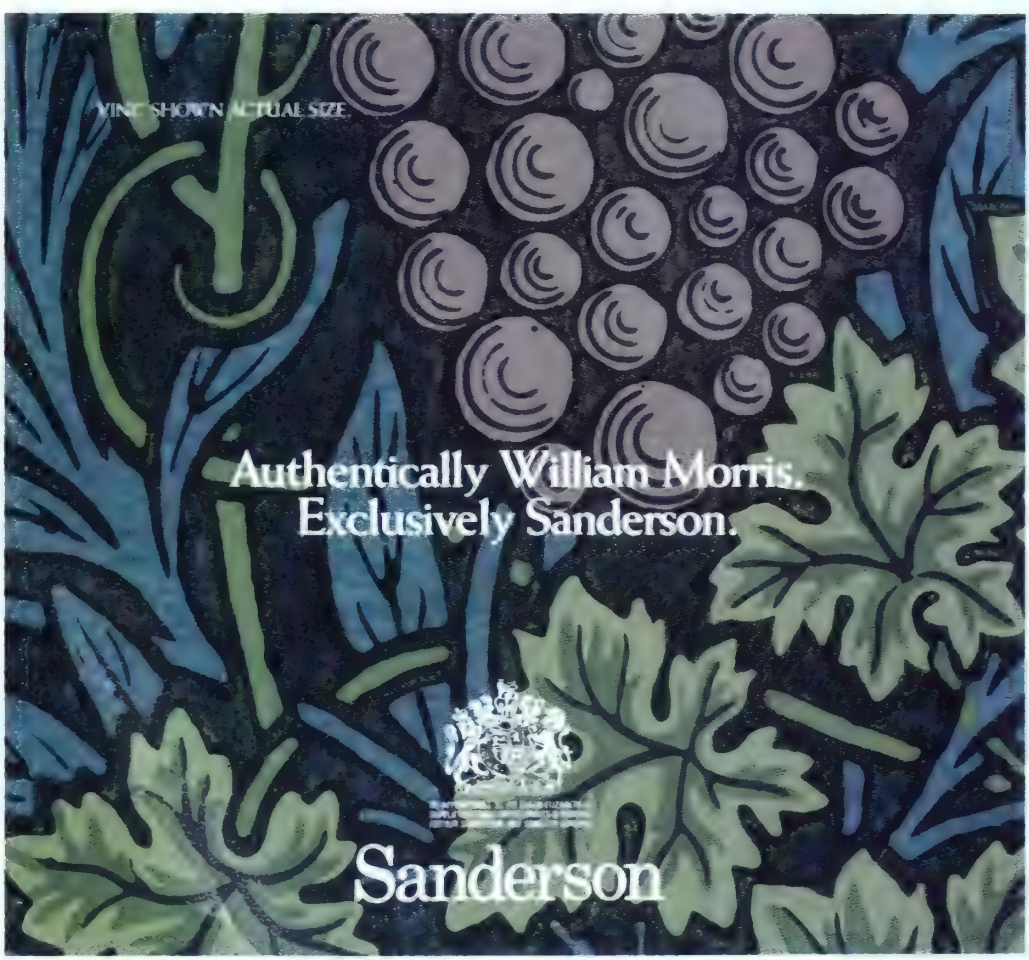


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"Vine" is shown in handblocked wallpaper. Also available in machine-printed wallpaper, fabric, and tapestry. At Sanderson, 979 3rd Ave., N.Y.C., Toronto, and showrooms throughout the U.S.

American furniture. I remember once breaking a lamp in some inevitable childhood ruckus. Expecting to be punished, I watched my mother as she wandered over to the S&H Green Stamps catalogue to pick out a replacement. Where there was some Asian decorative influence, it was generally a Western imitation—faux ebony end tables or a slipcover with a design resembling gold Chinese emblems. These were supplemented by a few antiques my parents had brought from the old country, including Chinese scrolls and a large brass plate from the Philippines.

When I was a teenager, my father had the master bedroom extended into what had been a patio over the garage. His Chinese friends told him this would bring bad luck, that according to the ancient necromancy of feng shui, building over your garage represented cutting off your head. My father, who had long since rejected old country ways in favor of new-world opportunity and English-only patriotism, pooh-poohed such superstition. Only a few years later he was kidnapped and briefly held for ransom. By contrast, I understand that I. M. Pei's Beverly Hills headquarters for Creative Artists Agency has been blessed by a feng shui priest; so far no major kidnappings there have been reported. Ultimately, I don't imagine that my own successes or failures have been determined by whether I followed the feng shui recommendation of sleeping on a bed catercorner to the door, but it is difficult to speak of this with any degree of confidence.

In San Gabriel my friends' fathers were barbers, construction supervisors, engineers, grocers, and schoolteachers, and their mothers were homemakers. All I knew of L.A. proper were the places my parents chose to visit—mostly Chinese restaurants and churches—and the 7-Elevens and Shakey's pizza parlors that I could reach on my bicycle.

All this changed when I turned sixteen and a driver's license gave me access to those vital arteries of Los Angeles life—the freeways. I still re-



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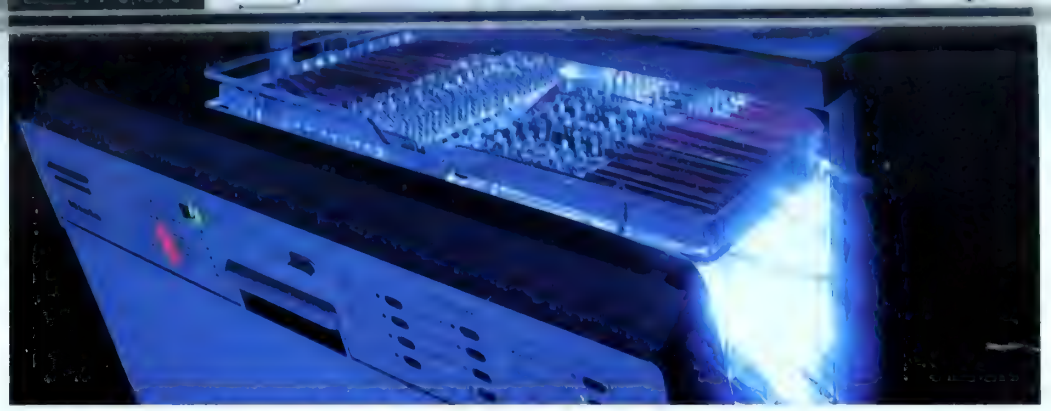
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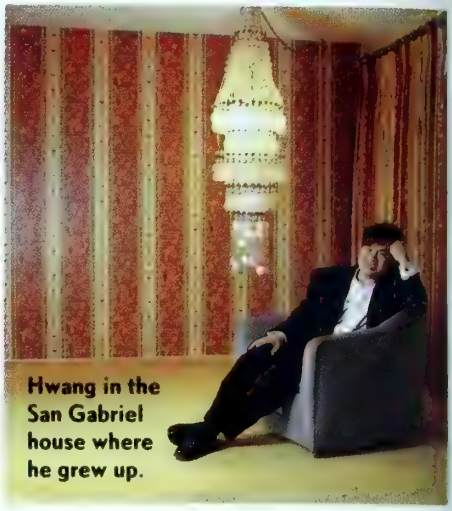
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Hwang in the San Gabriel house where he grew up.

member the first time I saw the Westwood district with its movie theaters, eateries with rock and roll names, and gleaming chrome and glass boutiques with labels from far-off lands. Suddenly I discovered that I was living in a city.

When I moved to New York to seek my future as a playwright, I remained so ambivalent about my new home that I left my watch on Pacific standard time, an affectation that strikes me today as mightily inconvenient. To the extent that my limited budget permitted me to furnish my studio apartment, I gravitated toward the clean lines and peaceful aesthetic of Japan. Having said that, I must admit that tatami rooms are not cheap, and my desire to achieve Zen serenity may well have provided a convenient excuse for seating my guests on a bare parquet floor. I did purchase a futon platform, shoji screens, and a few posters—all Western imitations, so perhaps in this way I was proving that I was, indeed, a chip off my parents' block.

Today I am back in New York, in a penthouse duplex that allows me the luxury of California roominess with a New York skyline. To do my best work I need space for pacing. Living in the clutter and concentration of New York, I've always put a premium on a good view from my window, as if to duplicate the open space and the ever-present San Gabriel mountains that remain in the eye of my younger self. My latest decorating idea is juxtaposing art nouveau and Japanese design, though at this point

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The few touches of Asian style were mostly Western imitations

in the evolution of my apartment and my pocketbook, this remains more a theory than a realization.

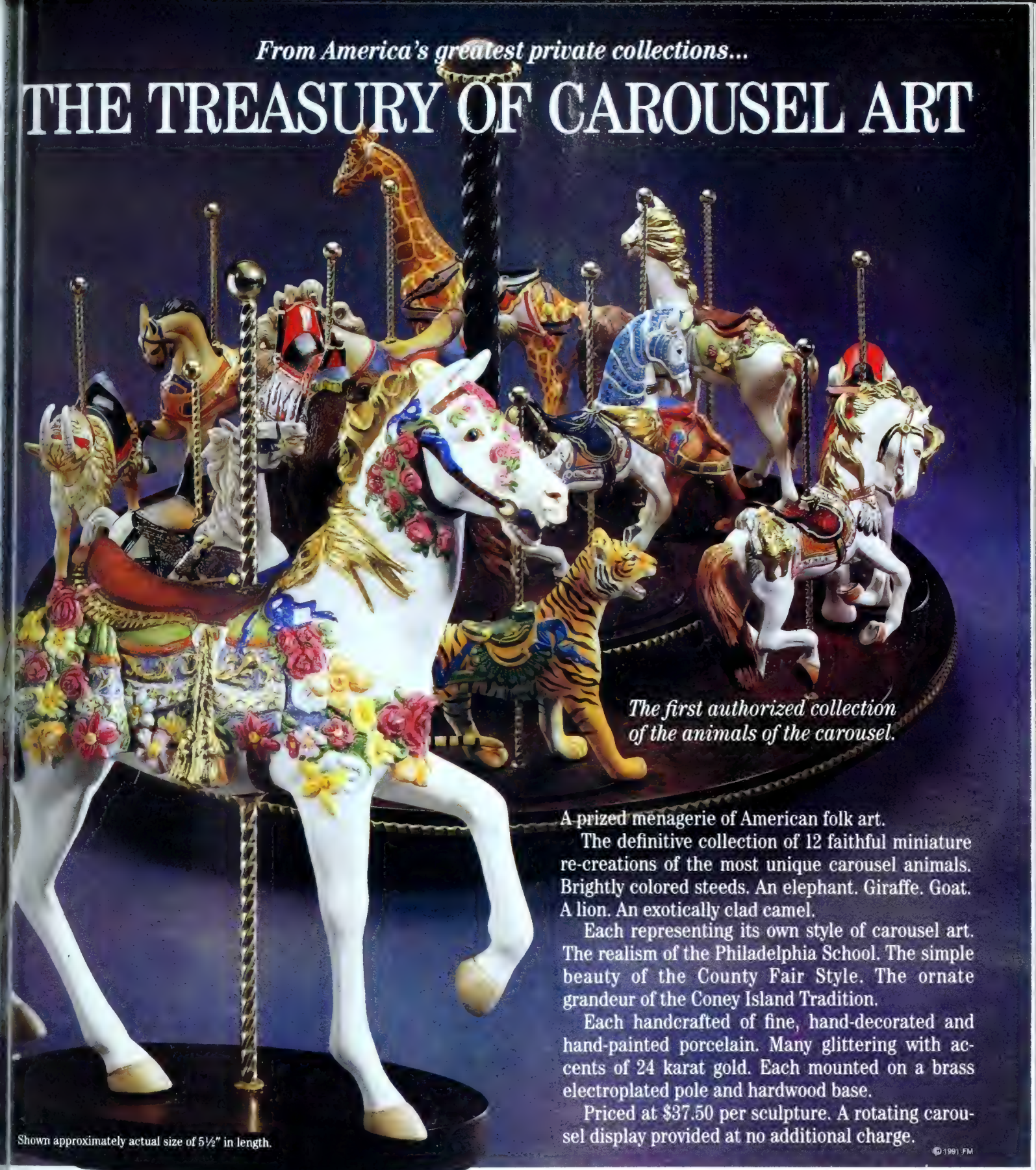
Fate—in the form of my girlfriend's career and my own—conspires to leave me with one foot in California. I visit the haunts that seemed the height of glamour to a young San Gabrielite, and my enthusiasm seems appropriately adolescent. But perhaps part of the charm that L.A. continues to hold for me lies in the ease with which I can slip back and remember even the tackiest of dance clubs as an adventure.

Los Angeles, I believe, is a meeting of contradictions. On one level, a cast of desperate characters in overleveraged automobiles and faux hooker fashions fits conveniently into America's mythology of Hollywood. But behind this façade lies a reality of great contrasts—*Dynasty* mansions housing third-world Alexises, black girls calling themselves Muffy, and fast-food gluttons spouting health food rhetoric. Not to mention an increasingly diverse mix of races and tongues, each transforming the local culture as they themselves are transformed by it.

Growing up in such a world, I am not surprised that I should come to find my imagination dominated by contrasts and contradictions, by unlikes coming together in hopes of forging new connections. It helps me explain not only why I write about a Chinese transvestite who sings, dances, and spouts American slang and copy-shop employees who meet extraterrestrials but also why I am still searching for a Korean chest to complement my Swedish art nouveau headboard. And why I continue to consider myself such an Angeleno that I actually make my home in Manhattan. ♠

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Still Life With Breakfast

Visitors to John F. Peto's house and studio can stay for the night

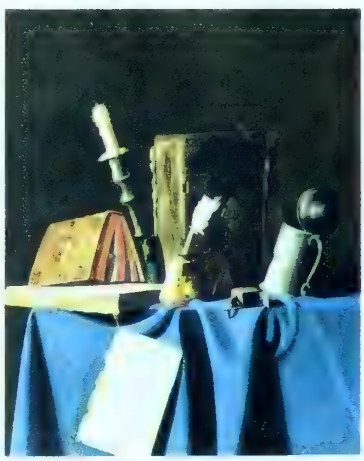
BY JOHN WILMERDING

A modest sign in the shape of an artist's palette, bearing the name "The Studio," marks what appears to be an ordinary Victorian house at 102 Cedar Avenue in Island Heights, New Jersey. But the history, ownership, and contents of the simple shingled structure make it of more than usual interest, worth a visit by anyone intrigued by America's cultural and artistic past. The house was built by the still-life painter John Frederick Peto in 1889 and has remained in family hands ever since. It is now the home of Joy Peto Smiley, one of the artist's granddaughters, who operates it as a bed-and-breakfast inn.

The number of houses and studios of important American artists that survive from the nineteenth century is regrettably small: one thinks of Winslow Homer's sparsely furnished studio at Prout's Neck, Maine; the cottage of Jasper Francis Cropsey and the Persian villa Olana built by Frederic Church, both in the Hudson River valley; Daniel Chester French's Chesterwood in western Massachusetts, now owned by the National Trust; and the estate of Augustus Saint-Gaudens in Cornish, New Hampshire, a National Historic Landmark. It is appropriate that Peto's property, as well as his artistic legacy, has increasingly come to be recognized as belonging in these ranks. His surroundings offer illuminating insight into his often enigmatic, poignant, and brooding art.

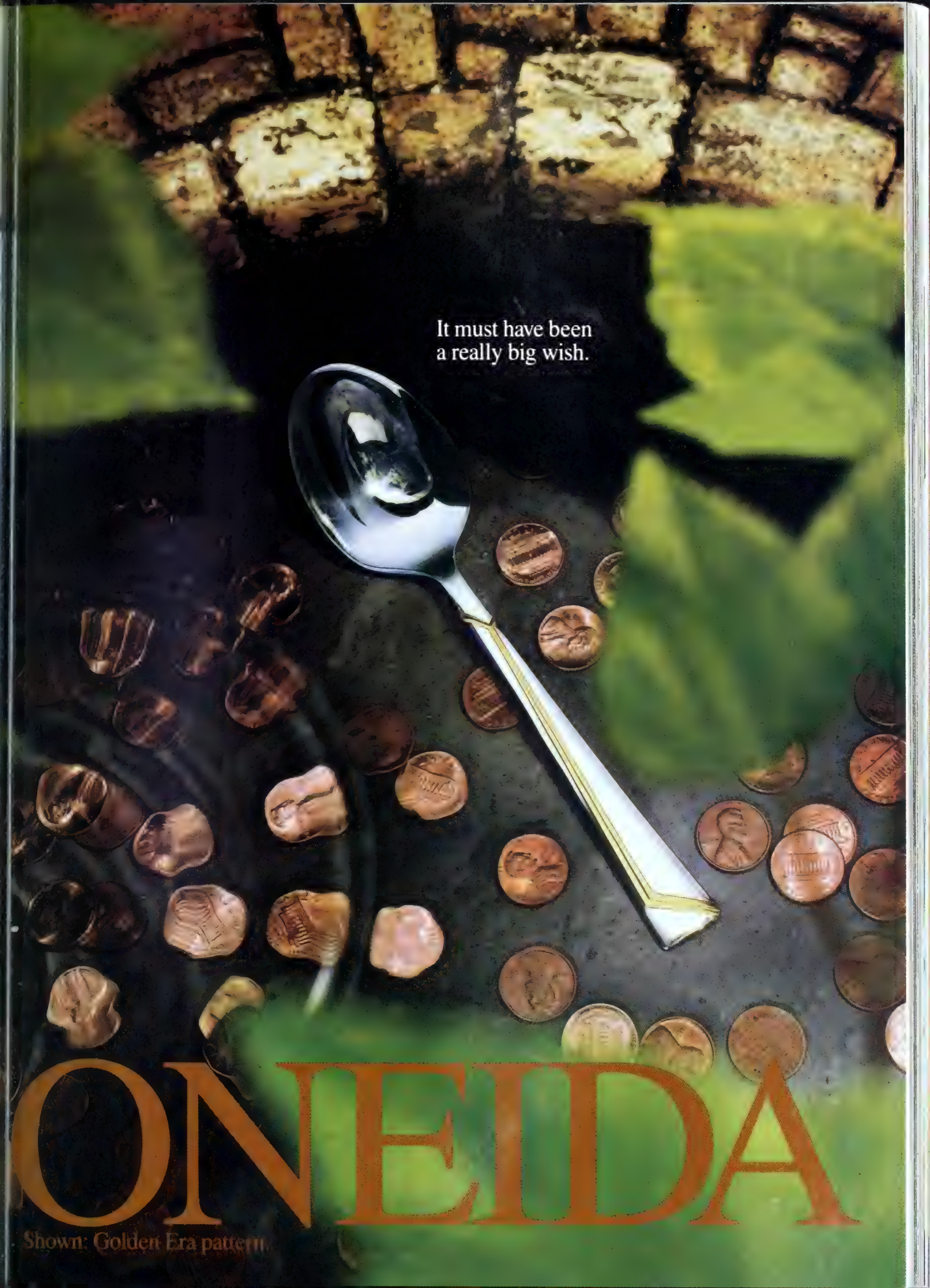
Like many of his contemporaries, among them Homer, Thomas Eakins, Mark Twain, and Henry Adams, Peto evolved an introspective vision in response to the cultural and philosophical disruptions that followed the advent of Darwinism and the Civil War—disruptions that shaped an anxious sense of accumulating change at century's end. The dark palette, shadowy spaces, and ambiguous light sources in his still lifes seem to conceal as much as they reveal, and the worn and tattered surfaces of his subjects are displayed like emblems of mortality.

Born in Philadelphia in 1854, Peto was trained at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where he presumably received some instruction in architecture and design. His studies coincided with the exhibition of European and American art at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, another stimulus to his career. Still-life painting was a venerable local tradition, which extended from the Peale family in the federal period through Severin Roesen and John F. Francis at midcentury. Peto's favorite themes were tabletop arrangements of pipe, mug, and books or illusionistic office-board and letter-





Joy Peto Smiley, above left, in her grandfather's studio. Top: Early photographs of Peto and his house. Above: *The Writer's Table: A Precarious Moment*, c. 1890. Left: Family furniture and still-life props in the studio.


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With its dim passageways and massed bric-a-brac, the house suggests a living still life

Peto, above, in the 1880s. Right: *The Poor Man's Store*, 1885. Below left: Still-life subjects at the house in New Jersey beside a Peto reproduction. Below right: *Sign Painting for Helen S. Peto*, 1903, was a tribute to the artist's daughter on her tenth birthday.



rack compositions. By the late 1880s, with his mature style of expressive coloring and brushwork established and his pictures occasionally displayed at Academy exhibitions, Peto was ready to expand his horizons.

An important turning point came in 1887, when he traveled to Cincinnati to paint a major decorative commission for the Stag Saloon. While in Cincinnati, Peto met Christine Pearl Smith from nearby Lerado, whom he married that June. About this time he also began making regular summer visits to Island Heights, where he was in demand as a cornet player for Methodist camp meetings. A typical resort community that came into its own after the Civil War, the village was favorably situated among the open fields rising from bluffs along the Toms River just before it opened out into Barnegat Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Here Peto built a house, where he permanently moved his new family. The property he selected was about half a mile from the river, a site affording a panorama that has since been obscured by trees and other houses. Peto loved life along the riverfront, a passion he passed on to his only child, Helen, and fishing paraphernalia was always part of the picturesque clutter that provided subjects for his canvases.

The rambling house and studio show how intimately Peto's art and life were intertwined. The main room, rising to exposed rafters two stories above, contains his easel, the family piano, and a profusion of painting props along wainscoted walls, open shelves, and the tops of old American chests and tables. Besides reflecting postcentennial nostalgia, Peto's carding wheel, Chippendale revival armchair, mismatched country Windsors, and blue and white china exemplify his taste for commonplace artifacts with an air of sturdy elegance. A wide veranda wraps around one corner of the house; upstairs, small bedrooms and narrow hallways fit into intersecting eaves and gables. The dim passageways, the compact massings of bric-a-brac, and the variegated textures and hues of wood, stucco, and colored glass all combine to suggest a living still life, an arrangement of forms in light and shadow close in character to the artist's paintings.

As a working studio, the house was—as it is today—filled with the assorted domestic objects of Peto's attention: ancient lanterns and oil lamps, padlocks and keys, musical instruments, a ginger jar and pottery jugs, a battered umbrella. Also saved are family albums of photographs and news clippings, some early drawings, watercolor and oil sketches, and several of Peto's wooden palettes, on a couple of which he painted illusionistic still lifes. Two fragments of plaster painted in oil are the only relics of the shelf of trompe l'oeil books Peto applied to the walls of the upstairs room he sometimes used as a study. These fragile remnants now present an unintended image of whimsy at the mercy of time, a theme akin to elegiac still lifes on canvas such as the turn-of-the-century *Discarded Treasures* and *Forgotten Friends*.

In his later years Peto suffered from Bright's disease, a painful kidney ailment which led to his death at the age of fifty-three in 1907. Fortunately, his treasures in Island Heights have been neither discarded nor forgotten, and the house still stands as an embodiment of his artistic spirit. ♠

For information: Joy Peto Smiley, The Studio of John F. Peto, 102 Cedar Ave., Island Heights, NJ 08732; (908) 270-6058





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Guests Between the Covers

Friends and family leave a lasting impression on their host's blank pages

BY BARBARA HANSON PIERCE

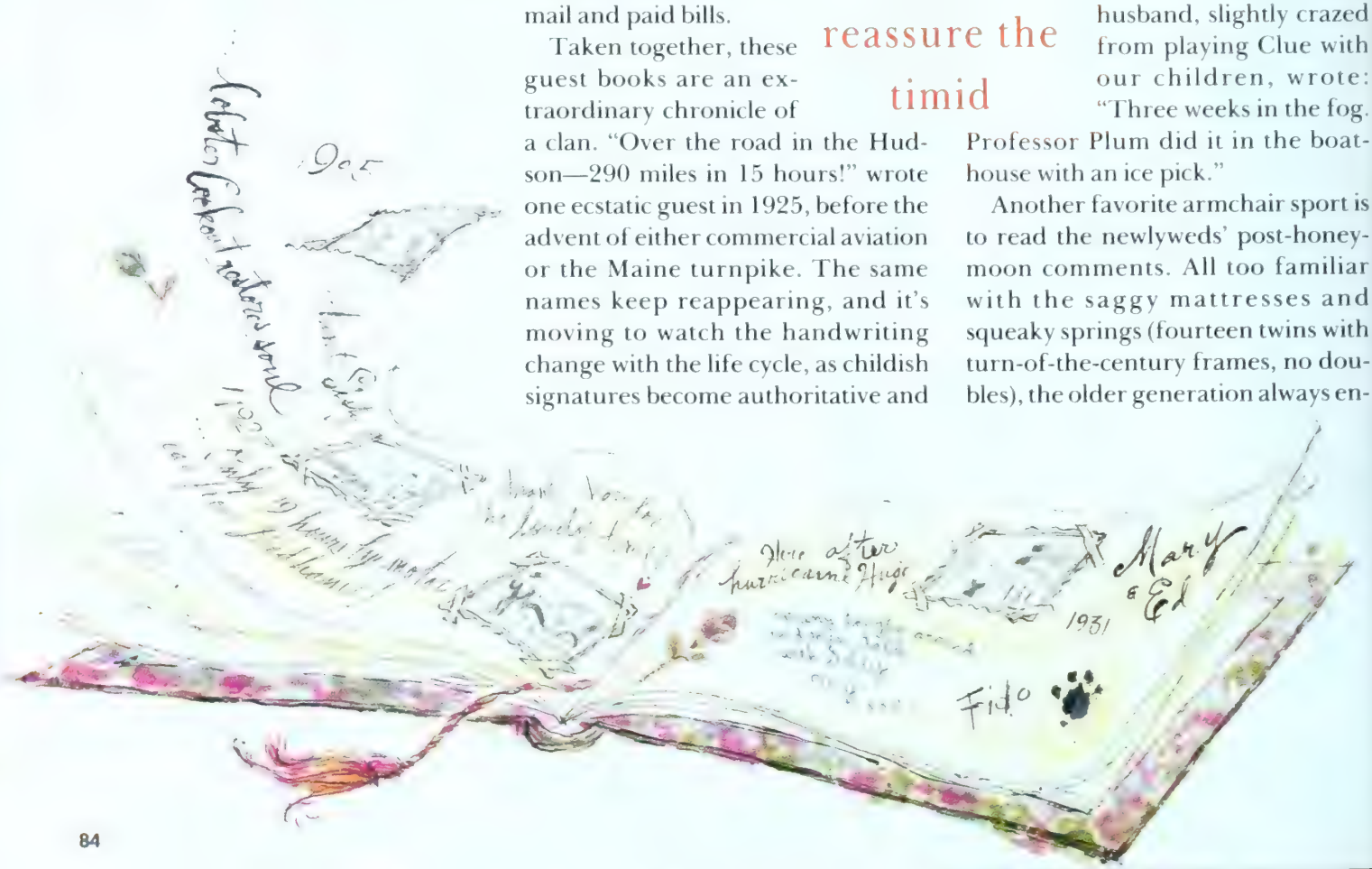
ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS I DO when I arrive at my favorite summer house is read the guest book, to see who's been there, what's been going on, and who's been sleeping in beds that I like to call my own. The book, or rather books, belong to a house on the coast of Maine which my husband's grandmother built in 1917. Together the three volumes span at least as many generations and include descendants of four branches of the extended family, all of whom share the house today. (My husband owns one-sixteenth of it—sort of a New England version of a time-share.) Rustic and weather-beaten, the place is more like a log cabin or a camp than one of those grand gray-shingled houses that coyly call themselves cottages. And the guest books are cut from the same unfrivolous cloth. The volumes don't match because they were bought at different times, in different places, over the past seventy-four years. All of them, however, are unfancy stationery-store-type leather-bound books, wider than they are tall with lines for names and addresses and a small space for brief comments. They live in the drawer of the mission-style desk in the living room where uncles and aunts have traditionally opened the mail and paid bills.

Unlined guest books unleash creativity, but lines reassure the timid

Taken together, these guest books are an extraordinary chronicle of a clan. "Over the road in the Hudson—290 miles in 15 hours!" wrote one ecstatic guest in 1925, before the advent of either commercial aviation or the Maine turnpike. The same names keep reappearing, and it's moving to watch the handwriting change with the life cycle, as childish signatures become authoritative and adult, then spidery and senescent, before they disappear altogether. Adolescent girlfriends turn into wives, beaux fall by the wayside, fiancés become husbands, wives become widows, and children inevitably grow up. In one especially chaotic, joyous entry there's even a dog's paw print stamped on the page. Throughout the years, the timeless pull of the house is reflected in the recurring themes of the comments: the sea, the foghorn, the lobsters, the lighthouse, the cookouts, and, always, the terrible beds.

I love reading these guest books because I like imagining the faces that have peopled this house over the years. Sometimes I discover that friends have stayed with other branches of the family without any of us realizing that we had one another in common. I also like comparing notes about who experienced the most sun—or rather, the least fog—during the course of a summer. In one especially fogbound visit, my husband and I never got a glimpse of the sea ten feet in front of us. By the end of our vacation, my husband, slightly crazed from playing Clue with our children, wrote: "Three weeks in the fog. Professor Plum did it in the boathouse with an ice pick."

Another favorite armchair sport is to read the newlyweds' post-honeymoon comments. All too familiar with the saggy mattresses and squeaky springs (fourteen twins with turn-of-the-century frames, no doubles), the older generation always en-





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The timeless pull of the house is reflected in the recurring themes of the guest book comments: the sea, the foghorn, and, always, the terrible beds

joys a report of a collapsed bed. In retrospect, I cringe at my own newlywed uptightness—where is the muse when it's my turn to sign? ("They laughed when I packed my flannel nightgown," I wrote of our October 1969 honeymoon, "but it snowed.") There my words are, graven in stone, ad eternam, for all eyes to read. Sport indeed.

Inspired by my husband's family, I have frequently tried—and invariably failed—to keep a guest book myself. When we were married, a friend gave us a lovely atlas-size Italian version, but somehow it always seemed overly grandiose to whip out the Florentine leather after a meat loaf dinner in our second-floor walk-up. Although I made a few noble stabs at getting people to sign, it was clearly a chronological flop, with more inconsistent gaps than consistent entries. Someone asked me whether I could recycle that beautiful book, but I concluded, sadly, that I had missed my chance. Since then there have been other attempts, too—discarded shells of books, used briefly and then forgotten, misplaced.

Keeping a good guest book is like keeping a journal. You must (a) choose your form and (b) stick with it. Policy is all. Do you include dinner guests or just overnight guests? (A friend insists a visit must require the use of a toothbrush.) Do they put in just their names? (No!) Should they put in their addresses, too? (Yes—

addresses change, and watching them evolve is to witness life.) Should guests be encouraged to write comments? (Yes—this is the essence of a good guest book.) Should the book be lined or unlined? (Unlined unleashes creativity, but lines may reassure the timid.) If it's a second house and it's rented to strangers, should tenants sign, too? (That depends on whether you think the book documents the life of the house or the life of the owners.) Where should you keep the guest book to make sure friends will sign? (The front hall is good; between the beds in the guest room is even better.)

My husband and I recently bought a small house in the Bahamas, an eighteenth-century cottage on a remote outer island. Even before the sale had gone through, I bought a guest book—elegant navy blue leather with gilt-edged pages, unlined, journal-size. Never mind that there's barely enough room for our own family, let alone guests, in the new place; I'm ready to chronicle every coming and going. My first stay in the house was a solitary one over the course of a long October weekend, during which I opened the place up and prepared it for forthcoming inspection by the troops. The house, like the guest book, had nothing of ourselves in it yet, an empty stage awaiting players and a script. I approached the task of inaugurating that guest book with ritual solemnity, sensing generations looking over my shoulder. How long would we own this house? Would our grandchildren and great-grandchildren one day be reading these very words? On the night before I flew home, I put in my first entry: "Autumnal breezes in the palm trees. A quiet, off-season visit to open up the house for our first Bahamian Thanksgiving. I hope the children will approve of our purchase. I had my first coconut from our very own palm tree and ate a sugar apple—a strange-looking sweet fruit with pips everywhere. I can't wait for baked bananas with the turkey." Already the book has a life of its own. ▲

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Primordial Cruise

The disappearing heritage of Louisiana's coastal wetlands is only a boat ride away

BY BETHANY EWALD BULTMAN



Back in the mid 1700s my ancestors left Wales for the lush forests that fringe the bayous of Louisiana. There, in a remarkable ecosystem created by the Mississippi River over the course of 7,000 years, they found flocks of birds so vast that they blocked the sun and countless wild animals, from mink to black bears to alligators. Today Louisiana has forty percent of the nation's coastal wetlands, and more than two hundred species of birds still winter there. My favorite portion of this remarkable habitat is the Atchafalaya wetlands, North America's last great free-flowing river basin swamp. Both exotic and eerie, it is about as close to primordial nature as you can get inside the United States.

Located about a two and a half hour drive west of New Orleans, the Atchafalaya wetlands is a watery expanse about a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. Copper iris line the waterways in early spring, followed by marsh pinks and rose mallow. Behind the levees of Bayou Teche, Bayou Lafourche, and the Mississippi is the Atchafalaya Basin, laced with lakes and bayous and clumps of land that look like islands but have the consistency of coffee grounds, thick with cypress and willow trees. From April or May to October or November swamp lilies and water hyacinths thrive. So do water moccasins. And a person who steps carelessly can easily find himself up to his armpits in the ooze.

There are times when the only sound is the buzz of insects. A gentle breeze stirs up a scent of animal musk and flutters the pewter-colored Spanish moss dangling from the cypress trees. Cypresses, called "wood eternal" down here, grow about an inch in thirty years, and many in the basin approach a hundred feet in height.

The casual visitor can often see herons, white-tailed deer, even alligators, by driving down a back road anywhere in the wetlands. But experiencing the full beauty of the Atchafalaya Basin means exploring by boat with a knowledgeable guide. Staying overnight on a houseboat deep in the swamp is even better. The time before dawn is ghostly still—"as if every living being is listening to the silence of God," says bayou native Gerard Sellers. Then, as the sun appears, a chorus starts up, a cacophony of alligators, nutria, birds, and frogs.

The Louisiana wetlands are home to alligators, top left, and egrets, above far left. Above left: Cattle graze on Pecan Island west of the Atchafalaya Basin. Left: Closer to New Orleans, the Barataria Unit of Jean Lafitte National Historical Park and Preserves contains 8,600 acres of wetlands.

These moments have a special significance now that natural and man-made forces have become such a serious threat to this habitat. Each year Louisi-

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ana is losing more than thirty-five square miles of coastal wetlands.

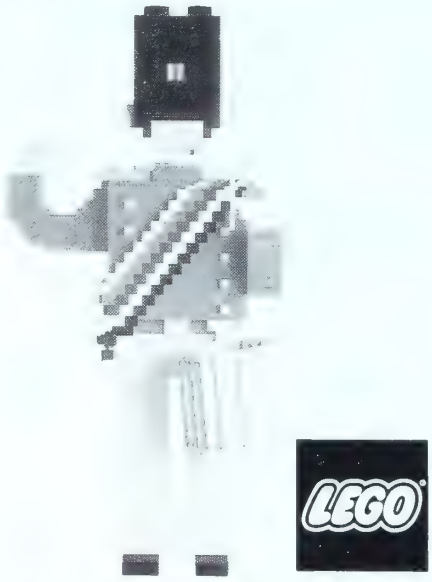
For those who want to see this magical, fragile place, McGee's Atchafalaya Basin Swamp Tours in Henderson (318-228-2384) runs fascinating two-hour wetlands tours on boats that hold about seventeen. My favorite leaves at 5 P.M., which allows plenty of time afterward for a Cajun dinner of turtle étouffée or river catfish at McGee's Atchafalaya Café. McGee's also offers specialized guided four- to five-hour tours or fishing trips, two people per boat, for $25 an hour. Houseboats can be rented in the adjacent marina.

Custom tours of private wetland preserves, estuaries, flora and fauna, and isolated bayou cultures from New Orleans to Texas can be arranged by Gerard Sellers (Abbeville, 318-893-4460 or New Orleans, 504-861-7878), a local documentary filmmaker and fifth-generation alligator hunter. One- or two-day adventures for up to six people are $50 an hour, with a three-hour minimum, plus expenses.

Close to New Orleans, the Barataria Unit of Jean Lafitte National Historical Park and Preserve (504-589-2330) has more than ten miles of walking trails in 8,600 acres of coastal wetlands. On full moon nights, the Park Service guides just ten canoes into the marsh. It is a hauntingly beautiful trip. Reservations are required. The Park Service can suggest local canoe outfitters who will deliver the boat to you in the park.

To stay overnight on a houseboat in the basin—an ideal arrangement for bird-watchers—contact Lloyd Dekerlegand's Basin Rental Services in Arnaudville (318-754-7570) for fully equipped, air-conditioned houseboats. Boats that accommodate six begin at $170 a night.

For those who prefer to sleep on land, Southern Comfort Bed and Breakfast Reservation Service (800-749-1928, fax 504-343-0672) maintains a list of private houses and inns. The Lafayette Tourist and Information Bureau (800-346-1958) does the same for hotels. ▲



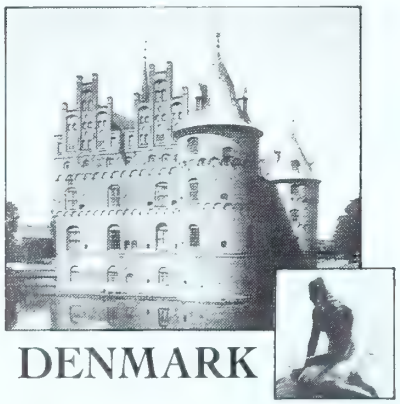
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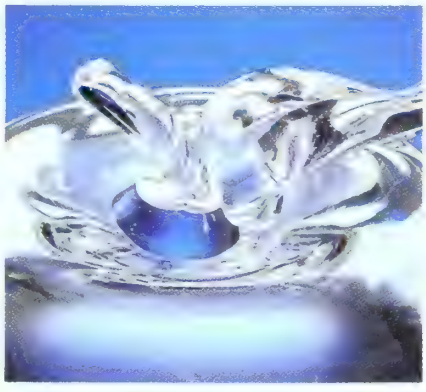


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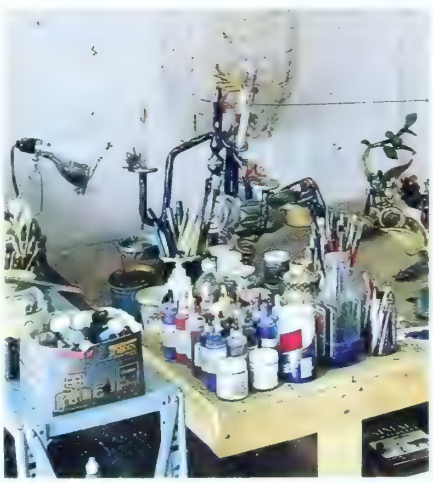
In Ginny Ruffner's hands, a fragile materi becomes a tool for rewriting history

BY PILAR VILADAS





Ginny Ruffner, above, in her studio. Top left: On the reverse of *Beauty as Medusa*, Botticelli's Venus becomes Caravaggio's Medusa. Top right: *Beauty Multiplies the Jugs and Fishes*, a feminist take on the parable. Right: Paints and pencils on Ruffner's worktable. Details see Resources.



Since day one, I've been trying to rewrite art history. It's a big job," says Ginny Ruffner, with a southern belle smile, about the work that fills her studio in a renovated loft building near Seattle's Pike Place Market. Georgia-born Ruffner studied painting but in 1976 turned to lampworked glass—heating and shaping glass rods over a flame. This offers Ruffner the best of both painting and sculpture, since she uses paints, pastels, and colored pencils on the glass pieces to produce a highly narrative art that probes, she says, "the meaning of beauty and its subjective nature," as well as the role of women in art.

Armed with art historical references, Ruffner turns myths inside out, as in *Beauty as Medusa*, a snake-ringed "mirror" showing the face of Botticelli's Venus on one side and Caravaggio's Medusa on the other. *Beauty Multiplies the Jugs and Fishes* is a sort of feminist reworking of the biblical parable of the loaves and fishes. Ruffner's next project is a series called *Stella at the Louvre*, which addresses the issue of male artists' power (Frank Stella is the case in point) and the fact that in the great museums of the world, including the Louvre, the vast majority of the artists represented are men. "Until we change the images that we base ourselves on, nothing will change," she insists.

Ruffner's work—which has appeared as a hologram in an Absolut vodka ad—is now on view at the National Museum of American Art in Washington, D.C., and at the Linda Farris Gallery in Seattle (both through Sept. 29). Ruffner is curating an exhibition on glass in contemporary art at the Tacoma Art Museum later this year and will be represented in several museum shows from Rouen to Hokkaido.

And as her aspirations grow, so does the scale of her projects. She attributes part of the change to her move last year into her new 1,200 square foot studio. "The size of the space determines the size of your work," she maintains. "If you have a lot of space around you, you think better." So after changing the world, Ruffner says, what she would really like is "three thousand square feet and a forklift." ♠

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Home Truth

A new exhibit explores the facts of domestic life

BY MARK STRAND



Christmas Window, Somerville, Massachusetts, by Mary Kocol, 1989.



Doug DuBois's *My Brother Luke, London,* 1989.

Looking at "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort," an astonishing group of photographs on exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art (Sept. 26–Dec. 31), we are confronted by the unpredictability of our homes and our lives in relation to others. The pleasures of domesticity seem to depend on the objects we surround ourselves with, and the terrors have to do with the expressiveness and volatility of our human nature. If we are middle class—and the majority of the photographs seem to be of middle-class households—chances are we feel some identification with our domestic surroundings, choosing and arranging them in ways that speak for us. Our homes are an essential part of how we present and even create ourselves. In addition, the show suggests that our dwellings are what separate and conceal us from the rest of the world, forming the outer limits of our privacy.

In a photograph by Mary Kocol, we look through the red glow of Christmas lights and the wavy glass of an old window to neighboring houses. Access to the world is both livened and prettified by what appears to be a desperate cheeriness. And yet, a naked light bulb hangs down as a reminder of the actual plainness of the life within.

In another photograph, by Gregory Crewdson, a crowded scene of blooming flowers, constructed of fake materials, is all one sees from the window, as if the terror of dissolution could be masked and the eternal spring of the window could save us. What happens is the opposite—the window's stifling ebullience strikes us as funereal and we think of the house as a kind of coffin.

Are we ever free, even within our own enclosures, or must we always find ways of further protecting ourselves? In a photograph by Doug DuBois, the act of reading separates family members from each other. There is no obvious terror here, nothing that implies anything but pleasure, except their disquieting separateness. They appear to have chosen not to engage or to look at one another. The X on the boy's magazine assumes an added power in this context as a symbol of cancellation. The pleasure of reading suddenly becomes sinister, concealing and signaling fear at the same time.

William Eggleston's photograph of a young girl standing on the porch of her miniature mansion suggests guarding one's privacy can never begin too soon. The child seems already practiced in what will become more than just the pleasure of ownership. There is a defiance about her stance, a precocious realization that she must protect what she has.

What do these photographs tell us we are afraid of? Contact with others, even members of our own family? Contact with anything that will disappoint us? Is this why we construct so many barriers around ourselves? And what happens when the sanctuary we call home turns against us and our furnishings take on an unpleasing familiarity? The answer is simply that sometimes we are prisoners, victims of a condition or a world that turns the pleasure of domestic comfort into modes of terror and leaves us unable to run from ourselves or the places we have claimed as our own.

In a photograph by Sage Sohier, a naked baby, adoringly viewed by its mother and father, shapes the oddly reassuring gesture of "OK" by touching the tip of its forefinger to the tip of its thumb. The baby is suddenly a prophet, knowing what is inevitable in any home but seeming to say, "It's OK, it's life." Our willingness to believe the baby will be tested by the extraordinary pictures in this show. ♠

William Eggleston's *Tallahatchie County, Mississippi,* c. 1970.



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Screen Play

Houston's Rusty Arena stages a silk screen revival BY JAMES LEWIS

Little about the outside of the converted machine shop in the Houston barrio provides a clue as to what takes place within. Not the chain link fence and overgrown yard, not the trains that rattle by, and certainly not the adopted neighborhood stray named Pierre who lazes against a wall. The interior is hardly more revealing: but for the gouaches on the walls, Rusty Arena's studio could be the office of a small car-parts wholesaler, and the center room—with its buckets of pigments, hundred-foot-long printing tables, and racks of silk screens—looks like the workspace for some disenfranchised art school.

The Texas heat overpowers the feeble fans; Arena has been known to answer the phone, "Fabrics from Hell." But the low-key look is misleading: Arena Fabrics is making a name with its gorgeous textiles for interiors, and everything, from the making of the screens to the mixing of the colors to the printing, is done here.

Silk-screening takes patience, but the more common alternative, roller-printing, creates a flatter design, Arena says, "and six months later you want to burn it. We're trying to create something with more lasting appeal." To that end, bolts of cotton, linen, silk, and velvet are stretched and hand-screened with as many as eight successive patterns in mixtures of transparent, translucent, and opaque dyes and metallic colors made of ground mica and pigment. And Arena may add even more texture by scratching the images on the screen with a penknife. The result is a deep layering of colors that appear and vanish as light plays across the cloth.

A self-taught painter, Arena has adapted patterns from Coptic textiles, Pompeian bronzes, and Renaissance art. "If I see something I like," he says, "I'll take it and reinterpret it so that it can be repeated." Over the next year he plans to introduce a contemporary line named Post-Atomic that will feature wide slashes and spots of intense colors—including two he calls "deep toxic green" and "proton pink"—and a tropical line with botanical forms reminiscent of Matisse cutouts.

Arena himself remains unimpressed with his six-year-old firm's recent successes, among them this year's AIA Artist and Craftsman Award and a brisk expansion in the number of showrooms that handle his fabrics. "I never wanted to be a businessman," he says. ♠

Rusty Arena, inset, with an array of his fabrics. Clockwise from top left: Corniche in lapis and bronze; Venezia in cyprus, gold, and bronze; Half Tone in lapis and copper; Niosh in frost; and Romba in flamingo. Details see Resources.

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Lasting Impressions

In his prints and pottery Eric Ravilious was a master of the fine line BY MARTIN FILLER

No people cherish their domesticity more than the English. That deep love of both house and homeland is reflected throughout English art and design, but rarely with the charm and poignancy of the work of Eric Ravilious. This gifted and tragic figure flourished between the two world wars and was a victim of the second, dying on a mission at the age of thirty-nine. But he is far from unremembered and indeed lately has become a cult figure among collectors, who avidly seek out the books and ceramics he enriched with designs at once nostalgic and modern. Though the diminutive scale and decorative nature of his small output confine his reputation to the so-called minor arts, Ravilious is as central to defining the Englishness of English art for his period as the wood engraver Thomas Bewick and the watercolorist Samuel Palmer were to the nineteenth century. All lived in times of upheaval and change and yet preserved a pure vision of their country that survives undimmed.

The outline of Ravilious's life reads like the scenario for a *Masterpiece Theater* series. He was born in 1903 to lower-middle-class parents in London. His artistic talents emerged early and he won a scholarship to the Royal College of Art. He studied under Paul Nash; his schoolmates included Barbarà Hepworth, Henry Moore, and John Piper; and he fell in love with a beautiful young student, Tirzah Garwood, whom he married despite her parents' objections to his social background. At the Royal College, Ravilious excelled at book illustration, and he took to wood engraving, then undergoing a widespread revival, with amazing skill. The limited-edition presses that sprang up during the twenties gave Ravilious ample opportunity to raise his woodcut technique to a mastery unequaled by any of his contemporaries. His compelling grasp of contrast—light versus dark, fragile line against rough-hewn plane, Renaissance allegory countering cubist abstraction—give a black and white vignette or a tiny tailpiece the imploded power of a miniature universe. His favorite themes of the seasons, months of the year, fireworks, the sun, moon, and stars all confirm a desire to create a microcosm bursting with energy and transcending the limitations of space.

Clockwise from top left: Alphabet plate, 1937; 1938 design in Wedgwood pattern book; Boat Race Day vase, 1938; Afternoon Tea plate, 1937; Garden plate, 1938; Travel plate, 1938.









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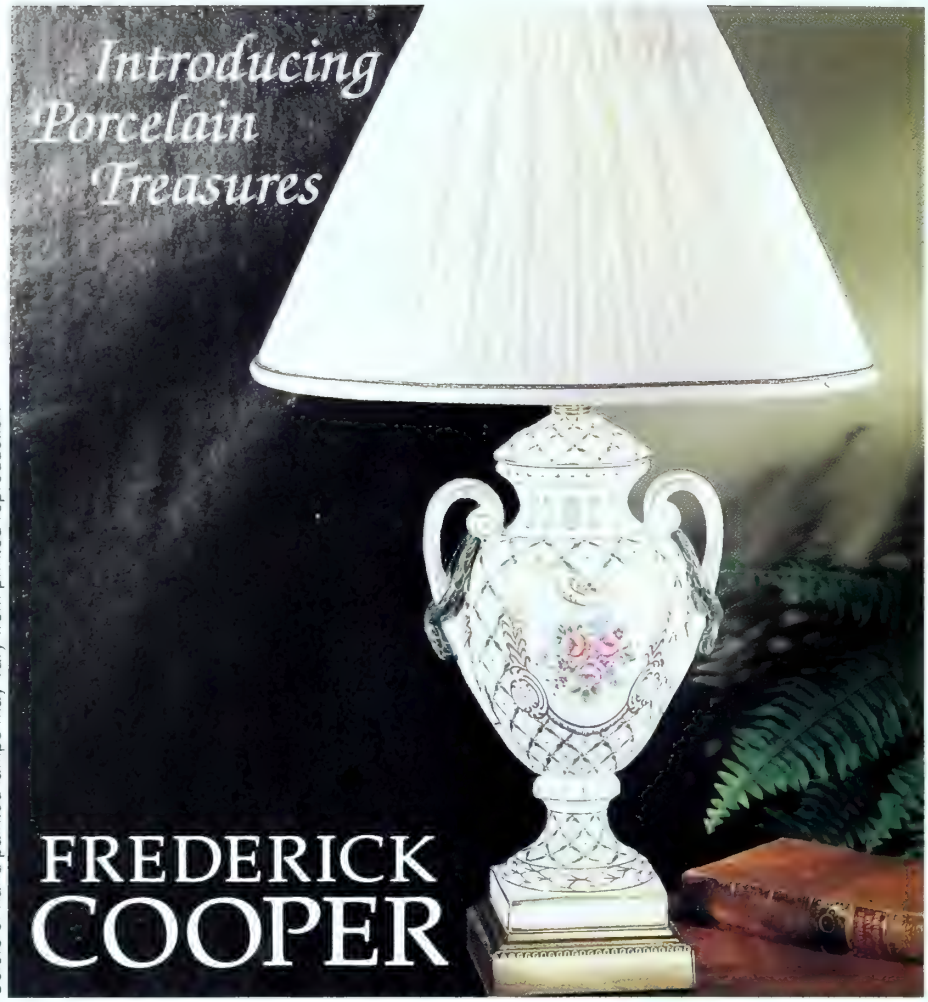
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Ravilious soon came to the attention of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, the venerable pottery at that time enjoying a notable resurgence of originality. In 1936, Wedgwood asked Ravilious to decorate a commemorative mug for the coronation of Edward VIII. That lively, unconventional treatment—a huge royal monogram flanking the British coat of arms beneath a frieze of explod-

The outline of Eric Ravilious's life reads like a scenario for *Masterpiece Theater*

ing pyrotechnics—was so admired that after the abdication it was revised for the crowning of George VI and again for Elizabeth II in 1953.

The simple traditional shapes Ravilious was given to work with, often in creamware, were ideal foils for his curvilinear ornaments, which were applied by the old method of transfer printing. In the three years before World War II, Ravilious poured out one imaginative Wedgwood china design after another: the sprightly Alphabet series for children, the suburban-pastoral Garden service, and the Noël dessert set with its spirited motifs of holly and angels.

Ravilious tried his hand at other domestic products: glassware, fabrics, and some exceptionally elegant Regency-inspired ladder-back chairs. But like many decorative artists, he craved recognition for his "serious" paintings, mainly landscapes which, though well drawn, lack the impact of his wood engravings. Thus he felt honored when in 1939 the British government asked him to become an official war artist to record the conflict for posterity. It was on a flight off Iceland in 1942 that the plane carrying Captain Eric Ravilious of the Royal Marines was lost. He was far from home, but his work survives, filled—as a poem he once illustrated says—with the "praise of a perpetual English April." ▲

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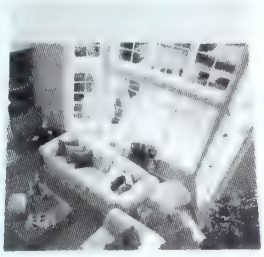
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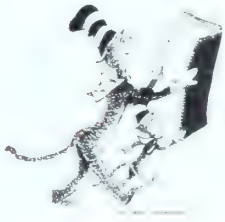
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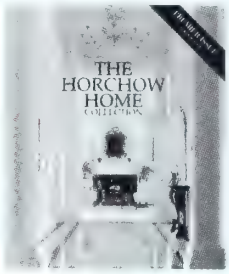
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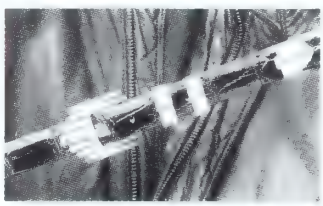
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The Well-Dressed House

When Susan McCone isn't outfitting her clients' wardrobes, she's decorating their rooms to suit BY BROOKE HAYWARD

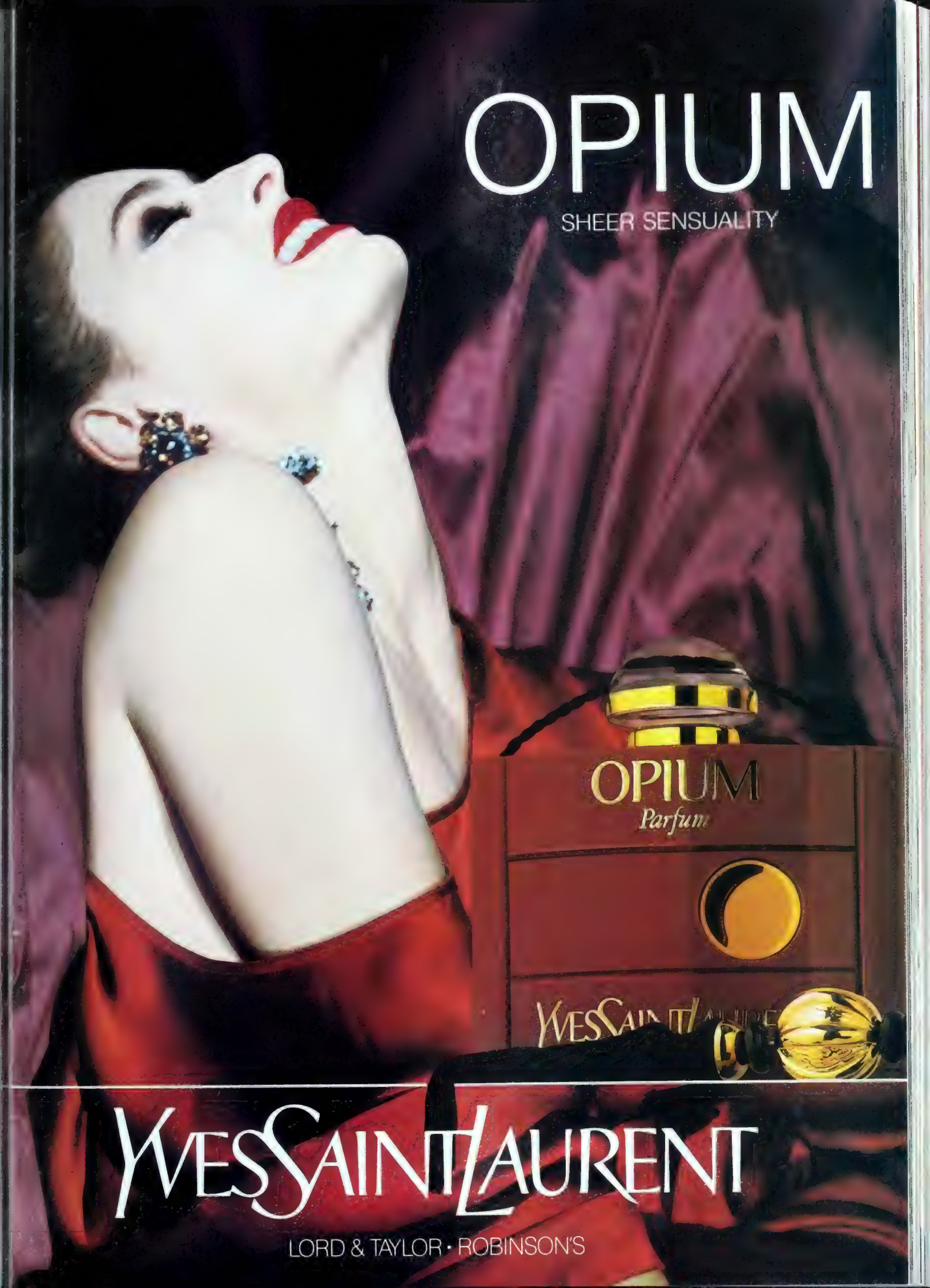


SUSAN McCONE NEVER SEEMS TO HAVE enough space to accommodate her creative energies. Eleven years ago, after a successful career as a securities litigator at the New York firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, she changed horses midstream to try her hand at designing custom clothes for professional women—women like herself, who refused to wear pinstripes. Operating out of the living room of the Upper East Side apartment she now shares with her husband, Robert Wessely, a lawyer, and their two cats, Edwina and Louis, McCone began stitching simple, versatile, exquisitely tailored jackets in bold patterns for day and sequins for night. Fellow lawyers and bankers ready for a less buttoned-up look found their way to McCone, and soon her cottage industry, which she called Jonal ("It's my middle name—a combination of John, my father's name, and Alyce, my mother's"), demanded larger quarters. Since then, with an ever-expanding following, McCone has moved shop from an office suite to a boutique to two floors of a town house. And this past spring she picked up again (lock, stock, barrel, and twenty-two employees) and took over three floors of a town house at East 73rd Street off Madison Avenue to make room for her recent expansion into home furnishings. After a decade spent catering to the wardrobes of discerning women (lapelless black satin jackets, pale pink ostrich handbags, and Audrey Hepburn *Breakfast at Tiffany's* hats in tangerine straw are recent Jonal staples), McCone is ready to decorate their houses.

Couturier Susan McCone, above left, in the living room of her Connecticut retreat. Above right: McCone mixes fashion and decorating at her New York shop, Jonal. Below left: Print curtains and walls lined with painted canvas in her city dining room. Below right: Edwina the cat holds court under a wall of Flemish mezzotints in the city living room. Left: An embellished flea market bust. Details see Resources.






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an old friend and fan of McCone's who persuaded her to broaden Jonal's inventory by sending eighteen crates of decorative accessories—from file boxes to tea cozies—with the instructions "Sell these." Many crates later, a floor of Jonal is devoted to what McCone considers the "things that give a room style and interest": nineteenth-century French alcove beds, library stairs that look like stacks of books, rose-colored shagreen boxes, and, of course, Nina Campbell's signature designs, including her new line of leopard-spotted rugs in primary colors.

From the first-floor showrooms to the top-floor workroom, where the clothes are created, Jonal looks like a series of miniature theater sets, thanks not only to what's on display but also to McCone's color sense. Although she was determined to line the walls with a neutral shade, she finally decided "beige would eat up my soul" and gave in to her craving for gold. Donald Southern and Cliff Schorr, decorative painters with years of experience fabricating film and theater scenery, immediately complied: their custom-developed line of hand-painted canvas wallpapers in subtle mottled shades—white gold, lavender and aqua gold, copper gold, and black gold—are now a Jonal trademark.

Against these backgrounds everything seems to glow, including McCone herself, busy expanding into furniture design—"I want to reinvent the grotto chair"—and children's clothing. In spite of her mad rate of success, however, McCone's style remains what it has always been: a baroque combination of the pragmatic and the fantastic. She might tell you that she was born to live and die in Venice and that her favorite colors are lapis lazuli blue, citrine yellow, carnelian red, and malachite green (colors to which she has dedicated entire rooms of her "jewel box" apartment). But she simultaneously adheres to a credo of easygoing elegance. In the Connecticut house, built in 1827 by Duncan Phyfe and since enlarged, the armchairs are covered in her family's own tartan (which Nina Campbell helped her recolor a crisp black, yellow, and cream), the curtains are breezy pale yellow linen, and the trellised garden with its great gazebo is the perfect setting for a tangerine straw hat. ▲

McCone's style is a baroque combination of the pragmatic and the fantastic

"Our clients," she says, "always lead us in the direction we need to go next." And it seems that at some point more than one of those clients noticed the sofa she was sitting on and the upholstery and asked, "Where can I get that?" Which is hardly surprising. McCone is as exacting about presentation as she is about fit and fabric quality, and her own apartment and Connecticut country house, which she decorated—and is constantly redecorating—are filled with the same sort of perfectionist details and groomed surfaces as the shop. At Jonal, examples of her latest fashion designs rise above the clothing racks to hang in gilded picture frames on the walls. And for the weary there are deeply cushioned love seats trimmed with a foot of gold fringe. "Our salons have always looked like living rooms," says McCone. "We unintentionally became a referral service for great decorating sources." Enter British interior designer Nina Campbell,



McCone's Connecticut house, top left. Center left: French 19th-century prints of lemons hang against a Nina Campbell wallpaper in the dining room where the table is covered with a tartan organza dress fabric. Above: For her country living room, McCone upholstered a pair of armchairs in her family tartan.

TSE
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LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

A fashion retrospective puts a new spin on Halston

THE HALSTON NAME ALONE EVOKES 1970S glamour: Liz, Liza, and the glory days of Studio 54. The Halston retrospective, opening at the end of October at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology, is certain to be dazzling, but curators Richard Martin and Harold Koda will also shed light on what a modern purist he really was. The innovative installation will include canvases stretched on wooden frames in the shapes of the patterns for the clothes. They provoke the viewer to think about the fashion designer's objective: to take two-dimensional fabric and turn it into fluid three-dimensional clothing. One sensuous chiffon caftan, deconstructed, is revealed to be a parallelogram that Halston spiraled around the body. Here we see the Halston who eschewed conventional tailoring to create fashion as if it were architecture, using the contours of the human body as his landscape. A master of proportion and detail, he redefined American style with his pared-down designs; he reached new heights of elegance both in evening wear and in casual daytime dressing, where he broke new ground with Ultrasuede and cashmere. The interior of his New York town house, with its clean lines, was also imbued with Halston elegance—further evidence that less can, in fact, be more. ♠



Architecture motion. Cloc wise from top left: Halston his signature black turtlenec 1980; silk organza evening pajamas and silk chiffon dres crepe evening tunic and pant bedroom in Halston's New York town house built by Pau Rudolph in 1966; hammered satin sarong with a wooden stretcher shaped like its pattern; Halston's living roon silk chiffon beaded caftan with a stretched canvas in th shape of its pattern.



PHOTO: HELMUT NEWTON



YVES SAINT LAURENT

rive gauche


GIANNI
VERSACE
PRÊT-À-PORTER

september

Editor's Page

It takes a particularly hardy and patient person to go through a full-scale, no-holds-barred renovation. Adventuresome, wise, and faithful—these are words that describe the owners who have restored centuries-old houses to modern-day approximations of their former glory. Fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld leads off this issue's honor role with his extraordinary restoration of La Vigie, a 1902 villa on a promontory overlooking the Mediterranean from Monte Carlo. It was merely a shell when Lagerfeld leased it in 1985. Maidstone Hall dates from the 1860s; the white clapboard and shingled house was sinking into its site when the present owner, armed with designer Michael La Rocca, launched a sixteen-month campaign to resurrect the twenty-seven-room mansion. Gary Hager's 1840s house received a new basement, support for its sagging porch, and another bathroom as well as careful restoration of its neoclassical detailing—but who could be better prepared for the task than an experienced decorator, especially if he's lucky enough to have for parents two antiques dealers who are willing to work. In an apartment in a prime building on Central Park West, designer Thad Hayes took as his starting point his vision of the original architectural details. There's more: a 1757 farmhouse that's home to a Swedish-American family, a look at hot fashion designers' country retreats by Wendy Goodman, Rosamond Bernier's highly personal account of Catalan influence in the paintings of Joan Miró (an excerpt from her eagerly awaited new book, *Matisse, Picasso, Miró as I Knew Them*), and Charles Gandee on a problem particular to late twentieth century life: what to do with the TV. I must admit to having confronted this and myriad other quandaries in my own all-too-recent and none-too-simple firsthand adventure in renovation.



Maidstone Hall: everything is new but its skeleton and its heart.

Mary Novograd

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Lagerfeld's Belle Époque



Photographing his villa in Monte Carlo, Karl Lagerfeld honors the spirit of a former resident as well as her aristocratic style

By Holly Brubach



he salon, *above*, Karl Lagerfeld
nds behind a chair of his own
ign covered in faille hand-
nted with a motif from a dress
n by Marie Antoinette. The fire
een is Louis XVI. *Opposite:*
sy, princess of Pless, in a portrait
Helleu. Details see Resources.





I HAVE GOT THIS VILLA QUITE nice at last with some gay chintz (which I love), mauve and pink wistaria, and instead of the horrible glaring chandeliers in the middle of the ceiling I have hired some shaded lamps," Daisy, princess of Pless, wrote of the Villa La Vigie in her diary in February 1909. Born Cornwallis-West, the daughter of a former mistress of Edward VII, Daisy was celebrated as one of the great beauties of her generation. Her sister, Shelagh, married the second duke of Westminster, known as Bend Or; her brother was Lady Randolph Churchill's second husband; Daisy married Prince Henry of Pless, a German and the heir to a large fortune. In her three volumes of memoirs, their lives, as members of a roving European aristocracy that congregated along the French Riviera during the winter months, are recorded in quotidian detail. There is Daisy, "*entourée* with Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses"; picnicking on the rocks at Cap Ferrat and singing for her children while her husband whistles the harmony; taking tea with the empress Eugénie at her villa nearby; whiling away evenings at the casino, where the croupiers keep a wary eye on the kleptomaniacal duchess of Devonshire; savoring a life soon to be swept away by the First World War. "This villa," she wrote of La Vigie, "is . . . built high up on a rock, a beautiful situation, one side grass and olive trees and in front cedar trees down to the sea."

It was twenty years ago, on his first visit to Monte Carlo, that Karl Lagerfeld first saw La Vigie—the Lookout. "I was at the country club," he recalls,

Villa La Vigie, *above left. Left:* As a backdrop to Louis XVI chairs in the dining room, Lagerfeld converted ornamental panels from period boiserie into folding screens. *Opposite:* A Louis XV sofa and chairs in the guests' sitting room are upholstered in the same red damask that covers the walls. In the corner is a bust of the dancer Marie-Madeleine Guimard, a star of the 18th-century Paris Opéra. The Savonnerie-style carpet is Russian, c. 1850.





"What a pity that you've let that house fall apar



Roses are arranged in the manner of an 18th-century still life in a basket atop a gilt neoclassical column. *Left:* Curtains in taffeta available from Brunschwig hang in the library behind a desk by Roentgen.

gerfeld told Prince Rainier





"bored by the tennis," and looming in the background was this great ruin of a house. He made inquiries and learned that it belonged to the Société des Bains de Mer, a company largely owned by the principality. "What a pity that you've let that house fall apart," he told Prince Rainier years later. Lagerfeld offered to fix it up, provided he could have the use of it for the rest of his life. In 1985, he got the lease; the following year he started repairs. By that time only the shell of La Vigie remained: there were gaping holes in the roof, the doors had disappeared, the floors had fallen through.

The house, built in 1902 for an Englishman, was designed to take advantage of the sea on three sides. Seen from the Grande Corniche, it sits alone on a promontory, nestled among trees, apart from downtown Monte Carlo, where glass and concrete condominiums shoehorned into the winding streets compete for light and air. La Vigie has been described as a wedding cake, with its high colonnades and a balcony jutting from every window; it is painted a soft white, which the glow of the Mediterranean sun turns the color of butter cream.

When it came to reconstructing the interior of La Vigie, there was not much to go on. Lagerfeld installed a new staircase modeled after Marie Antoinette's at Saint-Cloud. On the basis of some ceiling beams, a frieze, and a fragment of wallpaper remaining on the second floor, he re-created a Gothic room fit for Gabriele D'Annunzio. In the course of his research, he came across the memoirs of the princess of Pless, whom his mother had known in Germany, and

The enfilade beyond a chaise longue in the master bedroom, *opposite,* links a salon and breakfast room. *Above left:* The breakfast room, known as the family room because it is furnished with pieces from Lagerfeld's mother's boudoir, has Biedermeier chairs, a Gustav III daybed, and an adjustable table à la Tronchin. *Left:* The Elisabeth Salon takes its name from the sister of Louis XVI for whom Boulard made the armchairs.



Lagerfeld has neatly divided the upper floors into territories. "I don't want people wandering around in bathrobes," he declares



Turn-of-the-century corbeled beams origina the villa inspired Lage restoration of a neo-Go guest room. The armch is French, c. 1850, and the 1880s chest is Italia Stenciled satin covers t walls. *Opposite:* The designer's own bed can is a copy of Voltaire's.



it is to her spirit that the house is dedicated. In the salon downstairs he erected a row of columns like the ones she had in her salon at Fürstenstein, her husband's family seat in Silesia.

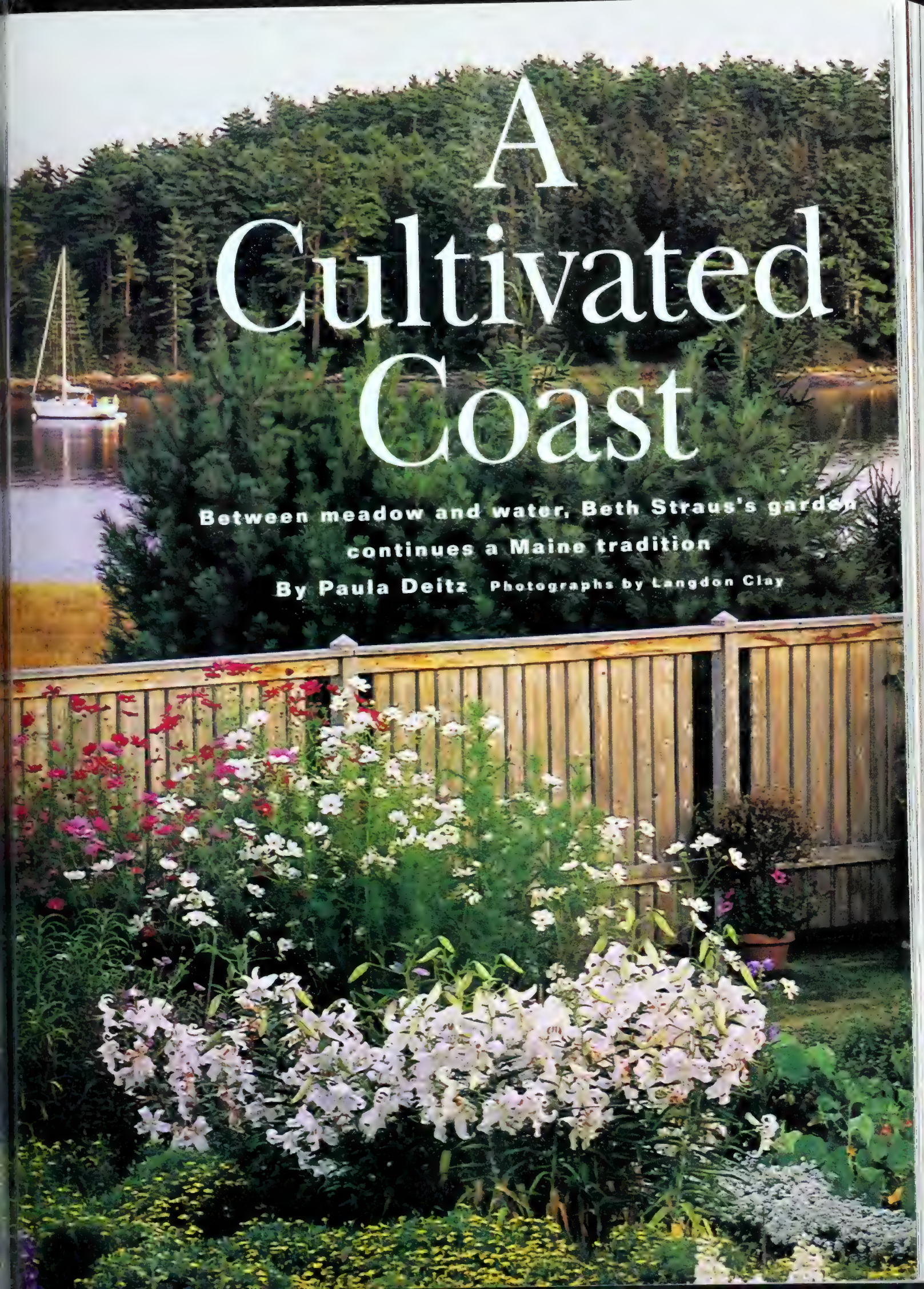
The decorator with whom Lagerfeld embarked on La Vigie's restoration was soon relieved of her duties, having failed to satisfy his absolute perfectionism, and he took over. By the time the packing crates full of books and clothes were finally unloaded in 1988, he says, the refurbishment had already been done twice. But it was only as he began to settle in that he came to understand the way the house should be, so he had much of it done all over again. The wrought-iron furniture by André Dubreuil in the second-floor salon was removed "because it frightened the guests," he explains, and shipped off to his house in Hamburg. Lagerfeld says that re-creating La Vigie has taught him a lesson: "You have to live in a house and know its circulation in order to furnish it decently. I will never again finish a house before I move in."

Lagerfeld has neatly divided La Vigie into territories: the main floor, everybody's; the second floor, the guests'; the third floor, his. He arranged the two guest suites upstairs with a sitting room of their own in between, *(Continued on page 194)*

La Vigie is not a typical Côte d'Azur house; it's more "like a dream of what you think life was like before the First World War"



Overlooking the village harbor at Somesville, Maine, Beth Straus's vegetable and cutting garden offers the brilliant seaside hues and sweet fragrances of late summer. Beyond boats moored in Somes Harbor are Bar Island and Norumbega Mountain.



A Cultivated Coast

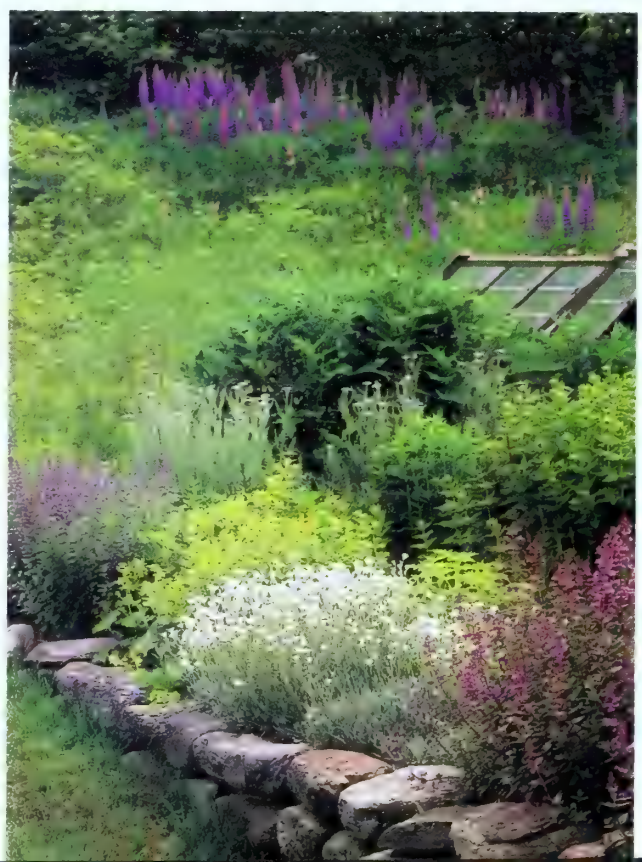
Between meadow and water, Beth Straus's garden continues a Maine tradition

By Paula Deitz Photographs by Langdon Clay

ON SUMMER DAYS ALONG THE coast of Maine, there is a moment when stillness prevails. In her 1896 story about a coastal village, "The Country of the Pointed Firs," Sarah Orne Jewett describes this as "the slack water period of the early afternoon" when "the very boats seemed to be taking an afternoon nap in the sun." Jewett's friend the poet Celia Thaxter, who lived and gardened on Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals ten miles off the coast, wrote of a similar pause in *An Island Garden* (1894). Looking out from her shady piazza, she gazed across her "happy flower beds" to "grassy, rocky slopes shelving gradually to the sea, with...blossoming grass softly swaying...against the peaceful, pale blue water."

Since change comes slowly to the Maine coast, the scene remains almost the same—especially at Somes Meadow, a property with a white clapboard house at the head of a meadow overlooking the village harbor at Somesville, Maine, where Beth Straus began creating her summer garden nearly twenty years ago. Currently senior vice chairman of the New York Botanical Garden and a volunteer there for over forty years, Mrs. Straus has long been dedicated to the excellence of horticulture in the city. But she is also one in a distinguished line of women who appreciate that gardens in Maine are partners to the rugged beauty of the mountainous and rocky coast—the borrowed landscape beyond the garden fence. Besides Jewett and Thaxter, there were Beatrix Jones Farrand, the landscape architect who lived at Reef Point at nearby Bar Harbor, and the writer Katharine S. White, who gardened in Brooklin on Blue Hill Bay.

Seeds brought from abroad are added to the Maine mixture

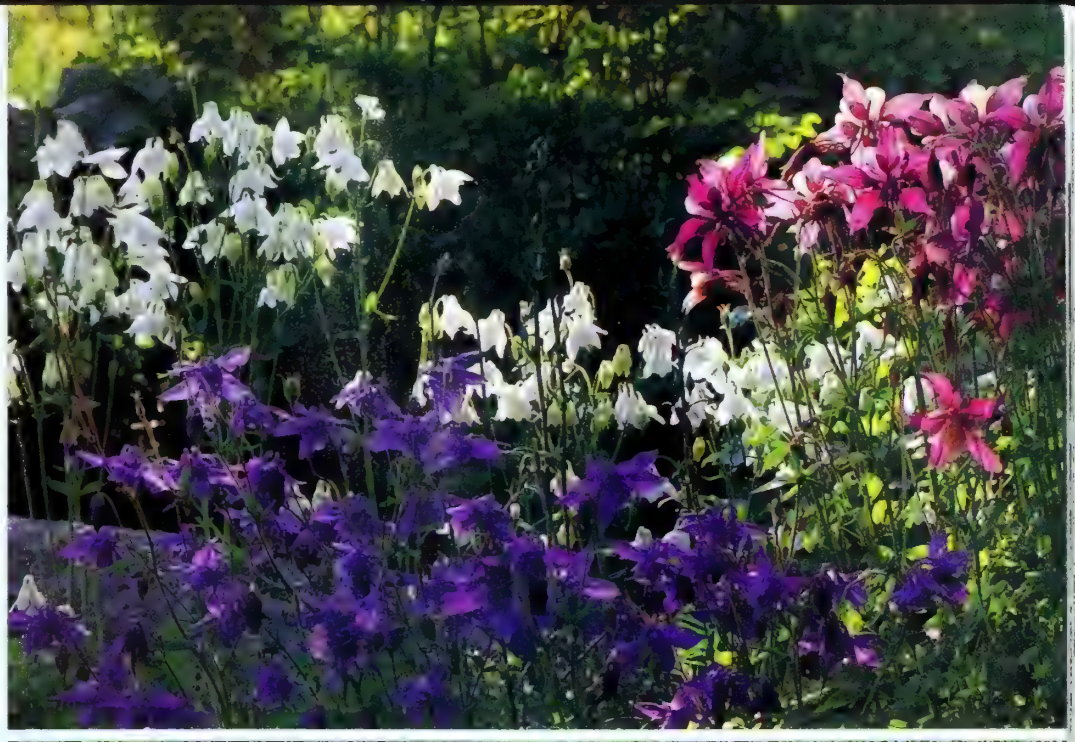


"There was so much

beauty here that at first I thought a garden would be redundant to the meadow," Beth Straus recalls. "But I wanted a garden and finally tucked it in so as to enhance and retain the character of the landscape." She remembers early on looking out across the meadow in spring when it was a field of buttercups. Suddenly, the yellow flowers all took flight as a flock of goldfinches flew away. Now in June, the tall spikes of masses of wild lupines whose seeds Beth Straus scatters every year make of the meadow a second ocean of purple blue as the morning mists rise above Somes Sound and Bar Island. This view across the water, one of the few fjords on the East Coast, has an unexpected Nordic serenity.

Somesville preserves the independence and integrity of a year-round village, unlike neighboring towns that are mainly summer communities. The house at Somes Meadow, formerly a summer hotel with popular afternoon teas, is located near where the first permanent settler, Abraham Somes, landed on Mount Desert Island in 1761. Much of the surrounding wilderness has been incorporated into Acadia National Park. Although Beth Straus and her husband, Donald, live in Manhattan, they keep their Maine house open throughout the year, since Donald is a trustee of the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, a school dedicated to human ecology and environmental concerns. Beth Straus is chairman of the Asticou Azalea Garden in Northeast Harbor.

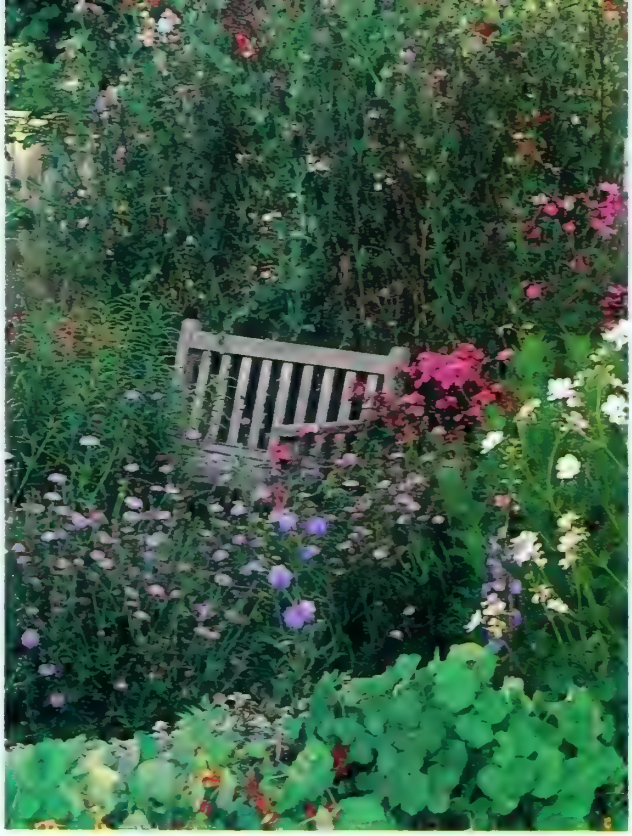
What is now the garden at Somes Meadow is actually a collection of gardens formed over the years on the edges of the wilder landscape. The first and largest is the 80-by-64-







The gray of a cedar board fence, *opposite above,* sets off scabiosa, white alyssum, and nasturtiums. *Opposite below:* In the greenhouse cottage garden, alchemilla, nepeta, dianthus, and bushy thistle cluster near a field of lupines. *Right from top:* Columbines in the shade garden; veronica, coreopsis, delphinium, nicotiana, and campanula in the dooryard garden below a daylily border; lupines overflowing the spring meadow.



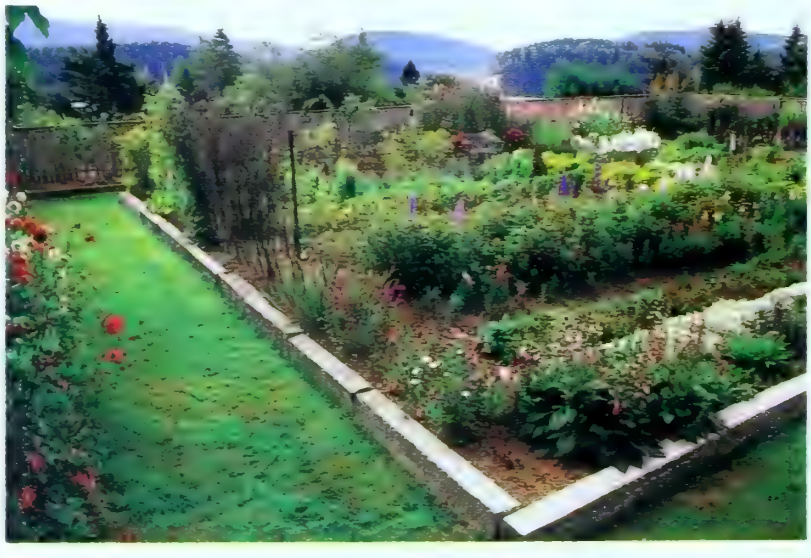
root vegetable and cutting garden, which occupies the site of the old clay tennis court. In feeling, it is very like Celia Thaxter's rectangular garden as portrayed in Childe Hassam's paintings, burgeoning with the brilliant seaside hues of poppies and roses against the silver gray of a weathered board fence. Because of strong coastal gusts, the rough cedar planks are spaced to lower wind resistance and keep the fence standing. The openings also offer glimpses of the garden to people walking up the hill from the landing.

The large central bed of the garden, planted in utilitarian rows, is framed by granite curbstones quarried and cut locally. From the garden gate, the main axis across this bed, a narrow path through a double row of marigold 'Lemon Gem', leads to a weathered garden bench backed by a lacy wall of sweet peas, twigged up, as they say down east, by fine birch branches gathered in the woods. From the grass walk around the central area, views extend across the panorama of bright colors and regimental rows of mixed flowers and vegetables of various heights: nasturtiums, zinnias, snapdragons, beets, lettuce, and shallots, to name a few. Almost all the annuals and perennials are grown from seed, beginning with delphiniums in February. Coming home to Maine from trips to other regions or abroad, Beth Straus often arrives with small envelopes of seeds to add to her mixture. She has been guided in this endeavor by Paul Ritter, a retired neighbor from New Jersey, who has gardened with her during the past ten years. "We taught each other how to garden," she says.

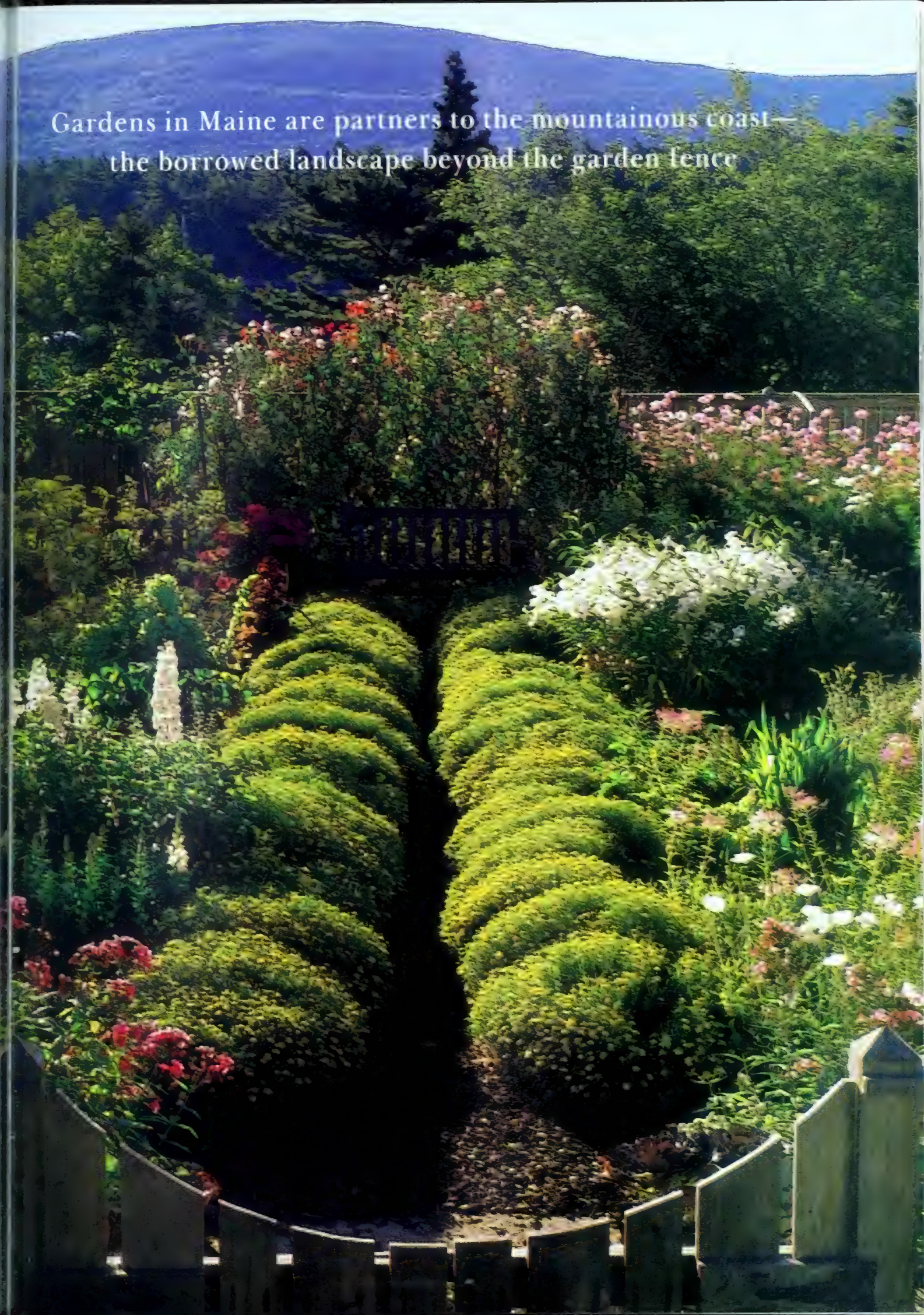
Regardless of the season, there is a sense of balance, a richly multicolored striped carpet across the sound from Norumbega Mountain. Along one perimeter bed, roses and dahlias rise above a frilly edge of parsley, and two smaller rectangular beds encompass a strawberry patch and the herb garden with lovage, mint, sorrel, dill, and scented geranium. Elsewhere, rosemary topiaries grow in terra-cotta pots. Raspberry canes and five kinds of high bush blueberries are screened from the birds by a light nylon mesh, and pole beans provide a tall green filigree along one edge of the garden.

Warm colors give way to cooler passages—pink, white, and lavender with a touch of yellow—in planted areas away from the water, particularly in the shade garden, raised above a stone wall with columbine, astilbe, and thalictrum. In a small cottage garden around a greenhouse, a preponderance of silver foliage offsets the pale colors. Both of these gardens blend into a meadow of wild grasses and daylilies, with a few old apple trees beyond. The meadows are mowed once a year, in September, and a path from the harbor cuts across the grassy slope on the waterside through a screen of spruce trees that partially shields the dark green-shuttered house and its long deck.

When it comes to cutting and arranging flowers, Beth Straus agrees with Celia Thaxter's notion that "they look loveliest . . . when each color is kept by itself." Of the five major arrangements in the living areas one may be all of white with lilies, petunias, and phlox, and another a mixture of magenta dahlias and purple asters. Beth Straus used to specialize in spare oriental arrangements for her modern New York apartment, but now the Maine cutting garden has inspired these generous bouquets of many different flowers. But what is most Maine is the intimacy of the dooryard garden. Seen from afar as a fringe of color below a stone wall, this sunken border across from the main entrance includes artemisia, hosta, nepeta, thalictrum, and sedum 'Autumn Joy' with a honeysuckle tree at one end. Laid out in a great semicircle, the artfully simple border is not unlike one described by Jewett in her story: "There grew a mass of gay flowers and greenery, as if they had been swept together by some diligent garden broom." ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*



Rows of marigold 'Lemon Ge edge a narrow path from the garden gate, *opposite*, to a weathered garden bench, *abo* set in a bower of sweet peas, dark pink phlox, purple campanula, and white cosmos *Left:* Surrounded by curbston of locally quarried granite, rows of vegetables and flower in the central bed are rotated annually. Bare twigs supporte peas earlier in the season.

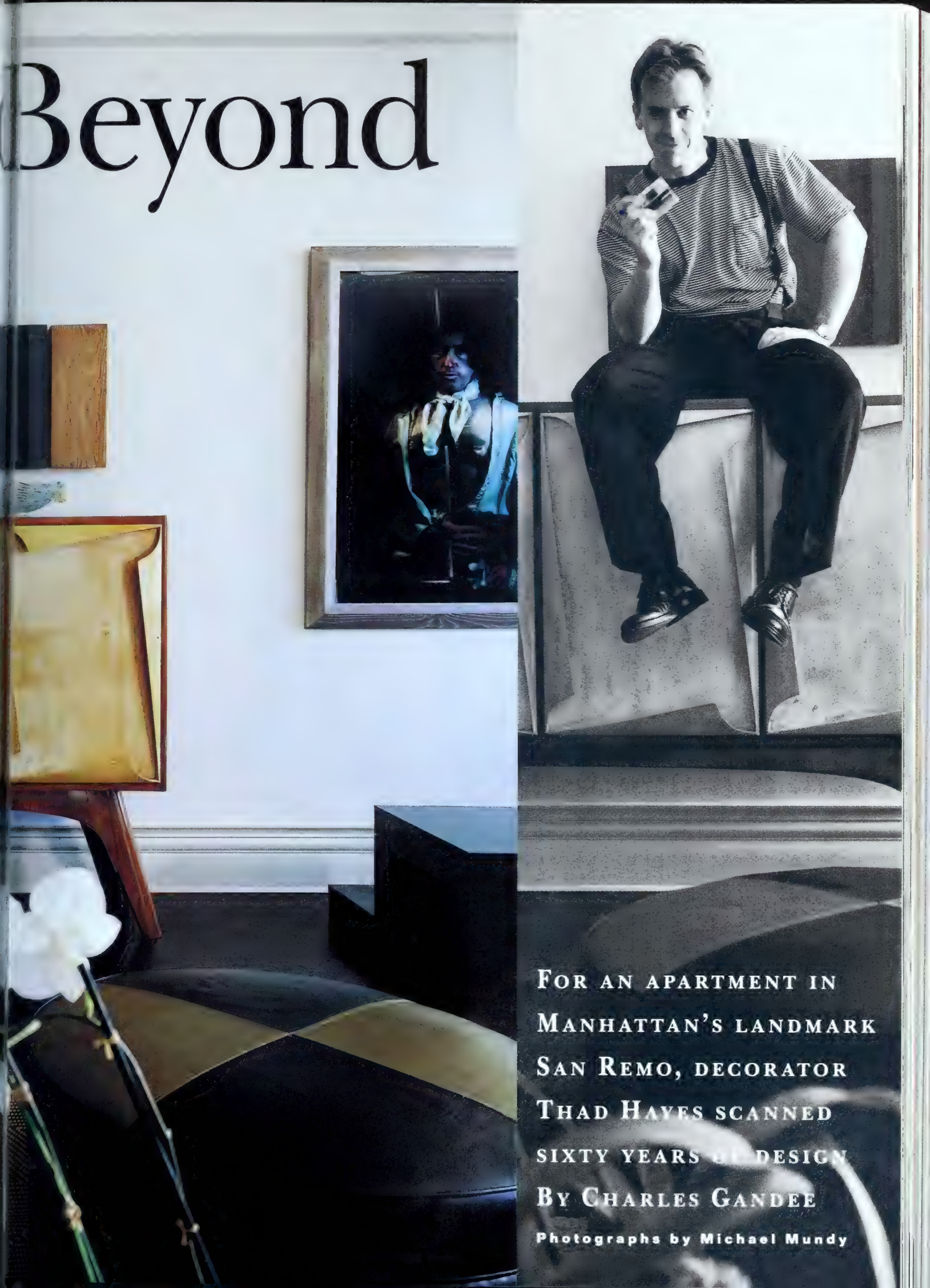

Gardens in Maine are partners to the mountainous coast—
the borrowed landscape beyond the garden fence

The '30s and



Thad Hayes, *opposite*, atop the massive parchment and mahogany bar, attributed to Gio Ponti, he installed in the living room of a West Side apartment, *above*. The quirky cabinet, from Fred Silberman, NYC, is flanked by a late 1920s Venini feather sconce and a Cindy Sherman portrait. Details see Resources.

Beyond



FOR AN APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN'S LANDMARK SAN REMO, DECORATOR THAD HAYES SCANNED SIXTY YEARS OF DESIGN

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Michael Mundy



Custom-upholstered pieces in André Bon velvet provide a neutral armature for the curious collection of furniture, objects, and artwork Hayes assembled. The view from the living room to the bedroom includes furniture by Charles Eames, Otto Wagner, and Jacques Quinet and artwork by Joe Andoe, Greg Colson, Peter Halley, and Ross Bleckner. Sea grass carpet from Rosecore. *Opposite above:* In the entry, a 1930s Italian sphere is suspended above a 1920s Italian table.

Hayes's goal was to create the illusion that the apartme





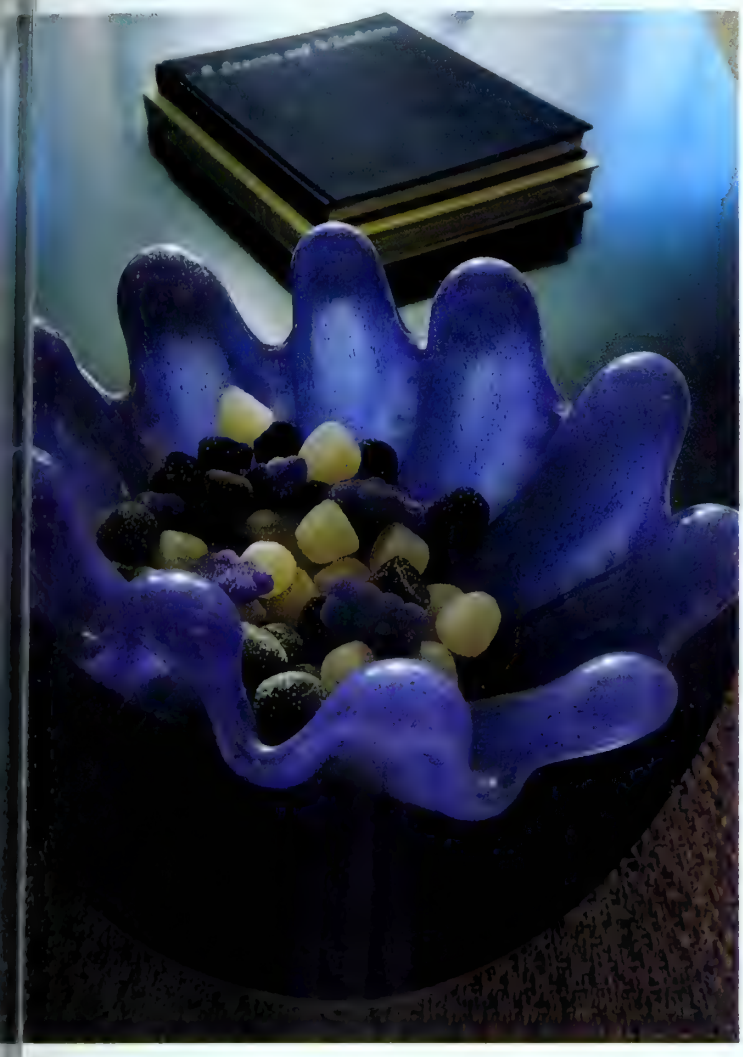
IN 1930, BEFORE THE ADVENT OF gypboard walls, hollow-core doors, and vinyl windows with snap-on mullions—not to mention such guaranteed-to-make-a-developer-smile concepts as low ceilings and L-shaped living-dining combinations—architect Emery Roth built his residential masterpiece on Central Park West, the San Remo. Although the Dakota, two blocks south, may be the more famous name-brand building—assuming the role of Jackie O. to the San Remo's Lee Radziwill—there's something slightly ominous, slightly menacing, about the gabled and turreted pile John Lennon, Gilda Radner, and Leonard Bernstein once called home. (Not for nothing was *Rosemary's Baby* filmed there in 1967.) In other words, this is one instance where the second sister may, in fact, be preferable. Especially to those who place a high priority on things gracious, things genteel, things discreet. (Tellingly enough, Madonna, a San Remo wannabe, was turned away at the door by the co-op board: Rita Hayworth was one thing, the ambitious blonde quite another.)

There's nothing like the San Remo back in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where decorator Thad Hayes grew up. No majestic twin towers with palatial lobbies presided over by uni-

been untouched by time—almost



Because his bachelor client likes to watch TV during dinner, Hayes situated the cust lacewood and mahogany "media cabinet" in the library within easy visual reach of the Jacques Adnet macassar ebony table in dining room. *Opposite, clockwise from top le* A Barovier "clam" bowl on an Eames coffe table; a Stickley stool against hammered a wainscoting; Roseville's Raymor coffee serv on the mahogany and parchment bar; a copper and bronze lamp attributed to Tom Parzinger on an Otto Wagner mahogany-ta





"The juxtaposition of furniture and objects is sometimes symbolic"







formed doormen who hail taxis with silver whistles. No chance of bumping into Yasmin Khan or Diane Keaton in the hall. No local gossip about how much Bruce Willis and Demi Moore paid for their triplex upstairs. And even though Hayes hied northeast in 1978 and since that time has succeeded in ascending to a more than respectable rung on the decorating establishment ladder, there's still enough of the wide-eyed boy from Baton Rouge left in him to succumb to the allure of old urbane Manhattan.

"Initially, I reacted to the place—not to the apartment exactly but to the idea of the 1930s San Remo and its New York society," acknowledges Hayes, recalling his first visit to the two-bedroom apartment that his client, a bachelor anesthesiologist, bought from actress Michael Learned (of *The Waltons* fame). The thirty-five-year-old decorator's reaction to the sixty-one-year-old apartment shell took the form of deferential treatment. It seemed only natural and appropriate, for example, to strip and reglaze the five sets of steel casement windows overlooking Central Park, to replace deteriorated baseboards, crown moldings, and trim, to replaster plaster walls—in essence, to restore what was already there. It also seemed only natural and appropriate, according to Hayes, to seek aesthetic inspiration in the building for the inevitable architectural additions and emendations required: such as the new mahogany French doors that recall, thanks to their slender mullions, the casement windows; such as the new passage opening the living room to the bedroom; such as the all-but-new kitchen, which, save for the Gaggenau, the Sub-Zero, and the KitchenAid, could be old. Hayes's goal, in other words, was to create the illusion that the apartment had been untouched by time. Almost.

"I used many shades of off-white, which isn't apparent. I like that perversity in design"

If Hayes's first response to the stylistic armature supplied by the San Remo was reverence, his second response was to play off the vintage thirties theme—to push and pull and prod the apartment somewhat further along in the twentieth century. To build this decorative bridge between then and now, Hayes relied on his keen eye and acquisitive hand, both of which were well utilized as he searched the vintage-furniture emporiums of lower Manhattan choosing pieces that collectively offer a cross-section of the century, slicing, as they do, neatly through the thirties, forties, fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Since Hayes's client is also an enthusiastic collector of contemporary paintings and sculpture, the later decades do not suffer from lack of representation. "The apartment really is about a love of collections of dissimilar

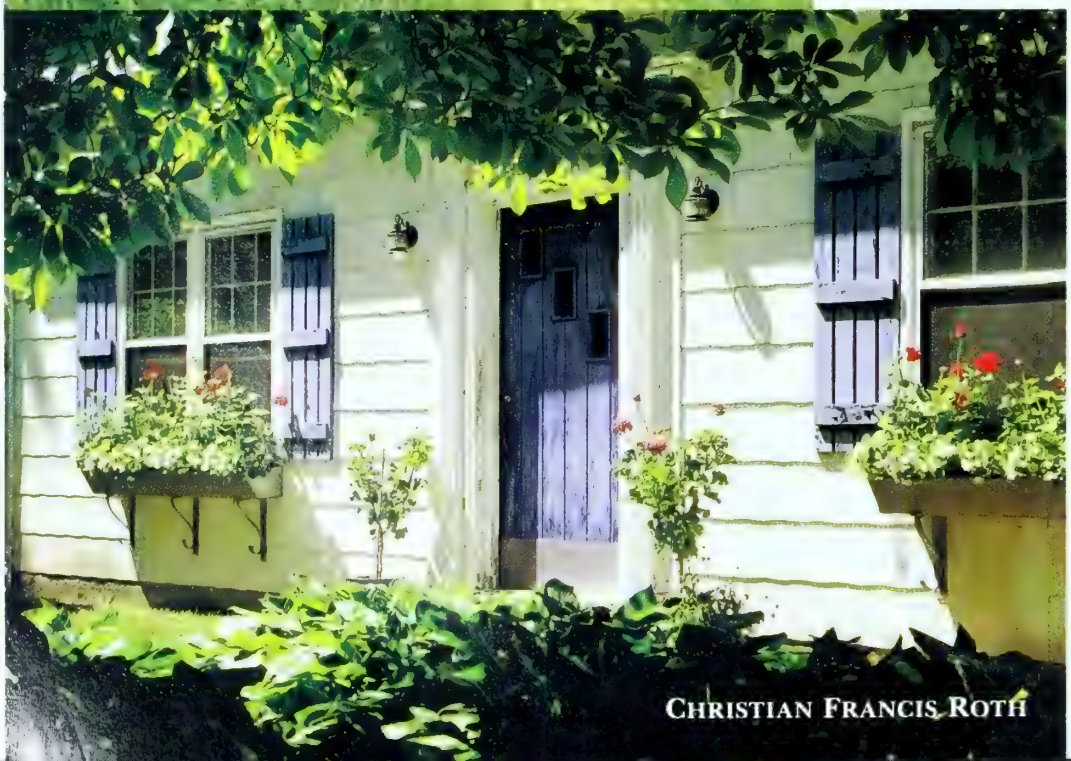
(Continued on page 198)



American art deco night tables and brass and ebony lamps from the fifties flank a massive mahogany four-poster Hayes designed to anchor the bedroom, *opposite*. Bed fabric from André Bon. *Left:* In the library a 1985 Ross Bleckner crowns a daybed in green velvet. *Above:* Mahogany meets stainless steel in the kitchen where Hayes blurred the distinction between old and new.







CHRISTIAN FRANCIS ROTH

"HANNAH HAS AN AMAZING RURAL instinct," says **Christian Francis Roth** of his wife. "She grew up with the real thing. I'm being exposed to country living for the first time." The designer and his Ohio-born wife have just settled into their house outside Cold Spring, New York. "I like the unpretentiousness of this house and the way Hannah has decorated it," Christian says. "I do what she tells me to do. This is her domain."

It was Hannah who found the house. "Basically," she says, "the only criterion was cheap. I can take anything and make it comfortable and attractive to us." Here the challenges included uneven cement floors and

Escape from Seventh Avenue

Three hot designers cool off in the country

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Ruedi Hofmann

opposite above utside his house in Spring, New York, *ite below.* In the ry, *opposite above* he painted the grass r, while his wife, ah, transformed rown linoleum into a checker- l. *Above:* They left tained plywood e the wainscot.





stained plywood paneling in the living room. The floors had to be painted, but the paneling survived. "The previous owner found cheap materials and made them look interesting, and I really appreciate that," Hannah says.

Christian is still scouting for antiques on weekends. "If I'm not working, I get nervous, and shopping takes my mind off of work," he explains, adding that he is going to install a sewing machine and worktable upstairs. "I don't know how to relax. Hannah is helping me with that." Says Hannah, "I make him mow the lawn."

For **Michael Leva,** winding down means gardening. Leva, who was headed for a career in landscape architecture until he discovered the more immediate satisfaction of fashion, has spent two years landscaping his parents' property in New Jersey. "At first I was overwhelmed," he recalls. "The house was sitting in a barren field." He fantasized about a wildflower meadow, but gave in to his mother's desire for a pool and his father's obsession with lawn mowing. The result of his planning and plant-



Leva, *far left,* tested the colors of the dress worn by model Teresa Stewart by juxtaposing yarrow and lady's-mantle in the garden at his parents' New Jersey house. *Above:* Foxglove towers over poppies and loosestrife mixes with roses in the beds near the pool. *Left:* Salad from the garden. Details see Resources.



ng is a sweep of lawns and beds that seems to have been in place for years.

"For me making the garden is similar to making a collection," Leva says. "The clothing is inspired by the fabrics, just as the garden is inspired by the various plants and how they work together. I'll try color experiments in the garden before I'll try them in the collection." One such test: an intense yellow yarrow with silver green foliage planted next to chartreuse lady's-mantle. "I'm anti–garden snobs," he adds. "I like to play. Here I wanted plants like goldenrod, *Rosa rugosa,* field daisies, poppies." His next garden will be his own: "I'd love to find a little farmhouse in this area where I'll plant a wildflower meadow for starters."

Bill Robinson discovered his "place to go and stop," a 1723 stone house in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, about seven years ago. It was, he remembers, "love at first sight."

"I'm amazed at how much nature soothes me," Robinson confides. In the summer, he sets up an alfresco living and dining room on the grass behind the garage. "It's a beautiful little room," he says, "shaded by weeping willows and carpeted by a thick lawn with patches of wild strawberries." The cozy country-gentleman interior of mixed-period antiques is a blend of local finds with things he has collected during his travels.

This is one sanctuary where work is strictly off limits. Muses Robinson, "It never occurred to me until I had this house to take a vacation and stay home." ♠



Robinson, *above right,* in clothing from his spring collection, calls his 1723 stone house in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, his "place to go and stop." *Above:* In the summer he sets up an outdoor living room behind the garage, with old chairs, a sofa draped with a vintage shawl, and a vista of lawn, pool, and cutting garden. *Right:* The alfresco dining room, complete with chandelier.



The Catalan





WHILE CREATING A WORLD OF HIS OWN, THE ARTIST LOOKED BACK TO BARCELONA AND HIS BOYHOOD HOME

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER

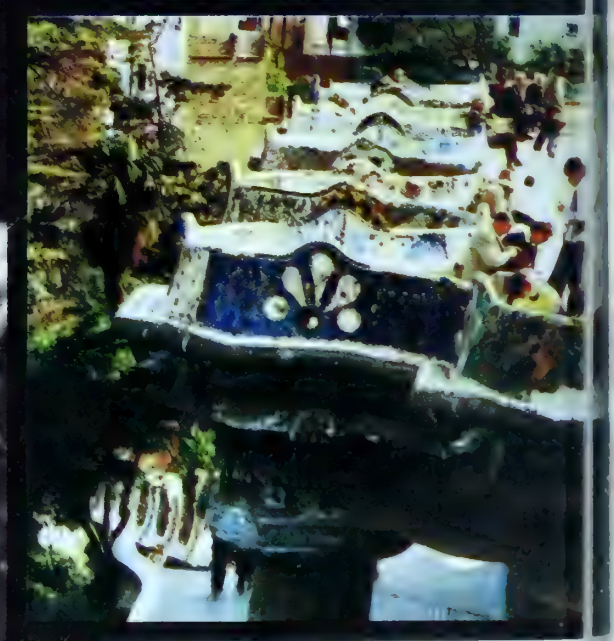
Eye of Miró



"WEAR A CROWN of eyes around your head," said the teacher at the art school in Barcelona. The short round-faced young man did just that—and he never took it off. His name, Miró, means "he looked" in Spanish. And if you drop the accent on the "o," as people often do outside of Spain, it turns into "Miro"—"I look." What better name for this painter whose candid blue gaze was to record every last detail of his Catalan environment and the vast reaches of the stars?

This most reserved and silent of artists was born in Barcelona in 1893, but it was the countryside near Tarragona at Montroig, where his family bought a farm when he was eighteen, that never failed to nourish his art. "The smallest thing in nature is an entire world," he used to say. "I find my themes in the fields and on the beach. Pieces of anchors, starfish, shells—they all turn up in my paintings, and so do the preposterous heads of mushrooms and the seventy-seven shapes of the calabash." Montroig, which means "red mountain," was a magic place for him, and he went back periodically whenever he was depressed or exhausted or simply needed recharging.

Miró's first paintings after art school were of Montroig. *The Farm,* which he began there and finished in Paris in 1922, was like a loving inven-



ory of farm life in microscopic detail. Although Miró was drawing on the same rich material in *The Tilled Field,* of 1923–24, imagination had already overtaken—even transformed—reality, and most of the immediately recognizable elements had been codified into his personal shorthand.

Miró had moved to Paris for part of every year and was in close contact with the surrealists, both artists and writers. He admired the use of poetic metaphors by his writer friends—and transformed what they did into a series of visual ideograms. In his art, as in their poems, conjunctions without precedent were made to seem the most natural thing in the world. In *The Tilled Field* a tree sprouts an eye and an enormous ear, a lizard pops up in a dunce's cap. Miró's dual allegiance to Catalonia and Paris is celebrated by the tricolor and Catalan flags on the left.

It was in 1954, when I was preparing material for my magazine, *L'Oeil,* that I got the idea of asking Miró—who often came to Paris for his graphic work—what I should show of his native city. Somewhat to my surprise, he offered to show me around himself, so I set off from Paris with Brassaï, the photographer, and joined Miró and his wife, Pilar, in Barcelona.

Barcelona is the capital of Catalonia, a region very distinct from the rest of Spain, with its own history, its own heroes, its own language, its own literature, its own dance—the sardana—handed down from the Greeks. I soon found out that Catalans are passionately patriotic about their region and its accomplishments. Their own culture became even more precious to them under repression. Under Franco even the Catalan language was banned. It is impossible to understand Miró without taking into account his almost religious veneration of his Catalan background.

We were to meet in Barcelona, where he still worked in an old building in the Pasaje del Crédito, just off the Ramblas in the Gothic section, where he was born. I had the address but I didn't know the apartment number. Miró was already a celebrated artist in France and America, and I presumed he was well known in his own country. However, there was no one in the little conical porter's lodge, so I went from floor to floor, knocking on doors and asking for "el pintor Miró." No one had heard of him.

When I finally found him, Miró wanted to show me right away the work of the visionary architect Antoni Gaudí. Gaudí was a passion of his—the embodiment of Catalan genius in all its singularity and invention. He took me first not to the well-known Sagrada Familia church but to the park that he knew as a boy, which was commissioned by Gaudí's major patron, Count Güell. What Miró liked best about this park on the outskirts of the city was its total fantasy combined with precise calculation, technical ingeniousness combined with moments of pure improvisation. This could be a description of Miró's own way of going to work.

The park in question incorporates leaning columns of rough-textured



To understand Miró one must take into account his almost religious veneration of Catalonia



Rosamond Bernier and Miró in Barcelona, *opposite left,* **photographed by Brassaï in 1954. The tilework is part of a bench,** *opposite right,* **in Gaudí's Güell Park.** *Above right:* **A red cap recalls regional dress in** *Head of a Catalan Peasant,* **1925.** *Right: The Farm,* **1921–22, a record of the painter's family homestead, was bought by Ernest Hemingway after Miró finished it in Paris.**

stone and has a large plaza bordered by a serpentine bench in colors that sing out in the Catalan sunshine. Gaudí bought up odd lots of broken ceramics—fragments, bits of teapots, plates, bathroom tiles, anything—and set the pieces into the wet concrete of the bench.

As I looked closely with Miró at the details, I would notice little faces, or motifs such as circles, which seemed to come right out of one of his own compositions. In fact, as I went around with him, I began to see through his eyes—everything turned into a Miró; even the round stopper of my bath with its two eye-like screws and lever of a nose became a typical Miró personage.

After leaving the park, we went to visit a famous apartment building, designed by Gaudí before 1910, called the Casa Milà. It has an arresting façade, with undulating, chesty outlines, but Miró was even more delighted with the imposing figures, like medieval knights and spiraling lozenges, that function as chimneys and ventilators on the top of the building. We climbed up to the roof to see them. What touched Miró particularly was the fact that those astonishing sculptural forms are almost hidden and difficult to see from the street.

Then we trod what for Miró was hallowed ground—the Museum of Catalan Art, above the town on Montjuïc. In that museum, Catalan Romanesque frescoes—mostly from the twelfth century—had been brought together from small churches (many of them derelict) in the mountains. This was the art that meant the most to Miró, and over and over again it called forth a clicking of the tongue and an upward shake of the head in ecstatic approval. "These *(Continued on page 197)*.



SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK. MIRÓ PAINTINGS REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ARS, NEW YORK/ADAGP

In *The Tilled Field* of 1923–24, an eye gazes from the foliage of a tree and an ear sprouts from the trunk, reflecting Miró's admiration for the surrealist art and poetry he encountered in Paris. Catalan flags and the French tricolor are emblems of his personal and artistic allegiance. The ox recalls beloved cave paintings at Lascaux and Altamira.

"The smallest thing in nature is an en



ld," Miró would say. "I find my themes in the fields and on the beach"



North Shore Manor

A Swedish-American family with four children and three dogs enjoys life on a Long Island farm. By Bob Felner

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson Produced by Deborah Webster



For Max and Sophie, *right*, Mayville Farm's trellis doubles as a jungle gym. *Above:* In the low-ceilinged library, Bennison floral linen, needlepoint pillows, and a leaf-pattern Stark carpet create the effect of a bower. Details see Resources.



A TWISTY DRIVEWAY OFF A BUSY leafy country road on the north shore of Long Island leads through a dark wall of pine and maple to Mayville Farm, a rambling white-shingled building linked by a trellis to a small red nineteenth-century schoolhouse. A Swedish flag flies over the lawn, dappled with shade from a large willow. The setting seems so serene—until I push through the gate and enter the covered passage leading to the back door. That's when I hear the dogs—a low-pitched baying, like seals barking for fish—followed by a clatter worthy of a locker room at a Big Ten school. Inside, a trio of basset hounds charges the unwary visitor; instantly my socks and ankles are wet with basset kisses. Anna, the cook, is in the buttercup-yellow kitchen baking something sinful. Then there is a scrimmage of children and part-time Scandinavian nannies to deal with. Finally I reach the welcoming and remarkably calm adult confines of this lively lived-in house.

When the owners of the bustling establishment, a Swedish businessman and his American wife, first saw Mayville Farm sixteen years ago, they were still dating, and the 1757 house was home to a pair who might have been their mirror image: a Swedish woman and her American husband. The farm, complete with a former schoolhouse that had been moved from what is now a rhubarb patch and painted Swedish red, was just what the couple was looking for. There were only two complications: the young lady wasn't sure she wanted to marry, and the young man wasn't sure he could afford the house if she didn't. Into the balance came Essie, the housekeeper. Essie, it seems, wouldn't leave the house whoever bought it, and she told the young woman, "No more pushing a vacuum cleaner. I want to raise some kids."

Essie got her wish. After a courtship that entailed double-dating at a restaurant in Little Italy with his basset hound, Hubert, and his driver, Joey—at separate tables, of course—the Wall Street trainee from Stockholm and the decorator from New York bought the house and married. Since then he has become a successful businessman in Sweden, she has opened a flourishing antiques shop in nearby Locust Valley, and they have added four children and several generations of dogs to their ménage.

Even the dogs should have dual citizenship. When photographer Bruce Weber used Barker, son of Hubert, in his pictures for Ralph Lauren's fall 1987 collection, one of the outtakes was dispatched to Barker's intended bride in Sweden. The result was a marriage between Barker and Bridget, a union that produced Donatello. I'm told that King Erik of Sweden sent a miniature of himself to Queen Elizabeth I of England in an unsuccessful attempt to woo her. Barker, fortunately, fared better.

During my friends' first four years in the house, they made no major improvements. Since then they have added a tower (which later became their elder son's room) connecting the upstairs of the main house with the garage, replaced the old crumbling pool, and entrusted the garden and landscape planning to Nancy Taylor of Innocenti & Webel. The furniture and decorating were the province of the wife, who has created a wonderfully personal blend of pieces from her husband's native Sweden with what she calls "rejects" from her own shop. The house reflects the couple's Anglo-Swedish taste, with lots of nineteenth-century English tables, chairs, and chests, and Swedish furniture, silver, and pottery along with kilims, nineteenth-century Russian carpets, nee-





The family's basset hounds, *opposite*, make themselves comfortable in front of the living room fireplace. Swedish candlesticks, Swiss bull and cow, and 19th-century lacquer cachepots stand under a French bird painting. *Below:* The heart of Mayville Farm is a white-shingled house built in 1757. *Above:* A pair of 18th-century Danish portraits flank a late 19th century English bamboo commode and carved-wood lamp in the library.

dlepoint pillows, small genre pictures of flowers and dead game birds hanging by their feet, portraits of Scandinavian worthies, lamps made from tea canisters, découpage urns, and a herd of decorative animals, printed, painted, and carved.

Guests who take a more formal route than I do and choose to enter through the front door find themselves standing on a kilim in a tiny mustard-colored hall where two carved stags' heads and an antler mirror hang above a slightly overripe eighteenth-century Swedish daybed in its original moss green gaufré velvet. Almost every horn and hook on the wall bears witness to the family's talent for accumulating hats, caps, and sports gear.

Off to the right, a narrow passage with the seven-foot ceiling typical of an eighteenth-century cottage gives way to a double-height post-and-beam living room with twelve-foot-high mullioned windows that look out on the lawns and the pool. The oldest part of the house, it was originally a barn. The cool serenity and dazzling light of the room makes it a particularly restful place from which to witness the summer's athletic contests without being urged to participate. The library, on the other hand, with floral

The furniture is a congenial mix of pieces from the husband's native Sweden and from the wife's antiques shop







linen on the walls, generously padded old chairs, and light filtered through green and cream silk lampshades, is the perfect spot to pass a winter's afternoon.

In the dining room, the William IV mahogany extension table with carved dogs reclining on its legs is always opened to seat eight or ten, and fourteen leather-upholstered side chairs are scattered on the kilim. Occasionally the father's seven-foot-tall stuffed gorilla from F.A.O. Schwarz joins the family at the table for a glimpse of Anna's high-cholesterol specialties.

It is hard to imagine a more comfortable house. The last time I visited with a friend we found ourselves in an all-out water gun duel: two grown-ups against three kids, one nanny, and one Danish exchange student. My friend's pants were soaked, and mom couldn't understand why her kids were so wound up at suppertime. Mayville Farm is one of those special places—crazy enough to put the Marx Brothers at ease, and cozy enough to make a guest feel like a late-afternoon nap. ♠

Eight or ten pairs of feet regularly crowd the mahogany dogs carved on the legs of the 19th-century English dining room table, *opposite above*. The silver candlesticks on the table are Swedish, as is the velvet-covered 18th-century daybed used as a settee in the front entrance hall, *above*. *Opposite below:* The American chandelier over the Swedish painted table and chairs in the kitchen combines antlers with a carving reminiscent of a ship's figurehead. The curved banquette is upholstered in Rose Cumming chintz. *Left:* In the kitchen, two Swedish majolica plates hang above an antique spoon rack.



Cristina chats with Hugo and Max from her perch on a Gustavian-style bed. Wallpaper from Cowtan & Tout sets off a Danish flower painting and decoupage urns on the mantel. Curtain fabric from Brunschwig, carpet from Stark.



It is hard to imagine a more welcoming or more comfortable house than Mayville Farm





Shozo Toyohisa's winged monitor, Primitive Androyd.

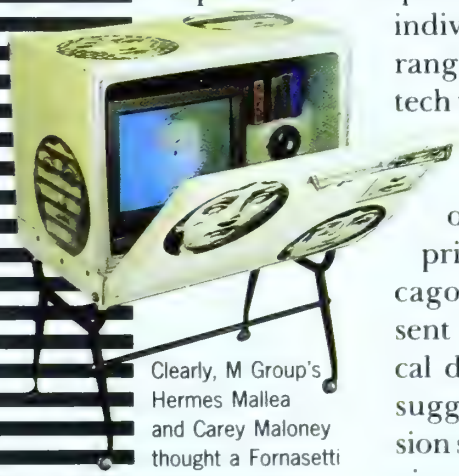
Thirty-nine solutions to the perennially puzzling problem: what to do with the TV?

By Charles Gandee

If the people at Nielsen are correct—and who would question the people at Nielsen?—there are 186 million television sets operating in th United States. Whic brings up an interestin design question: what do with 186 million telev sion sets? Because I w curious to know, I put in call to 105 architects, ar ists, designers, and decorators. "What are yo doing with television sets these days?" Their r sponses, not surprisingly, are as varied as the individual talents and tastes- ranging, as they do, from hig tech to no tech, from put it on pedestal to pretend doesn't exist. Not ever one, however, got into th prime-time spirit. One Ch cago architect, for exampl sent a rather explicit anatom cal drawing, which effective suggested putting the telev sion set in a place I had not pr viously considered possibl Maybe he was thinking of lat nite cable. Stay tuned.



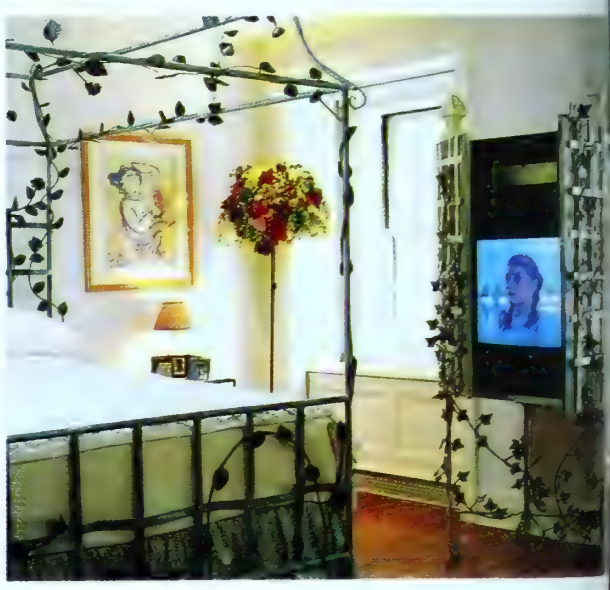
Contrary to appearances, *Edward Scissorhands* was not the inspiration for high-tech hotshots Henry Smith-Miller and Laurie Hawkinson, who adapted a professional photographer's movable light-track system for a decidedly downtown Manhattan apartment. Details see Resources.



Clearly, M Group's Hermes Mallea and Carey Maloney thought a Fornasetti refrigerator would be a cool place to keep the TV.

An elegant variation on the tried-and-true TV-in-the-armoire theme is M Group's retrofitted reproduction Italian baroque secretary from Dampierre & Co., NYC.





For a client who wanted to "sleep in a garden," John Ryman designed an ivy-covered bed with a companion ivy-covered "potting shed" for the TV.

STYLED BY ELAINE HUNT



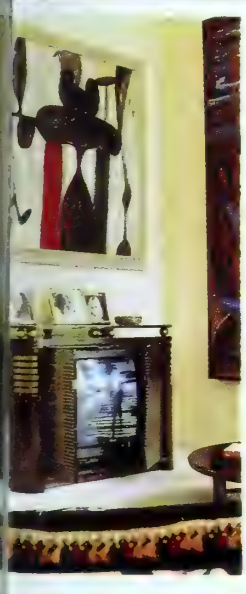


Not surprisingly, chintz prince Mario Buatta recommends a draped, swagged, and tasseled pop-top TV table from Joseph Biunno, NYC.



To some the concept has negative associations with hospitals. To others Pivotelli brackets simply get the TV off the floor—allowing more space for, among other things, exercise.





Never two to make a fuss, designer Joe D'Urso and client Tom Flynn set a small TV on a barely-off-the-floor shelf in a Hamptons guest room.

It seems New York architect Peter Marino shares Frank Gehry's fascination with fish. Witness Marino's lacquered and gilded TV cabinet adorned with "abstracted" fish scales.



Bibliophiles may balk, but Stephen Shadley and Richard Gillette sawed off six shelves' worth of books—almost down to their bindings—which they then affixed to the TV cabinet door in a Fifth Avenue library.



For two film producers whose idea of a good time is curling up with a video, Joe D'Urso transformed a corner of a town house living room into a viewing platform complete with pillow-strewn banquette.

"Television sets, it seems to me, resist all attempts to be concealed from view. Like English bicycles, they do not allow any tampering"

PAUL RUDOLPH, ARCHITECT

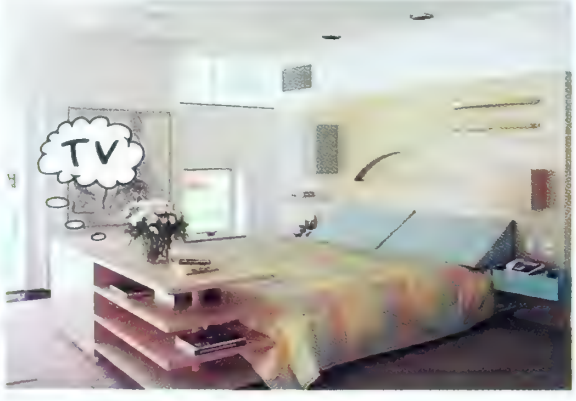


Los Angeles decorator David James likes things vintage. So it made perfect sense for him to install contemporary components in a blond wood forties TV cabinet he found in an antiques shop.



Twenty-five years ago it would have been called a home entertainment unit. Now, however, architect R. Scott Bromley calls his state-of-the-art sound and video installation a "fireplace wall." Times change. And so, it seems, our notion of "hearth."

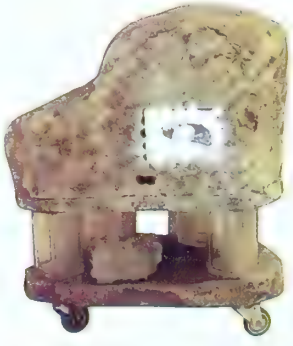
What could be more modern than the footboard incorporating magazine shelves and a pop-up TV that nothing-if-not-modern Arquitectonica designed for a house overlooking Lake Michigan?





The writing is on the wall in a Manhattan triplex designed by architect Steven Forman, who masterminded a Big Brother–scale audiovisual setup on the apartment's third-floor media deck.

"AS A RULE, WE DON'T CONCERN OURSELVES WITH CREATIVE IDEAS FOR

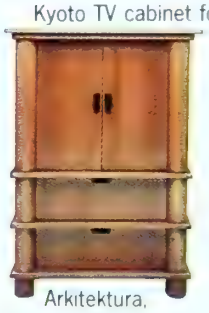


Wilma Flintstone might have chosen Alfred Gorig's cabinet from Modern Stone Age, NYC.



Designer Kurt G. Holsapple's TV "temple" recalls the glory that was Rome.

Michael Graves's Kyoto TV cabinet for Arkitektura, NYC, proves that postmodernism can be polite.





Albert Hadley's mahogany TV cabinet for Luten Clarey Stern is nothing if not gentlemanly.

The doors on architects Trix and Robert Haussmann's mirrored TV cabinet operate by remote control.



Even before there was an Operation Desert Storm, Los Angeles designer Brian Murphy sandbagged a TV.



In decorator Waldo Fernandez's Beverly Hills house, now you see it . . .



. . . now you don't.



may look as if Popsicle sticks were involved, but in ct, architect Frank Israel chose two-by-fours to assemble e did-it-myself TV cabinet in his Hollywood bungalow.

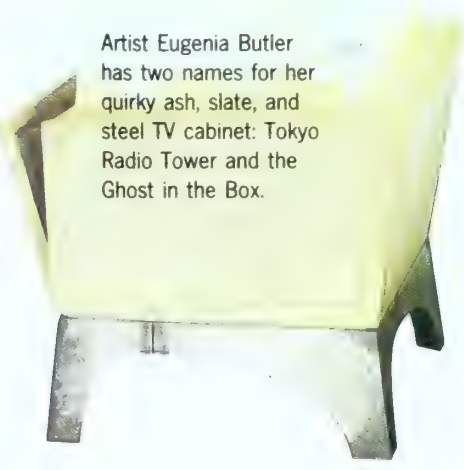


"AS I SEE IT, THERE ARE TWO CHOICES: EITHER PUT IT BEHIND CLOSED DOORS OR FIND A PRETTY ONE AND HIDE THE CORD"

SAL LAROSA, ARCHITECT



Artist Eugenia Butler has two names for her quirky ash, slate, and steel TV cabinet: Tokyo Radio Tower and the Ghost in the Box.



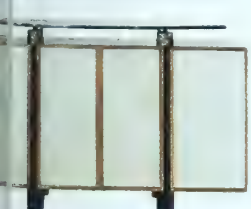


Cheers executive producer James Burrows called on architect Charles Lagreco and decorator Sid Shier to design a media room complete with his and hers Le Corbusier chaises.

TELEVISION SETS. HEY, IT'S THE '90S AND A TV IS A TV" ROBERT CURRIE, DESIGNER



ner Dakota Jackson uses onze, parchment, and marble TV cabinet extraordinaire.





The artists and architects at SITE Projects produced this "TV living room" scheme for—who else?—MTV.



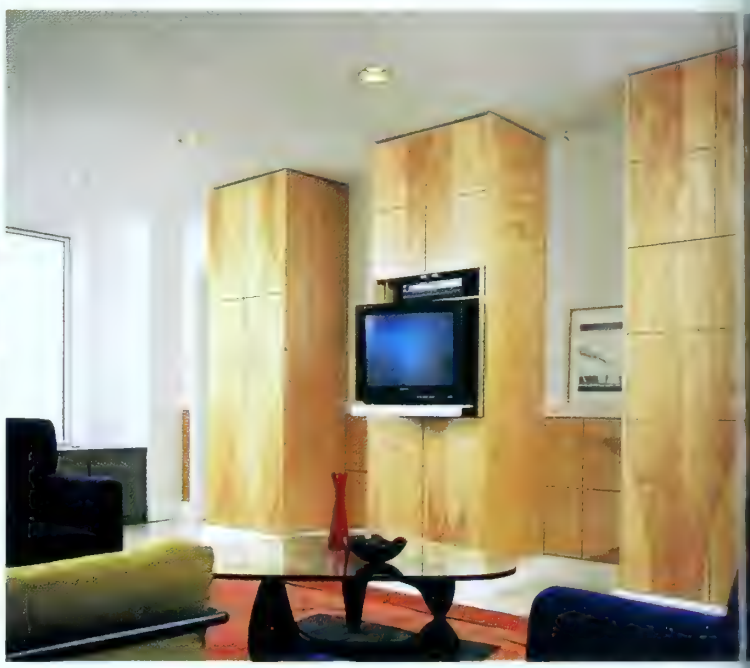
To some, artist Phil Garner's answer to the what-to-do-with-the-TV question is the best.



Dangling periscope-style in restaurateur Larry Panish's New York kitchen, architect Frederic Schwartz's suspended TV incorporates its cord as a sort of high-tech garland.



You can watch *Flash Gordon, Barbarella, 2001: A Space Odyssey,* and *Star Wars*—all at once—on the four-screen TV in the master bedroom of a futuris Chicago penthouse by architects Ron Krueck, Keith Olsen, and Mark Sexton.



Three white-birch storage cabinets anchor the living room wall of a Central Park West apartment by architect Alisor Spear. The center cabinet opens to reveal a TV on a tray

"WHO NEEDS TELEVISION WHEN YOU HAVE ARCHITECTURE?"

ROBERT A. M. STERN, ARCHITECT



Sister architects Gisue and Mojgan Hariri devised an under-the-kitchen-counter TV cabinet that makes the view toward the kitchen even more enticing.



A bowed bird's-eye maple cabinet by architect Ming Wu combines TV, clothing, and audio storage in one.

Los Angeles designer Thomas Callaway embedded actor Horton's TV in a thick wall. Then he covered it with rough antique doors in the Spanish colonial style Horton prefers





Even when it's turned off, artist Kenny Scharf's TV is entertaining.



For a greenhouse dining alcove on Manhattan's West Side, designer Clodagh made sure there would never be a lull in the conversation.

"TELEVISIONS IN ARMOIRES? VERY MIDDLE CLASS"

ANDRÉE PUTMAN, DECORATOR



True to his minimalist calling, architect Richard Meier hid a client's TV in a white box at the foot of the bed. A flick of a switch and the TV rises.



No screen is required with the projection TV system that features a frame devised by architect Shirley Chang. The white wall above the mantel does quite nicely.

In a Manhattan high rise, architect R. Scott Bromley installed a swiveling wall-mounted armature to make sure that the TV was visible from any point in the master bedroom.



"My answer to the television set question is bury it! If you bury it in the backyard, turn the volume all the way up before shoveling in the topsoil"

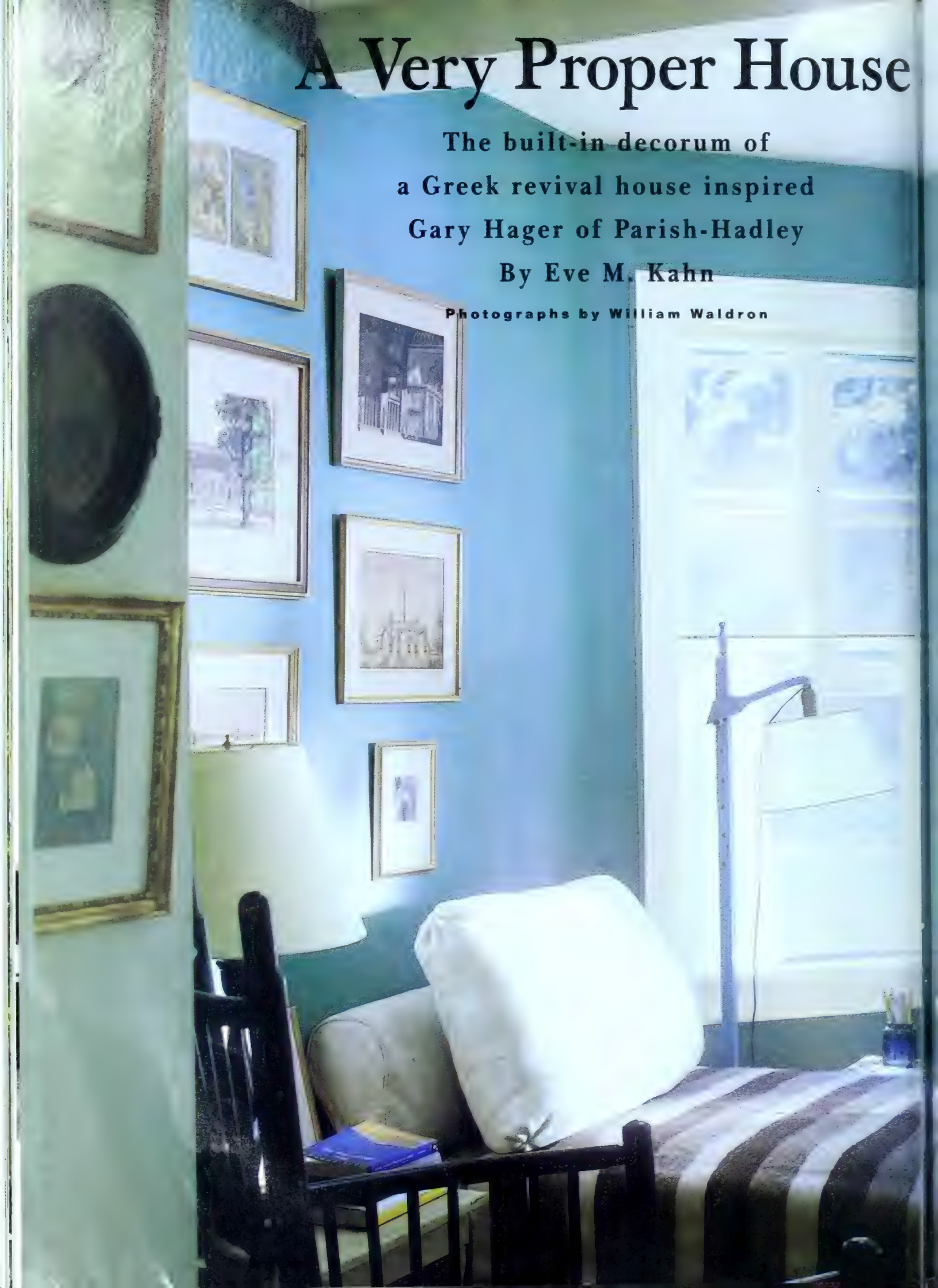
STEVEN HOLL, ARCHITECT

A Very Proper House

The built-in decorum of a Greek revival house inspired Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley

By Eve M. Kahn

Photographs by William Waldron



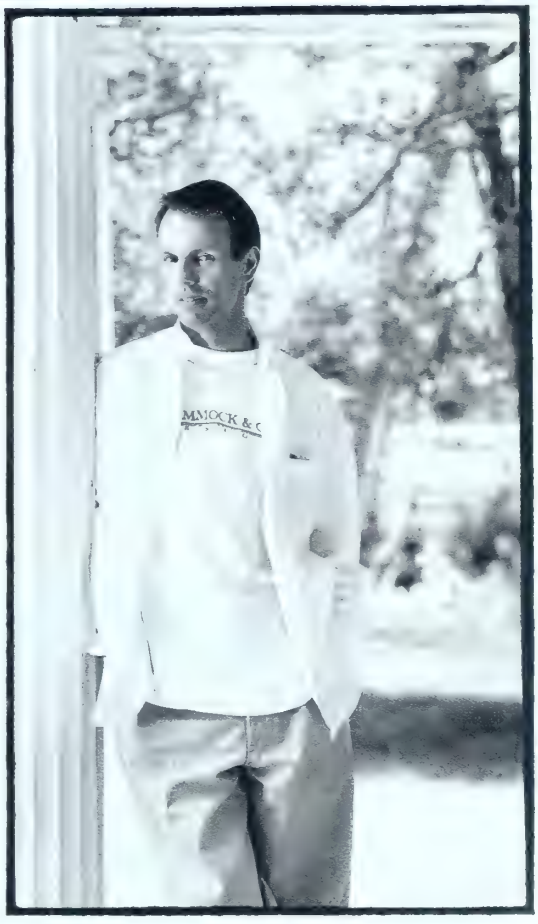




GARY HAGER'S HOUSE ON THE eastern end of Long Island has been well loved since it was built in the 1840s but never so well loved as it is now. From the new cedar roof to the root cellar-turned-basement workshop, every inch of the building, where he spends weekends year-round, has been reconsidered, refined, and pampered.

In summer the white linen curtains billow with breezes, in winter the many fireplaces crackle briskly, and in all seasons the setting soothes. A vice president at Parish-Hadley and a veteran designer of houses and apartments for Brooke Astor and Katharine Graham, Hager knew how to arrange his collections—poetic early twentieth century plaster models of hands, Adirondack bent-twig plant stands, WPA-era paintings—without leaving any visible signs of effort. "Decorating shouldn't be so studied or serious in the country," he says. "People should let accidents happen."

Hager found his house, in fact, by accident: three years ago he stayed at a friend's place nearby, returned two weeks later for a just-for-fun tour with a real estate agent, and bought it on the spot. The modest Greek revival dwelling was built for a gentleman



Gary Hager, *above*, relaxes on the front porch of his Greek revival house, *top*, built for a gentleman farmer in the 1840s. *Left:* A bay window added to the west side of the house in the late 19th century accommodates Hager's library, where walls in a Brunschwig paper surround an upholstered daybed. Details see Resources.

"Decorating shouldn't be so studied in the country. People should let accidents happen"



farmer who kept up with the trends of his time by insisting on a mahogany stair rail, narrow floorboards downstairs (but less sophisticated wide ones upstairs), and, on all the windows, enlarged central mullions to make them look like French doors. "Such affectation," Hager says, running an affectionate finger down a mullion. "It has always been a very proper house."

In the 1870s the owners added an unobtrusive three-sided bay window to the west side of the building, creating what is now the library. Fifty years later an upstairs bedroom was transformed into a smart white-tiled bath complete with a neoclassical pedestal sink, which the neighbors surely envied. When Hager arrived, the lack of a full basement threatened the house's life span with rot and the sagging porch looked sad, but nothing had occurred that a bat-

ery of masons, plumbers, roofers, carpenters, and electricians could not undo. The upstairs floors had never even been stained or painted.

Hager did much of the slaving himself. He laughs at his own obsessiveness as he explains how he planted the front privet hedge—in the pouring rain, wearing a plastic bag on his head, he dug forty-two holes—and he scratches his arms at the memory of lining the attic with fiber-shedding insulation on a ninety-



A sofa of Hager's own design and a Parish-Hadley coffee table join a mix of antiques in the living room, *opposite above*, formed from two cramped adjoining parlors—hence the dual fireplaces, *opposite below*. *Above:* Hager removed the ceiling and refashioned what had been a "dark sixties-style kitchen." *Right:* In the dining room, papered in a Brunschwig diamond pattern, Scottish arts and crafts chairs cluster around an Eastlake-style table.



In Hager's hands, every inch of the house has been reconsidered, refined, and pampered

degree day. Hager also enlisted his family's help—his father restored the exterior dentil trim and built a workshop table and cabinets. And Hager himself poured still more labor into politely altering the floor plan, treating it as respectfully as his predecessors did. The conversion of a tiny upstairs bedroom into a guest bath was one of his toughest decisions. He added plumbing "with great reluctance," he says, prompted by the desire "to not have to wait in line during summer mornings."

Downstairs, he took down a wall between two cramped parlors, each with a fireplace, and expanded the chimneys to accommodate generous fires. He moved a door so that the library opens onto the living room rather than the dining room—"that way, when I'm in the library and a fire's going, I won't miss anything." He completely overhauled the kitchen, removing its ceiling to add airiness, but also took care to line its walls with wainscoting that matches the sides of an upstairs closet and to cover the floor with "old-fashioned ugly marbleized linoleum that fits in and won't show the dirt."

His furniture makes a more dramatic statement and previous owners wouldn't recognize most of it. Hager decided not to focus on a single style—"It's more amusing to mix things up. I like all periods"—and he has never emptied his wallet in pursuit of a purchase. "I've bought so many things for literally nothing," he says. "It's a matter of seeing." The son of upstate New York antiques dealers, he has been finding bargains ever since he bought a circa 1780 English floral saucer for fifty cents at a tag sale at age ten. The frosted glass nymph candlesticks on the living room mantels turned up at a Paris flea market, and the dining table came out of the garage of the house—Hager's mother refinished it, and Hager gave it glamour by surrounding it with Scottish arts and crafts chairs purchased at a local antiques shop.

The bargains mingle and sometimes coincide with pieces of great

sentimental value. The Eastlake-style chairs in the living room were free (they came from a friend's basement); the two-legged sink in the guest bath originally stood in an Upper East Side apartment that Parish-Hadley renovated; and Hager has further reminded himself of his successful career by hanging Parish-Hadley sketches throughout the house. Although he says he's "not a chintz person," he has filled the guest bedroom with a chintz-covered suite he *(Continued on page 198)*



Daniel Celentano's 1940s tableau of young boys gambling hangs over a rare Canadian settee, c. 1840, covered in ticking, *opposite*. *Above:* Hager furnished a guest bedroom with pieces he inherited from his friend Nancy Reid, a classical singer turned decorator who loved chintz. *Right:* The newly created guest bathroom features a calfskin bath mat, an Austrian side chair, c. 1820, and a group of late 19th century American iron banks.



In their Boston of
Jorge Silvetti and
Rodolfo Machado
opposite, flank a m
of their tower for
Leonforte in Sicil
Their public proj
including the stai
for a cemetery fo
Polizzi Generosa,
below, combine
powerful forms w
keen sensitivity fo
civic significance
architecture. *Opp*
inset: Their Back
house was built b
a merchant in 18

Visionaries at Home





Architects Rodolfo Machado and Jorge Silvetti pair classical order with surrealist wit

By Edmund White **Photographs by William Waldron**



WHEN AN ARCHITECT DECORATES HIS OWN house, it must be as much a moment of anguish as when a male designer of women's fashions chooses his own clothes. Some couturiers settle for a logo (Claude Montana's motorcycle jacket, Azzedine Alaïa's black Chinese pajamas), while others, such as Christian Lacroix, assume a more conservative suited look—all clever ways to avoid the problem.

For the Argentine-born Boston architects Rodolfo Machado and Jorge Silvetti, the pressure to come up with a definitive statement must have been particularly excruciating. Both are Harvard professors—Machado used to be head of the prestigious architecture department at the Rhode Island School of Design—and are known worldwide as theorists. Last year the Japanese magazine *Architecture and Urbanism* and the Spanish periodical *Composición Arquitectónica—Art & Architecture* devoted special features to their work, and Genoa chose them to redesign Piazza Dante, the plaza next to Christopher Columbus's house, for the five hundredth anniversary of his arrival in America. The latest honor to come their way is the first Academy-Institute Award in Architecture from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, which they received on May 15 for their vision of a "meaningful architecture of the public realm."

This vision is finally being realized. A remarkable parking garage on the campus of Princeton University will be completed this fall, and construction will begin in Seaside, Florida, on an arcaded building that will combine shops, offices, and duplex apartments. But until recently few of Machado and Silvetti's designs had been constructed—all the more reason that their Back Bay house has attracted such curiosity.



In the living room, *above*, a plaster cast of a horse's head from the Parthenon looms over a pair of Boston daybeds, c. 1830, while in the hall, *left*, a cast of the Laocoön torso plays off against 19th-century garden furniture. *Opposite below:* French chairs accompany an American Empire table in the library. *Opposite top, from left:* In the hall, a French art deco bronze stands on the mantel; a Machado and Silvetti drawing hangs over the iron garden chair. In a bedroom, Sicilian ex-votos are grouped under an Italian watercolor. On the dining room mantel is a Napoleonic clock, c. 1910. Details see Resources.







"Almost everything is a memento from our travels," Machado says. "Wherever I go, I always schedule an extra day to go to the flea markets."





Although Machado and Silvetti avoid the neoclassical label (just as they resist all current architectural fads), their taste is sober, and they aspire toward work that is clearly organized and elegantly conceived. Their house was built in the Victorian period, which means that the spaces inside are large but carelessly proportioned. To correct their predecessors' oversight, they extended the curve of the bay window in Silvetti's bedroom so that the niches on either side of the fireplace would be of the same width and they slightly reworked the layout of the upstairs music room. They created from scratch both the library and the bathroom between their bedrooms with its twin sinks and matching mirrors, its black marble and white tiles, the bit of classical frieze on the wall, and the old garden chair under it.

Souvenirs of trips are everywhere—casts bought at a museum shop in Athens, a lamp put together from two art deco globes found in Pittsburgh, a hallway clock picked up in Lugano, Switzerland, and a drawing of a male nude, by a student of John Flaxman, that turned up in Lafayette, Louisiana. Here and there are pieces of furniture—a side table designed for the Harvard faculty club, for instance—that lend a studied simplicity to the eclectic decor.

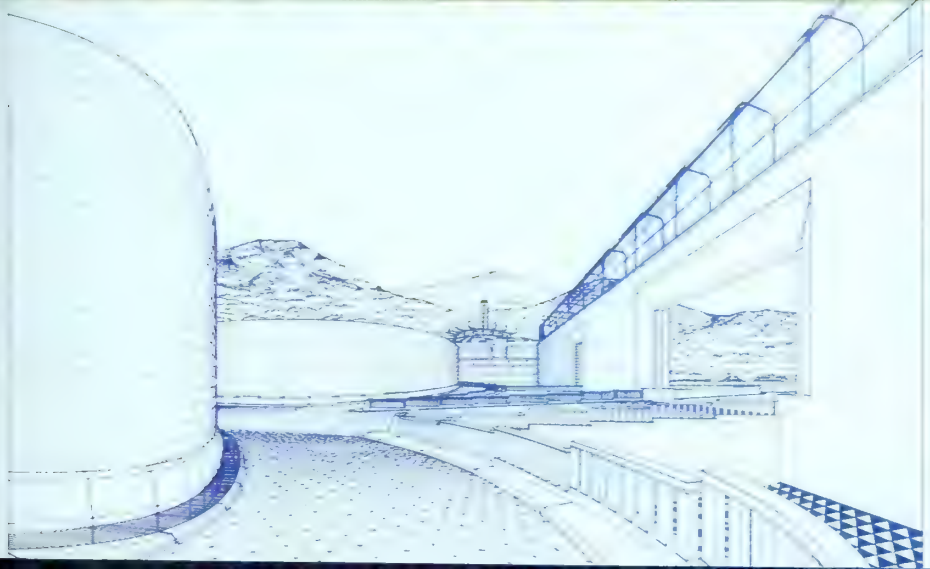
"We like the coexistence of different things in a room," Machado tells me, "and almost everything is a memento from our travels. I've lectured everywhere in this country, and wherever I go, I always schedule an extra day to go to the flea markets. The best ones are in Maine."

Although both Silvetti and Machado were born in Buenos Aires in 1942 and educated at the University of California at Berkeley and have chosen to practice in the United States, they are full of enthusiasm for the public works programs of some European cities. "Look at what is going on in Paris!" Machado exclaims. "And Barcelona is a miracle. One wishes that there were similar efforts here, where bridges and *(Continued on page 194)*



Correcting the curve of the bay, *above*, created the perfect space for the fine sleigh bed from Providence, Rhode Island. *Opposite below:* Machado and Silvetti's plan for an intersection in Palermo evokes an old city gate. *Above left:* Their scheme for the Piazza Dante in Genoa will reintegrate medieval remnants of the city.





"The Victorians never got their geometry right," says Machado of the original bedroom plan

In 1913–14, prairie-style landscape architect Jens Jensen, Chicago architect Howard Van Doren Shaw, and garden designer Rose Standish Nichols all worked on a vista, *opposite*, for the E. L. Ryersons in Lake Forest, seen in a glass slide of the 1930s. *Below:* In the 1880s *Victoria regia* made a comfortable seat at Henry Shaw's Tower Grove in Saint Louis.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN ARCHIVES, SAINT LOUIS





Gilded Garden

The [illegible] of a vanished e[illegible]



ot the Midwest

Marc Griswold and Eleanor Weller





WHO WOULD have thought that vast estates—estates of thousands of acres with every stylistic variation on the garden—were no oddity in the Midwest during the country place era between 1890 and 1940? One look at some 1,400 glass lantern slides housed in the Smithsonian Institution changes stereotyped East Coast/West Coast geography forever. The roll call of garden owners resounds with names from America's industrial peerage such as Armour, McCormick, Ford, and Lilly and with other names no longer so familiar: Henry Shaw, whose Tower Grove in Saint Louis is now the Missouri Botanical Garden, or Carl Krippendorf, whose successful effort to save a native beech grove from the ax is now the 800-acre Cincinnati Nature Center. Not that private environmental action was most tycoons' main objective—these gardens were mainly



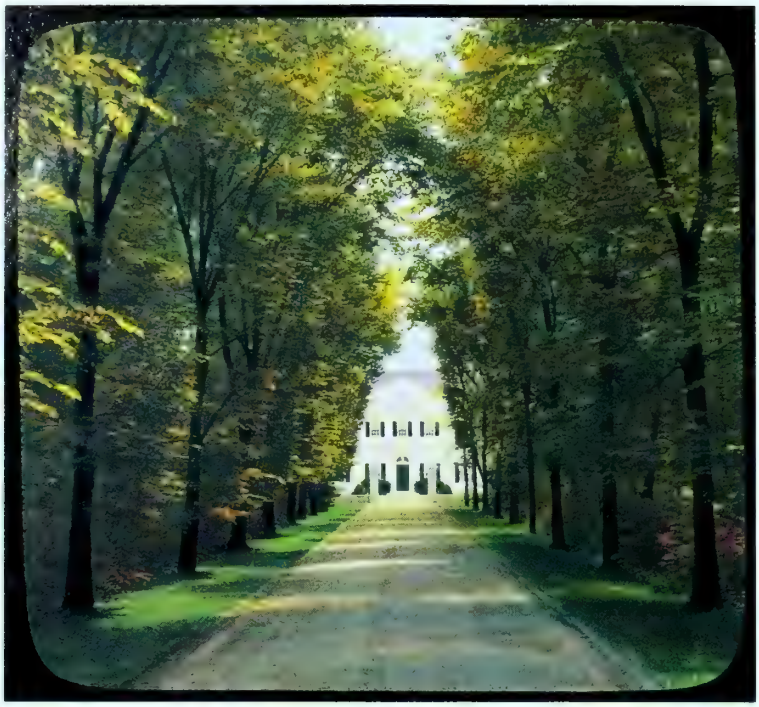
rendezvous for certain kinds of stately amusement: Lolita Armour's idea of a picnic was "to set up a board with a damask table-cloth on the *tapis vert* fifty yards from her front door and be served on the second-best Meissen by the butler and the footman," according to Arthur Meeker, the Gilded Midwest's chatty, irreverent chronicler. At Harold and Edith Rockefeller McCormick's residence, the opening party was a fête champêtre at which Chicago's gratin turned up in white wigs and eighteenth-century dress. The breeze turned into a gale from the lake and the guests fled to the McCormicks' neighbors for hot toddies. Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan were the big three states where commodities and industry exploded into fortunes big enough to support hundreds of country houses and suburban estates. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, there was a sudden rush of summer places on the lakes. In Missouri, Indiana, and Kansas, as elsewhere in the country, an exodus from the city took place, fueled as much by the country house mystique as by the increasing ugliness of the city centers.

Today these opulent country places are gone and lantern slides are an extinct species as well. The industrial barons began their precipitate retreat into less conspicuous consumerism during the Depression; the gardens themselves disappeared when professional gardeners went off to World War II and never returned to estate life. Glass slides, which were thrown up on a wall or screen with a cumbersome projector now seen only in the curatorial de-

A black and white panorama, *above*, shows off lumberman Robert Long's garden in Kansas City, Missouri, designed c. 1912 by the landscape architects who laid out most of the Southwest, Hare & Hare. *Below:* Gertrude Seiberling strikes a pose on the west terrace of Stan Hywet in Akron, Ohio, designed by Warren Manning in 1911 to overlook miles of farmland. *Opposite below:* In a lantern slide a spring walk runs beneath a rustic pergola at Aldingbourne Cottage in Lake Forest, designed by Jensen in 1908.









Finding hardy plants to duplicate European "looks" was mid-westerners' first hurdle



partments of older art museums, were replaced in the forties by the 35-millimeter slide. The art museum context is right for these strange artifacts, which are often works of art themselves, the creation of photographers such as Mattie Edwards Hewitt, Frances Benjamin Johnston, and Margaret Bourke-White. Like little glass sandwiches, the slides hold between their fragile three-by-four-inch plates a layer of film emulsion hand-painted with fugitive dyes. Their edges are bound together with sticky old tape covered with identification marks: gold stars for the finest pictures, tiny ovals with unreadable names in authoritative finishing-school handwriting, urgent instructions as to which side is up, and numbering that indicates a long-forgotten viewing order.

The collection in the Smithsonian was originally commissioned in the twenties by the Garden Club of America primarily as a record of its members' gardens and for what they called "educational purposes," which usually meant slide shows at lunch and teatime meetings of club divisions across the country. Forgotten for forty years in various attics and desk drawers, the slides have been reassembled and identified; more than one hundred will appear in print next month in *The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890–1940,* published by Harry N. Abrams.

Making grand gardens in the Midwest was not easy, even given the startling amounts of money, enthusi-

A copy of Thorvaldsen's *Three Graces, top left,* at pharmaceutical manufacturer J. K. Lilly's Oldfields in Indianapolis. Olmsted Brothers of Boston laid out the garden in the 1920s. *Top right:* The Lester Armours' elm-lined drive in Lake Bluff ran to a house designed by David Adler in 1931. *Above left:* Mrs. Walter Brewster laid out her own pond and garden in the 1920s on the Illinois prairie around her Howard Van Doren Shaw house. *Left:* Mrs. Russell Alger and garden designer Ellen Shipman in Grosse Pointe, outside a Charles Platt villa built in 1910. *Opposite:* Mrs. Clyde Carr's primrose path in Lake Forest was designed by Warren Manning in 1916.



ism, and cheap labor available. The climate features abrupt changes in temperature, fierce searing winds both hot and cold, and a long summer when ninety-degree heat and both drought and humidity are the norm. (Along the shores of the Great Lakes the climate was a little more equable, thanks to the tempering effect of the water.) Finding hardy plants to duplicate the green architecture of fashionable eclectic Italian or English estate garden "looks" was the first hurdle. To the narrow range of dwarf barberry for boxwood, red cedar for cypress, landscape architects soon added native trees and shrubs—hawthorns, viburnums, and species roses. Of course, there were enough gardeners to cram the perennial beds with annuals started in hothouse and cold frame, so a delphinium-spired English border filled in with lavatera, godetia, heliotrope, and mignonette was a real possibility. But many estate garden owners fled the Midwest in the summer, heading for cooler watering spots such as Bar Harbor or even Europe. In 1914 one "experienced amateur gardener" said, "The greatest trouble with the summer garden is the extreme heat and dryness. . . . The earth can be kept moist around the plants, but many things wither in the dry air. With the greatest care a garden of annuals might be kept looking fairly well through July and August, but I am glad to get away from mine in early July."

Lake Forest, Grosse Pointe, Lake Minnetonka, and other residential or resort enclaves were not just playgrounds for the rich, however. They were also *(Continued on page 198)*

Remaking

When a new owner set out to restore the house, the living room mantel was one of the few pieces of old woodwork that could be saved. The carpet, tiger print velvet from Brunschwig, and yellow damask from Fonthill give the restored room a golden glow. Details see Resources.



Maidstone Hall

A country house recovers its lost grandeur with the help of designer Michael La Rocca. By Sherrye Henry

Photographs by William Waldron



The owner walked into the house, looked through the roof, and said, "Where is it? What did I buy?"



PERHAPS THERE IS A SPECIAL place in heaven reserved for those dedicated souls who save fine old houses from destruction. If so, one day the owner of Maidstone Hall may be among the angels.

"I fell in love," says the master of Maidstone Hall, remembering his first glimpse of the stately white house. Originally the centerpiece of a seventy-five-acre estate that stretched to the ocean, it is a landmark in a classic Long Island resort, having marked the turn on the road to the beach for nearly 125 years.

When he bought the property in 1988, the forty-three-year-old executive of the country's largest retail packaging firm recalls, "I saw a house that looked like I could move into it," although it was clearly due for a face-lift. He had surveyed the 1950s lighting fixtures and black leather sofas in the formal public rooms, checked out the tangled garden, and consulted a structural engineer. His homework done, he was optimistic about restoring Maidstone Hall to its former grandeur.

He was standing in a pasture in Georgia, cellular phone in hand, when his contractor gave him the bad news: the building had sunk several inches over the years and was continuing to sink, damaging the foundation and deflecting the bracing. The house was literally falling apart from the inside; it would have to be jacked up and gutted, all the way to the rafters. "There I was with the sheep and the cows, saying, 'Do I have a choice?' " the owner remembers. " 'No? How much? Oh, my God —then do it.' "

"It could have been a nightmare," says Michael La Rocca, the interior designer who reconfigured the twenty-seven-room, fifteen-bedroom mansion into an elegant weekend house with eight bedrooms, a media room, a gymnasium, and an office. "But the owner was cool about what happened and chose to do it the right way. He didn't cut corners."

Now, after sixteen months of reconstruction, everything about the house is new except its skeleton and



The original staircase, *opposite*, sweeps past new leaded windows. Antique painted chairs covered in a Brunschwig stripe and an Italian table occupy the alcove. Apricot pillow fabric from Osborne & Little. *Below:* The dining room comes to life at night in the light of a 19th-century chandelier.





An Elizabeth Taylor cutout surveys the kitchen, *above*, with its 1920s-style stenciled floor. *Left:* The dining room carpet from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges echoes the vine-patterned curtain fabric from Clarence House. *Opposite:* An English Regency table stands near the glass doors to the master bedroom. *Below:* The new garage houses antique cars.





its heart. The walls, the moldings, the floors, the ceilings, the wiring, the plumbing and heating systems, and all eighty-six windows were replaced. Aluminum shutters and siding were removed, and five layers of shingles came off the roof. The kitchen and the bathrooms were totally refitted. The imposing staircase, one of the few elements of the original house that could be saved, was stripped and refinished, as were surviving mantels in the living and dining rooms. Outside, the driveway was extended and cobbled in Belgian stone, and a six-car garage complete with cupola and weathervane was built to house the owner's collection of antique cars.

To this day La Rocca marvels at his client's good humor. "I have this one funny memory of him," the designer says, "walking into the house, looking through the roof, and saying, 'Where is it? What did I buy?' You could see straight through the exterior walls and on into the gardens."

Sixteen months of reconstruction made the old mansion young again

While demolition and reconstruction proceeded, the owner selected La Rocca to do the interiors. "There is not one thing in Michael La Rocca's house that I wouldn't put in my own," he says. For his part, La Rocca admits to interviewing prospective clients while they think they are interviewing him. "I try to be sure the clients and I are on the same wavelength," he explains. "You have to connect with people."

In this case, the connection was a good one. A grandson of Billy Baldwin's first private clients, the owner had been brought up in tasteful surroundings. And he was not shy about speaking his mind. "There wasn't one thing I didn't see—every fabric, every fringe, every lampshade," he says, still relishing the experience. "But Michael and Keith Palazzola put it together."

La Rocca gives much of the credit to his young associate, Palazzola, who spent a year and a half shopping for the house. Palazzola found an eighteenth-century ebonized Dutch cabinet in Manhattan, a nineteenth-century chandelier in Rome, and a fine Regency table in New Orleans. When physically possible, the owner oversaw all major acquisitions in person; otherwise he relied on photographs, sketches, and advice from his decorators.

Gradually curtains and sofas arrived from the upholsterers, lanterns and chandeliers emerged from customs, and carpets were delivered by dealers. Everything went into storage in New York, eventually fill-

an entire floor of a huge city building. By April 1990, when three enormous moving vans and several upholsterers' trucks set out for the house, nearly everything needed to furnish it was on board. Workmen with razor blades removed cords and bubble wrap. Each piece was tagged with a number that told the movers exactly where it should be placed. In just two days the job was done.

Today Maidstone Hall is back in service—but with a very contemporary point of view. Speakers pipe music through the ceilings. Invisible gutters lead rainwater into dry wells. Air conditioning units are suspended in harnesses inside closets, lined with rubber to minimize vibration. The owner can fill his double Jacuzzi bathtub by commands from an automobile. The old is young again.

On weekends the house is full of people. There are formal dinners for twelve and elaborate parties for a hundred or more, many of them fund-raisers for the American Foundation for AIDS Research, of which the owner is a founding board member. When he's in the right mood, he takes to the dance floor with a life-size cardboard figure of AmFAR founding national chairman Elizabeth Taylor. And on sunny summer afternoons, friends clad in white from head to toe enjoy croquet parties on the huge front lawn. "They stop traffic," the owner says happily.

Would he have gone ahead if he had known at the outset how much the renovation—or, more precisely, the re-creation—of the house would cost? "Probably not," he confesses. "But that would have been a mistake." Maidstone Hall, he says, is "priceless." ▲ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

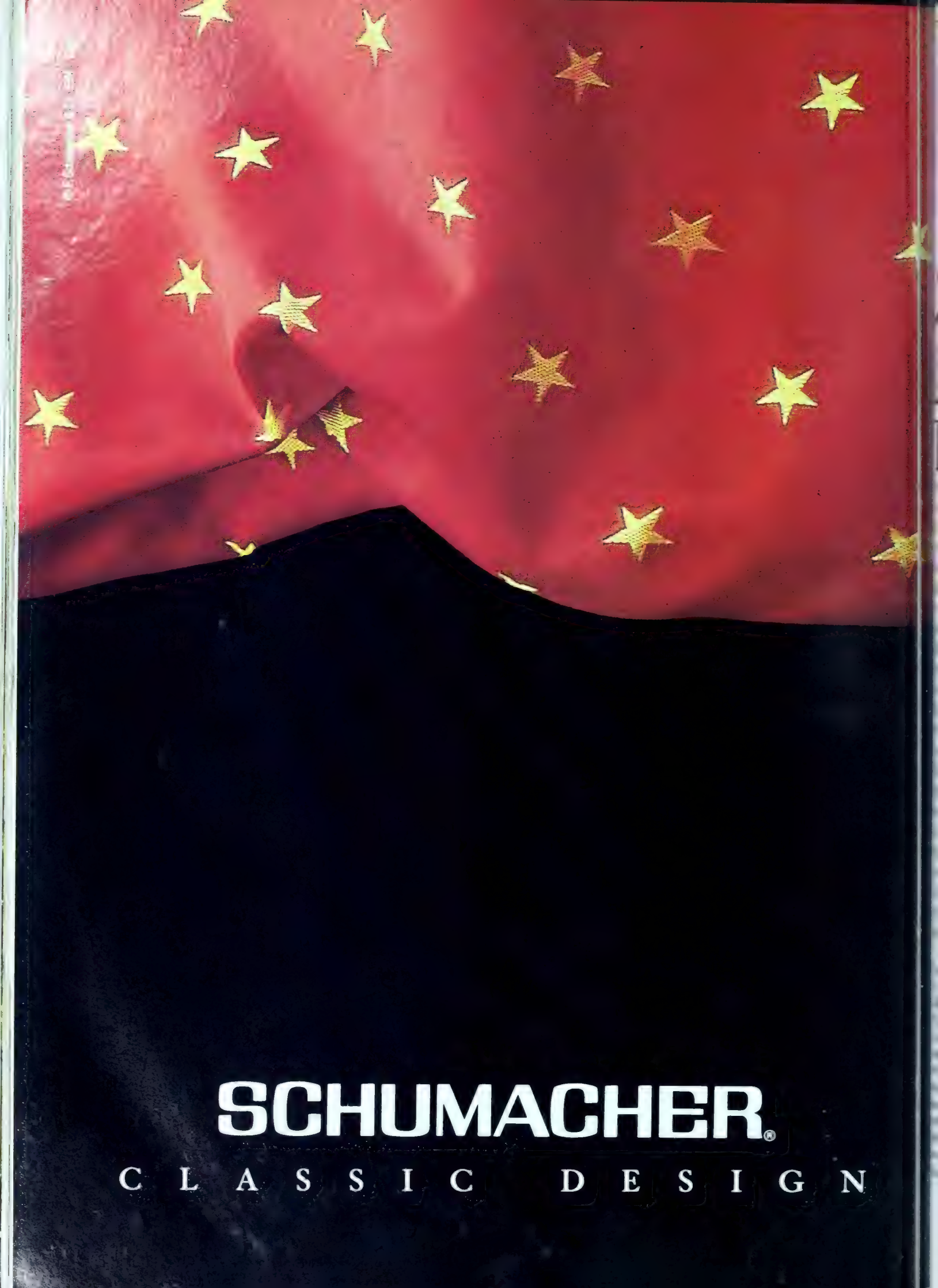


Designer Michael La Rocca created a new master bedroom by combining two of the original fifteen bedrooms. The spacious room accommodates a canopy bed, a Georgian linen press, a pair of 1920s metal benches, and a round table skirted in Bailey & Griffin fabric. The floral bedhangings and upholstery are from Rose Cumming, the curtain fabric and wallpaper from Clarence House, and the carpet from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges.

"There wasn't one thing I didn't se



s the owner, "every fabric, every fringe, every lampshade"



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CLASSIC DESIGN



great ideas

Say good-night to the all-white sheet

By Anne Foxley

This season even devotees of the nothing-but-white-sheets school of bed making might find themselves seduced by a stripe or tartan. Departing from the familiar slew of eye-popping patterns, an array of sophisticated new bedding makes use of classic designs and historical references to soothing effect. Best when mixed rather than matched and when softly ruffled rather than starched, these sheets, pillowcases, and blankets rest especially easy against fanciful headboards by West Palm Beach–based decorative painters Darrell Scott and Robert Warshaw. Variations of black and white pair up with a penwork bed frame featuring greyhounds and garlands. A Plains Indian Pendleton glows under the gaze of the man in the moon. Mossy earth tones add depth to a bed carved to look like an oak forest. And there's a gilded and crested ensemble ideal for those in search of royal slumber.

A mohair throw from Slatkin & Co, NYC, *above,* is paired with a silk sheet set by Nancy Koltes, NYC. Plaid and paisley pillows by Adrienne Vittadini mix with a black-bordered sham by Ravage from Archetype Gallery, NYC; black velvet pillows from Ralph Lauren Home Collection; khaki-bordered sham by Nancy Koltes. *Right:* Sheridan sheets trade lines with a Pendleton blanket. Details see Resources.

great ideas







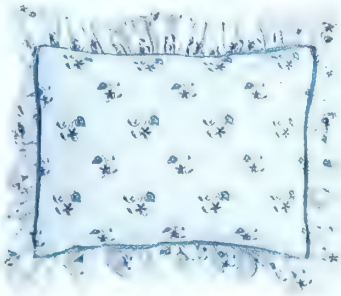


To sleep, perchance to dream . . . of fanciful





combinations of pillowcases, patterned





blankets, and colorful sheets

A panoply of pillowcases and decorative pillows. *From top, left to right:* Shagreen by Osborne & Little for Revman; Cottage Plaid by Esprit Bath & Bed; Mario Buatta's Gwendolyn for Revman; Pier 1 Imports plaid; Botanica from Fieldcrest; Fendi's Pequin for Royalton; Pastiche by Ravage; Just Violets from Lands' End; Cynthia's Delight by Cynthia Gibson for Royalton. *Below far left:* Katja's Woods sheet set for Revman, with a mohair throw from Slatkin and a silk-cashmere throw by Nancy Koltes. Unbleached cotton sham by Utica; paisley sham from Ralph Lauren. *Below:* Regal bedware from Ralph Lauren. Mattresses by Simmons Beautyrest. Pillows by Scandia Down. Headboards from the Scott Warshaw Collection.





Wamsutta sheets drape a Scott Warshaw plumed bed crown; tiebacks by William Harvey Studio.



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Visionaries at Home

(Continued from page 174) highways are falling apart. They must be replaced. But this time architects, not engineers, should create the forms." To show what can be done, Machado and Silvetti reinterpreted the engineers' standby, the cloverleaf, for an intersection in Palermo. They designed their cloverleaf as a free-standing building framed by walls that contain bridges and staircases for pedestrians.

Other civic projects they've designed for Italian sites include a cemetery and a municipal tower in Sicily. The tower, like Saint Sebastian riddled with arrows, is pierced with stationary telescopes fixed on the town's principal buildings and monuments.

Machado and Silvetti are eclectic, mercurial, and in constant evolution. Not long ago they made amusing additions to a nineteenth-century house in upstate New York then owned by painter David Salle. They gave a stark Shaker look to the kitchen and one bathroom and transformed a second bathroom into something out of a sumptuous Edwardian men's club. Outside they built a staircase from the garden to the elevated terrace; along the way the stair turns into an arbor. "It's playful," says Machado, "a sort of surrealist folly."

Their lack of preconceived ideas means they're alert to the possibilities of each situation. Their four-story stucco building in Seaside is inspired by Mexican and Caribbean vernacular architecture and tropical residences by architects like Addison Mizner and Luis Barragán. In New York, Machado and Silvetti devised a showroom for a store selling Venetian antiques in which the leather mannequins echo figures by the metaphysical painter Giorgio de Chirico, while the long narrow room recalls the central station of a Venetian palace.

This eclecticism and cultural virtuosity characterize every corner of their own house as well. An English hall chair sits by the front door; early nineteenth century French prints based on Raphael's hours of the day hang in the dining room. A painting by a follower of the sixteenth-century Italian mannerist Primaticcio, ex-votos from Naples, a glazed dwarf based on a garden figure from a villa outside Vicenza, a sleigh bed from Providence, Rhode Island—these are just some of the variegated flowers they've arranged into a cross-cultural bouquet. Not that anything suggests the bazaar or the attic; rather, everything is held in sober order by the owners' strict architectural sense of space and proportion.

"Of course," Silvetti adds with a boyish smile, his brown eyes lighting up behind his spectacles, "what pictures don't show is the way music makes it all work. We have one of the largest collections of tangos in the world. When on a cold night the house is full of guests and those plangent tangos fill the house and our dog is going wild and jumping in everyone's face—oh, then everything starts to work!" ♠

Lagerfeld

(Continued from page 125) because, he says, he finds main-floor sitting rooms "bourgeois." Guests take their breakfast on the second floor in privacy; Lagerfeld takes his on the third, in what he calls the family room, filled with furniture from his mother's boudoir. "I don't want people wandering around in bathrobes," he declares.

The furniture, much of it from his beloved eighteenth century, and the fabrics, many of them specially woven for him in Lyons according to documents of the period, set the tone for life at La Vigie. There are a few rules, which hardly need stating. No swimsuits. No sunbathing. No tanning oil. "There's a solarium nearby," Lagerfeld says, "so if people want to show their meat, they can show it there." La Vigie is not, he contends, a typical Côte d'Azur house; instead, it's more "like a dream of what you think life was like before World War I."

As in his work in fashion for other people's labels—first for Chloé, then for Fendi and Chanel—Lagerfeld is a chameleon. It is, paradoxically, when he projects himself into the style of another person or another era that his own distinctive talent seems to flourish. La Vigie is a Belle Époque land-

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Lagerfeld

lark, faithful in spirit to its era but nmistakably personal—like Lagerld's other houses: a pavilion outside aris and a château in Brittany, both om the eighteenth century; a neolassical mansion in Hamburg; an partment in Rome occupying the forner studio of a Danish painter, circa 820. But now that the work on these ouses is largely complete, Lagerfeld as, with characteristic restlessness, noved on in his mind. "My dream ould be to build a house one day," he ays. "I'm tired of history. I know too nuch about it. I want a *new* house." It ould, he says, sketching what looks ke a giant box, be a huge modern uilding with studios for photography nd painting, an enormous library, nd many guest rooms to accommoate the people who work with him. It ould be situated in a forest clearing nd surrounded by a moat, because life is savage and dangerous again." he only approach would be via drawridges. That way, he continues, varming to the prospect of an idyllic ife in this setting of his own invention, n a beautiful day he could pull up the ridges and open all the windows. ♠

Catalan Eye

Continued from page 148) paintings were essential to me."

Many years later, he said to me, "Do ou remember the angels with eyes all ver the place that we saw at the Catan museum?" He made a vigorous gesure to indicate someone covered with yes from head to foot. "Those were he Angels of the Apocalypse. I never orgot them." Throughout Miró's work, eyes appear in unexpected places—in the middle of the sky or on a ree, as in *The Tilled Field.* Another of his favorites in the Museum of Catalan Art was a Last Judgment with the destiny of a hopeful soul weighed against a scarlet background ablaze with gold stars. The artist pointed at the stars. "My childhood bedroom had stars painted on the ceiling," he said. "Stars have been with me all my life." And they did, indeed, become as integral to Miró's work as his own signature.

During that week, I learned as much about Miró as I did about Barcelona. Often it was the most unlikely sight and the tiniest detail that caught his eye. He was no chatterbox, and it was with just one word—"Look!"—that he responded to the little Romanesque church of Sant Pau del Campo. He didn't mean the architecture either. He meant the stars, set in circles, that had been carved on the impost. We visited the great Gothic hall where Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus on his return from the New World. It was impressive in its massive simplicity. But equally important to Miró was the line of flight of a bird overhead that stopped him in his tracks.

Everything about the exuberance and the fantasy of Barcelona delighted him, from the sallies of the local graffitists to the uninhibited spirals of art nouveau ironwork. He was particularly fond of the outsized dragon that swung in the air above our heads, holding an umbrella in its claw, as a bank sign. Even our midmorning glass of sherry was an adventure. Who else but he would have found a bar decorated with big stuffed animals hung with garlands of dried peppers?

After those happy days in Barcelona, we ran a feature in *L'Oeil* called "Miró Shows You Barcelona." He thoroughly enjoyed the idea. While I was putting Brassaï's photographs together with my text, I received a large gouache from Miró. A score or more of emerald green motifs, mingled with black ones, sparkled against the white paper. With the gouache came a note to say that he thought I might like to have some decorative elements for the pages of our joint feature.

"Just cut out the ones you like and paste them in the margins," he wrote. I cannot imagine any other artist, let alone one already world famous, having the modesty to suggest that I should take his work apart in order to improve a layout. Naturally I did nothing of the sort and have lived happily with the gouache ever since. ♠

Adapted from Matisse, Picasso, Miró as I Knew Them. *Copyright © 1991 by Rosamond Bernier. To be published next month by Alfred A. Knopf.*

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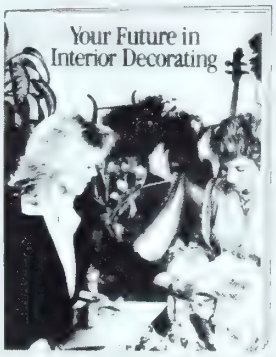
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Gilded Gardens

(Continued from page 181) nurseries for scores of architects and landscape architects, and the battleground where the struggle took place between the prairie style and the carefully eclectic historicism promoted by the formalists. The home-grown prairie style arose simultaneously with the prairie school architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright and Walter Burley Griffin. Practitioners such as Jens Jensen and Ossian Cole Simonds rolled meadows and woods right up to the house and stressed planting native species according to well-defined rules (preservation of natural scenery, restoration of local color, and repetition of the horizontal lines of land and sky).

Although it was never widely popular among estate garden makers, basically a conservative lot, the prairie movement carried within it the seed of modern, ecologically conscious American landscape design. While Jensen would say to his Lake Forest clients, "You are an American. Why do you want to be a stuffed shirt?" and designed enormous prairie gardens for the likes of Henry and Edsel Ford, Beaux-Arts architects such as Charles Platt, Howard Van Doren Shaw, and David Adler played more politely on the other side of the net, creating beautiful, calm, easily understood classical gardens. Their planting plans were conceived by garden designers, often women such as Rose Standish Nichols and Ellen Shipman (both of whom also carried out many independent projects nationwide). Landscape architect Warren Manning remained magnificently in the middle, resolving the struggle in a series of dramatic, brilliant compromises of which the best was Goodyear Tire founder Frank Seiberling's Stan Hywet in Akron, Ohio.

Only four of the ten gardens seen here survive in anything like their original form. (Besides Henry Shaw's garden in Saint Louis, the Lilly house and garden are now the Indianapolis Museum of Art, Mrs. Russell Alger's garden is part of the Grosse Pointe War Memorial, and Stan Hywet, where the gardens are being restored, is open to the public as a house museum.) The glass slides and the old snapshots preserve the others—and the memory of the Midwest's brief Gilded Age. ♠

Photographs from The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890–1940 *by Mac Griswold and Eleanor Weller. To be published next month by Harry N. Abrams.*

'30s and Beyond

(Continued from page 138) objects and things that speak to one another yet are different—Otto Wagner and Charles Eames, Milton Avery and Ross Bleckner, Gustav Stickley and Jacques Adnet, Cindy Sherman and Tony Smith, silk and horsehair, hammered copper and perforated stainless steel. Sometimes the juxtaposition of furniture and objects is symbolic—the Barovier "clam" bowl on the Eames "surfboard" coffee table on sea grass with a fountain painting by Joe Andoe on the wall." And, adds the boy from Baton Rouge, who could almost be speaking for Emery Roth himself returned for a visit: "The whole place, at first glance looks like someone I'm quite familiar with, but on closer inspection maybe we've never met." ♠ *Editor: Anne Foxley*

Very Proper House

(Continued from page 169) inherited from a friend, Nancy Reid, a singer decorator, and acquaintance of James Joyce and T. S. Eliot. "I like things that look used," says Hager, "especially when they were used by someone who mattered to me."

Of greatest sentimental value, perhaps, is a cheerful folk-arty portrait of the house that hangs in the foyer. Executed by a Sunday painter who once came to visit, the picture leans toward fiction: it makes the windows seem enormous, the lawn look flawless, the plain entrance resemble a slice of wedding cake. "Do I really live there?" Hager asks with a skeptical smile, and you can tell he's pleased by the exuberance of the artistic license. He lives, after all, in a house worth bragging about. ♠ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

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Resources

DESIGN

Page 60 Otis lounge chair and ottoman, to order from Godley-Schwan, Brooklyn (718) 383-2323 Genesio 7810 chest, similar to the trade to order from Zanotta, Nova Milanese (362) 40453 My Funny Valentine chair, to order from Ligne Roset, for stores (212) 685-2238 Checkers cabinet, to order from Godley-Schwan (see above) Mimi chair, to the trade at Baleri Italia, Lallio (35) 692690

FOOD

Page 66 Napoleonic Ivy plate, cup, saucer, sugar bowl, at Wedgwood, for stores (800) 677-7860 Victorian electroplate silver, similar at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040 Felt-on-felt tablecloth, at Dampierre & Co , NYC (212) 966-5474 **66, 68, 70** For heirloom apple trees Bear Creek Nursery, Box 411, Northport, WA 99157 catalogue $1 Miller Nursery, West Lake Rd , Canandaigua, NY 14424; (800) 836-9630 catalogue free. New York State Fruit Testing Cooperative Assoc , Box 462, Geneva, NY 14456, (315) 787-2205 to members only (membership $10/yr) Sonoma Antique Apple Nursery, 4395 Westside Rd , Healdsburg, CA 95448, (707) 433-6420 catalogue $1 Southmeadow Fruit Gardens, 15310 Red Arrow Hwy., Lakeside, MI 49116, (616) 469-2865 catalogue $8 50, price list free For *The Fruit, Berry, and Nut Inventory* (248 nursery mail-order catalogues), order from Seed Savers Exchange, Rte 3 Box 239, Decorah, IA 52101, (319) 382-5990, $26, $19 pbk

WORKROOM

Page 94 Ruffner's work, at Fay Gold Gallery, Atlanta, Betsy Rosenfield Gallery, Chicago, Heller Gallery, NYC, Linda Farris Gallery, Seattle, Maurine Littleton Gallery, Washington, D C

DECORATION

Page 98 Corniche, Venezia, Niosh, Half Tone, Romba, patterns on cotton, linen, or silk, or custom colors and patterns, by Arena Fabrics, to the trade at Bush & Co , Atlanta, David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston, Design West, Dania, Brustlin, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Randolph & Hein, NYC

PEOPLE

Pages 108, 110 Jonal, 25 East 73 St , NYC (212) 879-9200 **108** Yellow Sponge wallpaper for living room, by Nina Campbell, at Jonal, NYC; to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500 440 chair in shop, by M (Group), to order from Jonal (see above) Crespi viscose/silk/cotton on daybed in shop, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121 Tintoretto Gold hand-painted canvas wallcovering in shop, $75, 1' x 9' panel, custom available, by Indian Hill Productions, at Jonal (see above) Volterra cotton for curtains in dining room, from Romagna Collection, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above) Lapis hand-painted canvas wallcovering, $50, 1' x 9' panel, custom available, by Indian Hill (see above) Pedestal table with faux lapis finish, painted by Indian Hill, to order from Jonal (see above) Jacques Molin gold porcelain dessert plates, at Jonal (see above) Pompeian Red hand-painted canvas wallcovering in city living room, $75, 1' x 9' panel, custom available, by Indian Hill (see above) **110** Picot Stripe wallpaper in dining room, by Nina Campbell, at Jonal, NYC, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above) Katherine Houston porcelain vegetables, ostrich egg/silver-plate candleholders, $175 pr, Jacques Molin gold porcelain egg Rosso Fiorentina amber glass, at Jonal (see above) Tartan cotton/silk on chairs and ottoman, $180 yd, 35 yd minimum, chairs, $975 ea COM, ottoman, $475 COM, obelisk, at Jonal (see above)

LAGERFELD'S BELLE ÉPOQUE

Pages 116–17 Armchairs, built by M Gauffroy, at Université 37, Paris (1) 45-48-26-20 Satin La Tour cotton/silk for curtains, by Veraseta, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D C. **120–21** Ninon Taffetas silk, by Veraseta, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above) **123** Silk/linen brocatelle (#6222) for chaise, by Prelle & Cie, to the trade at Classic Revivals, Boston, for showrooms (617) 574-9030

THE '30s AND BEYOND

Pages 132–39 Decoration, by Thad Hayes Design, NYC (212) 571-1234 **132–33** Parchment/mahogany cabinet, Venini sconce, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470 Facets Diamond chintz rug, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700 Nina Ditzel wicker chair, similar at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208 Applause cotton velvet for pillow, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828 **134–35** Pontivier cotton/acrylic/wool velvet on sofa and chair, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Zebra Velours Soie silk on pillows, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy Chinese sea grass matting, to the trade from Rosecore Carpet, for showrooms (212) 421-7272 Otto Wagner mahogany table, similar at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401 **135** Sphere chandelier, table, similar at Fred Silberman (see above) **136** Horsehair Sateen on chair, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444 **139** Andrew Szoeke night tables, similar at Maison Gerard, NYC (212) 674-7611 Mille Points cotton/rayon/linen on bed, to the trade at André Bon (see above). Sam Kasten linen throw rug, sisal/mohair/rayon carpet (#122-32), to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin (see above)

ESCAPE FROM SEVENTH AVENUE

Page 142 Ready-to-wear sunflower wool crepe hipster dress, from Leva's 1991 fall collection, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; L. H. Rogers, Salem; I Magnin; Saks Fifth Avenue. **143** Bill Robinson in items from his 1991 spring collection, at fine stores

NORTH SHORE MANOR

Pages 150–51 Roses linen/cotton for walls, curtains, and two armchairs, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747 Autumn Leaves wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000 Pair of standard lamps with fringed shades, from Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847 **154** Ceramic cabbages on dining table, by Clare Potter, Box 624, Locust Valley, NY 11560 Chandelier, from Valley House (see above) Genges glazed cotton on banquette, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844 **156–57** Suffolk Stripe wallpaper, from Jane Churchill Collection, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Redouté Glazed Chintz for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17) Snow Crystal wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above)

TV

Page 158 Modified Sinar Bron system, by Smith-Miller & Hawkinson Architects, NYC (212) 966-3875. Panasonic monitor (#CT-2010Y) with high resolution, for dealers (201) 348-7000 Primitive Androyd monitor, by Shozo Toyohisa, through Eastern Accent International, Boston (617) 536-5909 Modified Fornasetti refrigerator, by M (Group), NYC (212) 874-0773. Italian baroque secretary, modified by M (Group), from Dampierre & Co , NYC (212) 966-5474, Panasonic TV with built-in VCR (#PV-M1328) (see above). Ivy-covered cabinet, by John Ryman, NYC (212) 529-9766; Sony Trinitron (#KV-29XBR85), at fine stores **159** Pop-top TV table, by Joseph Biunno, NYC (212) 629-5630, Sharp 25" TV, for dealers (800) 237-4277 TV in gym, installed by Ultimate Sound & Installation, Richmond Hill (718) 441-6161, Proton TV (#VT-210), for dealers (800) 829-3444 Custom lacquered and gilded TV cabinet, by Peter Marino Architect, NYC (212) 752-5444, Mitsubishi TV (#CS-3506R), for dealers (800) 527-8888 Bookshelf TV cabinet, by Richard Gillette/Stephen Shadley Designs, NYC (212) 243-6913; Sony Trinitron 27" TV (see above) **160** NAD TV (#MR13a) in blond wood forties cabinet, for dealers (800) 263-4641 Fireplace wall sound-and-video installation, by Bromley Caldari Architects, NYC (212) 620-4250. Footboard for pop-up TV, by Arquitectonica, Miami (305) 442-9381 Audio-visual wall, by Steven Forman Architect, NYC (212) 486-0352, Mitsubishi 35" TV (see above). Alfred Gorig stone/glass/metal cabinet, from Modern Stone Age, NYC (212) 966-2570 Maple TV temple, by Kurt G. Holsapple, Germantown (518) 537-6669 Michael Graves's Kyoto cherry-veneer cabinet, from Arkitektura, NYC (212) 334-5570 Studio Collection mahogany TV cabinet, by Parish-Hadley, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. Trix and Robert Haussmann's Sesam mirrored TV cabinet, from Ernst Röthlisberger & Co., Gumligen (31) 521-652; Revox TV (#200-S), for dealers (615) 254-5651. **161** Sandbagging, by Brian Murphy, BAM Construction/Design, Santa Monica (213) 393-3252. Projection TV System, by Waldo Designs, Los Angeles (213) 278-1803; installed by Southern California Electronics, Los Angeles (213) 275-7754, Sony Videoscope rear projection TV (see above). Two-by-four TV cabinet, by Franklin D. Israel Design Associates, Beverly Hills (213) 652-8087. Burrows media room, by Charles Lagreco, Architectural Collective, Venice (213) 301-2012, and Sid Shier, Los Angeles (213) 874-1565 Tokyo Radio Tower/The Ghost in a Box cabinet, by Eugenia Butler, Los Angeles (213) 281-8234. CuBa High Cabinet, to the trade from Dakota Jackson, NYC (212) 838-9444; JVC TV (#AV-3189S), for dealers (800) 252-5722 **162** Periscope-style TV, by Frederic Schwartz, Anderson/Schwartz Architects, NYC (212) 608-0185, Sony Triniton TV (#KV-8AD12) (see above) Four-screen TV, by Krueck & Olsen, architects of record, Chicago (312) 787-0056, Sony Trinitron 32" TV (see above). White birch storage cabinet with TV tray, by Alison Spear, NYC (212) 219-1011, Sony Trinitron TV (#KV-25XBR Pro) (see above) Under-the-kitchen-counter cabinet, by Hariri & Hariri, NYC (212) 727-0338 Bird's-eye maple cabinet, by Chao-Ming Wu Architects, NYC (212) 966-2000, Proton TV (#VT-331) (see above) Spanish colonial style cabinet, by Thomas Callaway, Los Angeles (213) 447-2889 **163** Kenny Scharf TV, from Tony Shafrazi Gallery, NYC (212) 274-9300 Greenhouse dining alcove, by Clodagh Design International, NYC (212) 673-9202, Sony Trinitron 27" TV (see above) Audio-visual wall, by Shirley Chang Architect, NYC (212) 673-4773, Sharpvision projection TV (#XV100), by Sharp (see above) Swiveling TV armature system, by Bromley Caldari Architects (see above)

A VERY PROPER HOUSE

Pages 164–65 Crossgrain wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). **166** Lino Vert linen on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888 **167** Gallier Diamond wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17) Custom braided wool rug, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700

VISIONARIES AT HOME

Pages 170–75 Architecture, by Machado & Silvetti Associates, Boston (617) 426-7070 **172** Plaster casts, at Giust Gallery, Boston (617) 445-3800

REMAKING MAIDSTONE HALL

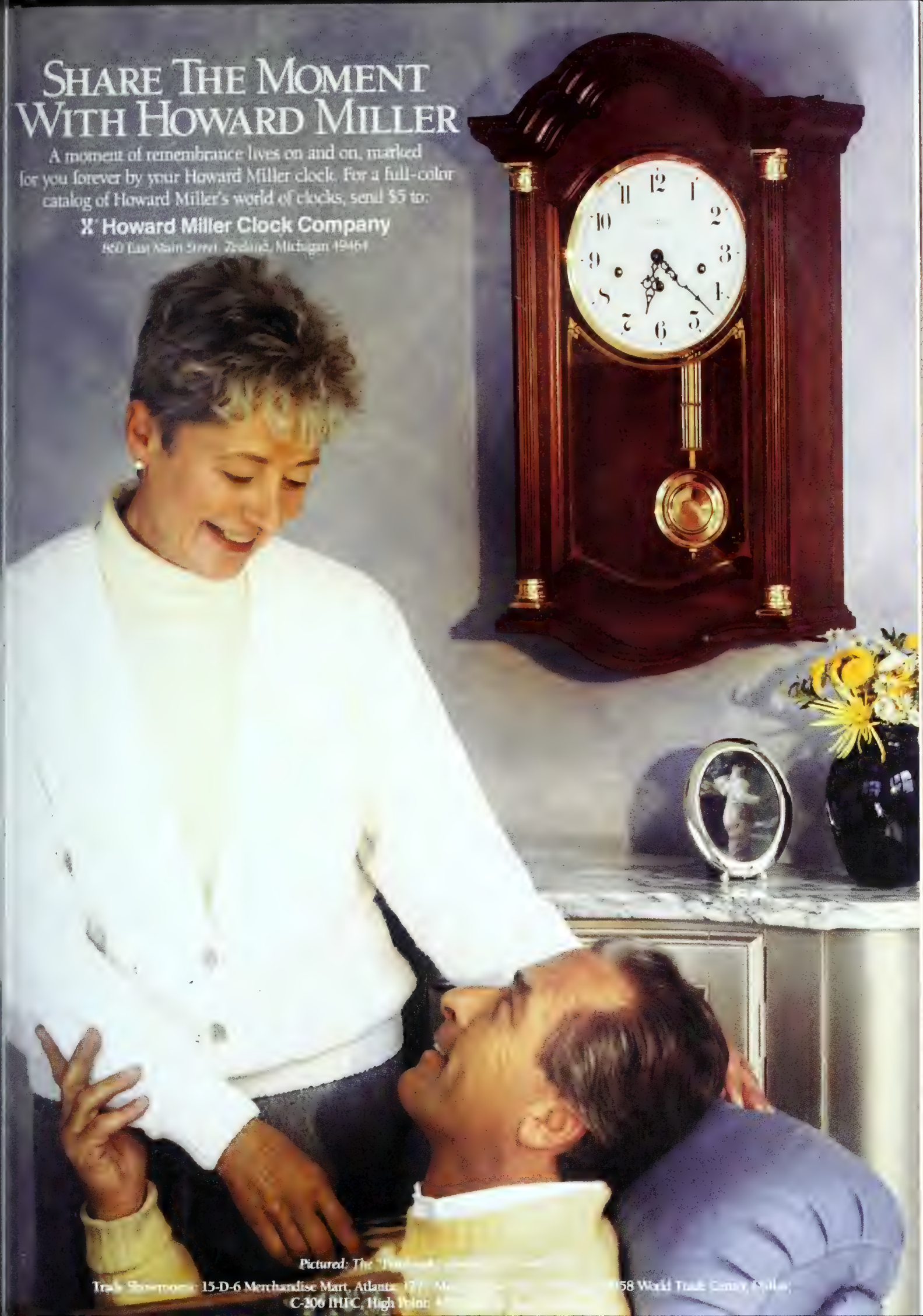
Pages 182–89 Design and decoration, by Michael R La Rocca and Keith D Palazzola of Michael R La Rocca, NYC (212) 755-5558 Construction and millwork, by Jeffrey Collé of J C. Construction, Watermill (516) 726-4410 **182–83** Antique Ushak rug, similar at F. J Hakimian, NYC (212) 888-4709. Tiger Velvet silk/linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Locarno cotton damask for curtains and club chairs, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700 Budapest viscose/cotton on wing chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 134–35) Romantique metal/glass coffee table, at Objets Plus, NYC (212) 832-3386 **184** Chrysso Damask cotton/linen on chairs and window seat, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Italian marble table, similar at Niall Smith, NYC (212) 255-0660 Tamesa Silk Taffeta for apricot pillows, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500

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GREAT IDEAS

Pages 191–92 Valmont penwork headboard, La Luna headboard with 22-kt gold leaf, Oak Bed headboard, Coventry headboard with 22-kt gold leaf, Prince of Wales bed crown, to the trade to custom order from Scott Warshaw Collection, Riviera Beach (407) 844-2325, (407) 844-3919 (fax); Bill Nessen, Dania (305) 925-0606, in FL (800) 541-0886 Bedding, by Simmons Beautyrest, at fine department stores Down/feather pillows, by Scandia Down, for Scandia Down stores (800) 237-5337 **191** Mohair/ribbon throw, $495, similar at Slatkin & Co., NYC (212) 794-1661. Plumetis silk/cotton queen sheets, European square sham, by Nancy Koltes, to the trade at Nancy Koltes Fine Linens & Textiles, NYC, retail at E. Braun & Co., NYC, Scandia Down, Ardmore; Stanley Korshak, Dallas (to order), Lynnen's, Greenwich (to order); Lin Marché, San Antonio; Abrielle, Washington, D.C. Vittadini Classico tartan decorative pillow and neckroll, paisley decorative pillow, by Adrienne Vittadini, for stores (800) 841-3336 Linen sham with appliqué border, $225, by Ravage, at Archetype Gallery, NYC (212) 334-0100 Whitaker quilted velvet throw pillows, $275 ea, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren and fine department stores, for more information, 1185 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10036, (212) 642-8700 Eleanor's Ribbon cotton boudoir sham with tapestry border, by Nancy Koltes (see above). Pacific Stripe sham, $38, European square, flat sheet, $20, twin, Buttercup fitted sheet, $20, twin, by Sheridan, for stores (800) 777-9563. Plains Indian blanket, $138, twin, by Pendleton, for stores (212) 661-1670. **192** Shagreen pillowcase, $24.99 pr, standard, by Osborne & Little for Revman, for stores (800) 237-0658 Cottage Plaid cotton standard sham, by Esprit Bath & Bed, from WestPoint Pepperell, for stores (800) 533-8229. Gwendolyn gingham decorative pillow, $39.99, by Mario Buatta for Revman (see above). Plaid cotton decorative pillow, from Pier 1 Imports, for Pier 1 stores (800) 447-4371. Botanica decorative breakfast pillow, from Fieldcrest, for stores (800) 841-3336 Pequin cotton pillowcase, $28 pr, standard, by Fendi for Royalton, from Bibb Co., for stores (800) 444-2422 Pastiche hand-screened cotton pillowcase, $70, standard, by Ravage, at Archetype (see above). Just Violets cotton sham (#15712538), $26, standard, from Lands' End, to order (800) 345-3696. Cynthia's Delight pillowcase, $15 pr, standard, by Cynthia Gibson for Royalton, from Bibb Co. (see above) Woods flat sheet, $12.99, twin, decorative pillow, $39.99, coordinating fabric used as fitted sheet, 90" wide, 3 yds long, $49.99, all by Katja for Revman (see above). Mohair/ribbon throw, $495, similar at Slatkin (see above). Voghi Victoria silk/cashmere throw, 55" x 72", by Nancy Koltes (see above) Simply Cotton chemical-free cotton standard pillow sham, by Utica, for stores call Stevens (800) 533-8229. Elizabeth cotton paisley sham (with pillow), $78, breakfast, from Ralph Lauren (see above) Debrett velvet throw pillows, $337 ea, Wexford wool throw pillow, $181, Kyler silk/gold cord throw pillow, $412, Brady cotton pillowcase, $49 pr, standard, cotton flat sheet, $56, full, cotton fitted sheet, $56, full, Crest wool throw, $650, Cashmere Paisley throw banded in suede, $4,350, from Ralph Lauren (see above). Supercale Plus pink sheet, approx $10, twin, Supercale Easy-Care purple sheet, approx $16, twin, from Wamsutta/Pacific, for stores (800) 344-2142. Sunflower gilt cast-resin tiebacks, by William Harvey Studio for Loom Co., at Gibraltar, Charleston; Daryl Westfall, East Hampton; Tuscany, Greenwich; Room with a View, Santa Monica; Gump's mail order (800) 284-8677

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The photographs in the August "Food" column were styled by Sally Schneider.

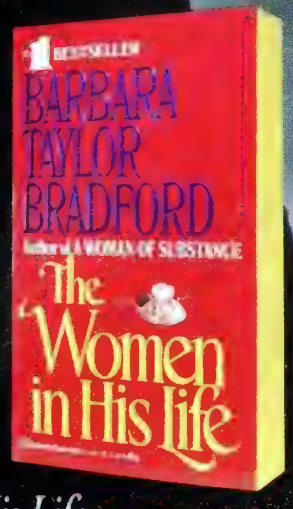
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Gandee AT LARGE

Diane von Furstenberg has designs on the '90s

As everybody who was alive in the seventies must surely know, Diane von Furstenberg married a prince named Egon, then proceeded to become very rich and even more famous because of a little cotton-jersey wrap dress she had whipped up on a whim. Back then, of course, she was more than the raven-haired wife of the dashing young prince. More, in fact, than the exotic twenty-nine-year-old fashion-cum-cosmetics phenomenon on the cover of *Newsweek* magazine. Her husband's title notwithstanding, back then, you will recall, she was the reigning queen of New York City. "They were the crazy years, the years when I was on top of the world. I had a Fifth Avenue apartment, I had a perfect business life, I had a perfect family life, and then at midnight I would put on my cowboy boots and go to Studio 54 and have a whole other life." If many of Furstenberg's co-revelers from that period have since developed selective amnesia, she has not: "People were smoking pot, sex was free, it was like there were no limits to anything. It was a period of great liberation. It was fun."

Nonetheless, fifteen years and a continent later, the only vestige of that colorful past is a polychromatic portrait by Andy Warhol above the mantel in Furstenberg's luxe Left Bank apartment, which is where I dropped in one cold rainy afternoon in late June. "I have always been a little bit ahead in my thinking," said Furstenberg, who was wearing cobalt-blue leggings and an oversize chartreuse silk shirt of her own design that was open to reveal a halter. She offered an example: "The seventies were my eighties—I wanted to be on the cover of *Fortune*." During the actual eighties, a decade in which it seemed that everyone else wanted to be on the cover of *Fortune*, Furstenberg downshifted out of the fast lane.



A book on baths is next for DVF.

"The 1970s were the crazy years, the years when I was on top of the world"

She divorced her prince, sold her beauty business, fled the States, and fell in love, first with a Brazilian in Bali—"We lived in a little bamboo house on the beach; I wore sarongs"—then with a writer in Paris. "I wanted to be a woman, a companion to a man. I didn't want to be a tycoon anymore. I wanted to be emotionally dependent."

Not surprisingly, one decade of this proved plenty for Furstenberg, who awoke from her Anaïs Nin–style dream with the nineties. "I thought to myself, 'What am I going to be? The one who was famous when she was twenty-nine?' All of a sudden I turned on again." Does this suggest a comeback? It does. "Now I have big plans, *big* plans. And lots of projects. I have experience, I have energy, and I have the desire to do things." Although Furstenberg is mysterious about what those things might be, fashion, accessories, textiles, beauty, and health are mentioned as inevitable candidates for her attention. As is the home: "Home is very important—more and more and more." Any predictions? "The big thing in the next ten years will be well-being—not luxury."

Meanwhile back in Manhattan, where Furstenberg maintains a pied-à-terre, Bantam is set to release the book on beds she recently completed with collaborator Olivier Gelbsmann. Pourquoi le lit? "The bed is such a symbol, you bring everything to the bed—your anxieties, your loves—you abandon yourself." With typical American indiscretion, I asked how many of the nearly two hundred beds in the book had she personally slept in. "Five are mine," she responded. A companion volume for Bantam on baths is now in the works. And at Salvy, the Paris-based publishing house Furstenberg founded in 1989, the presses are ready to roll on the French edition of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial novel, *American Psycho*.

Another tome that might make for an eye-opening read is the diary Furstenberg has been keeping since 1969. Locked safely away at Cloudwalk Farm, the Connecticut estate she considers her true home, it is "one of the two things that have kept me sane." And the other thing? "My children," gushed the proud parent, who then extolled the virtues of twenty-year-old Brown graduate Tatiana, the namesake of Furstenberg's first perfume, and twenty-one-year-old Brown undergraduate Alexandre, the "new Sexiest Man Alive," according to *Allure* magazine. ("He's much more than that," clarified Mom.)

Although I didn't ask Furstenberg if she had any plans to publish her autobiography—she'd already made it clear that her life is a work in progress—I did ask if she ever looked back over the volumes, which is to say, over the years. "Yes," she said. "I think it's important to be able to smile at your shadow and wink at yourself in the mirror."

Charles Gandee

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Decorating's New Stars

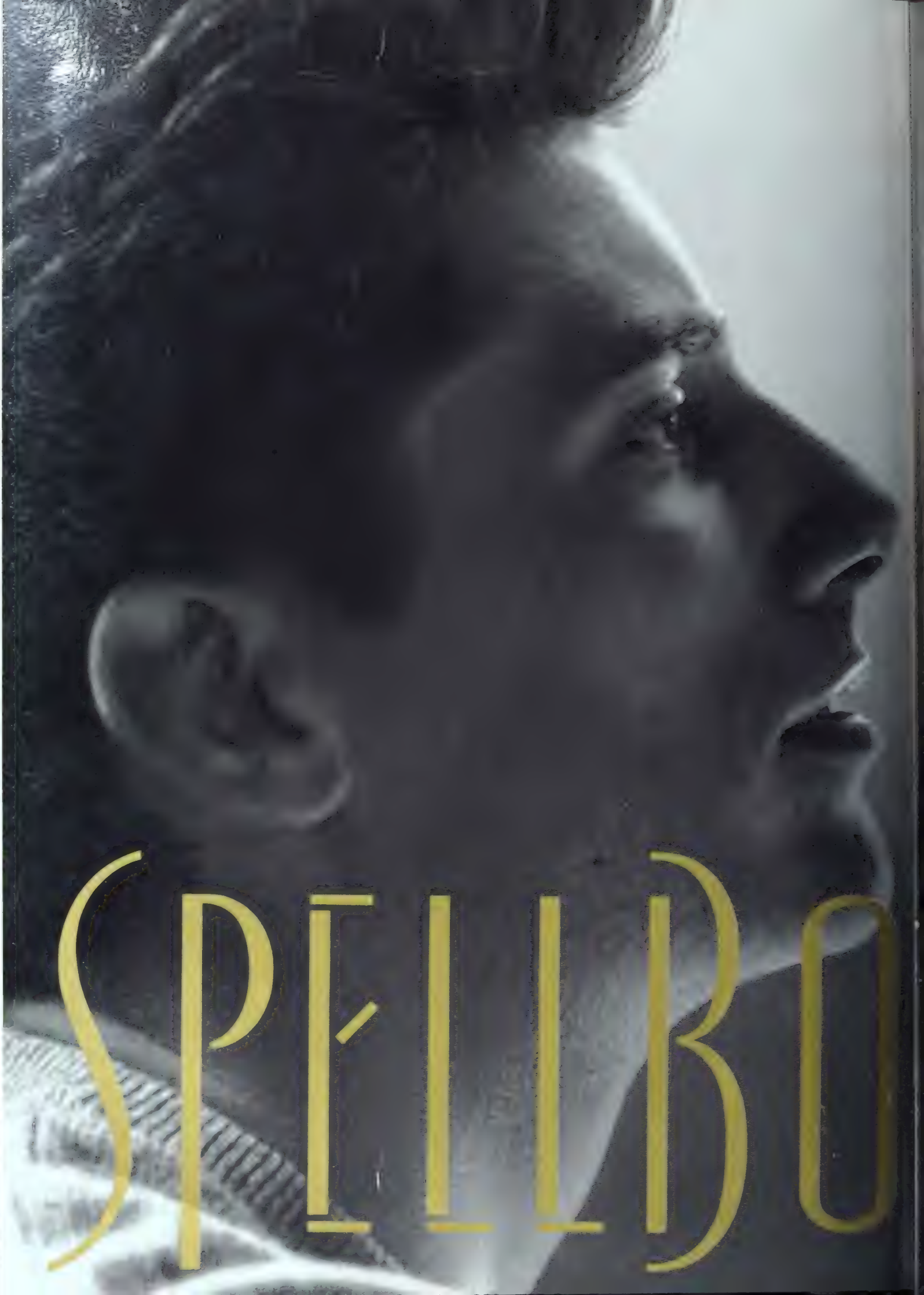
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Sister Joan Kirby in Hell's Kitchen



OCTOBER



A Manhattan decorators' office serves as a design laboratory, above. Page 207. Left: Antipasti as counter food at Trattoria dell'Arte. Page 84.



Michael Connors's SoHo loft: a secret source for antiques. Page 120

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Ludwig Bemelmans's sketch of New York City. Page 90.



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Artist Ross Bleckner's library in his downtown studio-loft. Page 174.

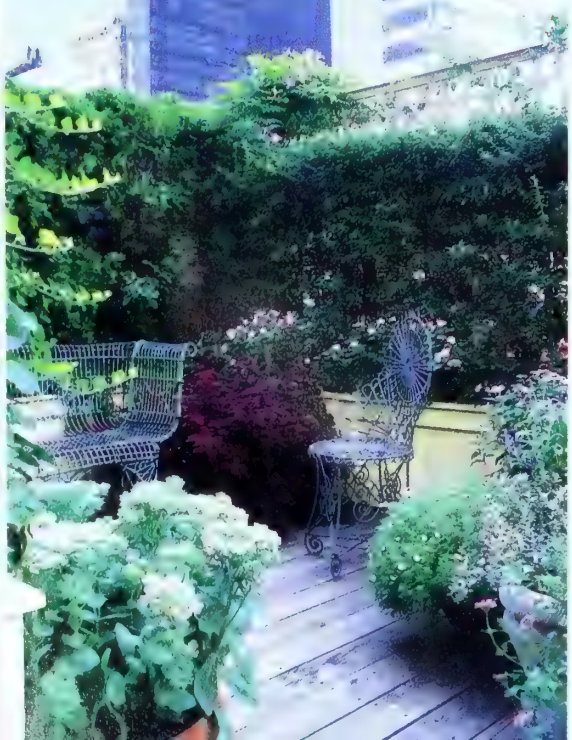


Fashion designer Michael Kors, left, at work on his 1991 collection. Page 138. Below: Two sisters in their Upper East Side house. Page 144.



A Manhattan rooftop garden, below, by Perry Guillot. Page 182.

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COVER *European antiques conjure up old-world elegance in the living room of two New York decorators. Page 196. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*

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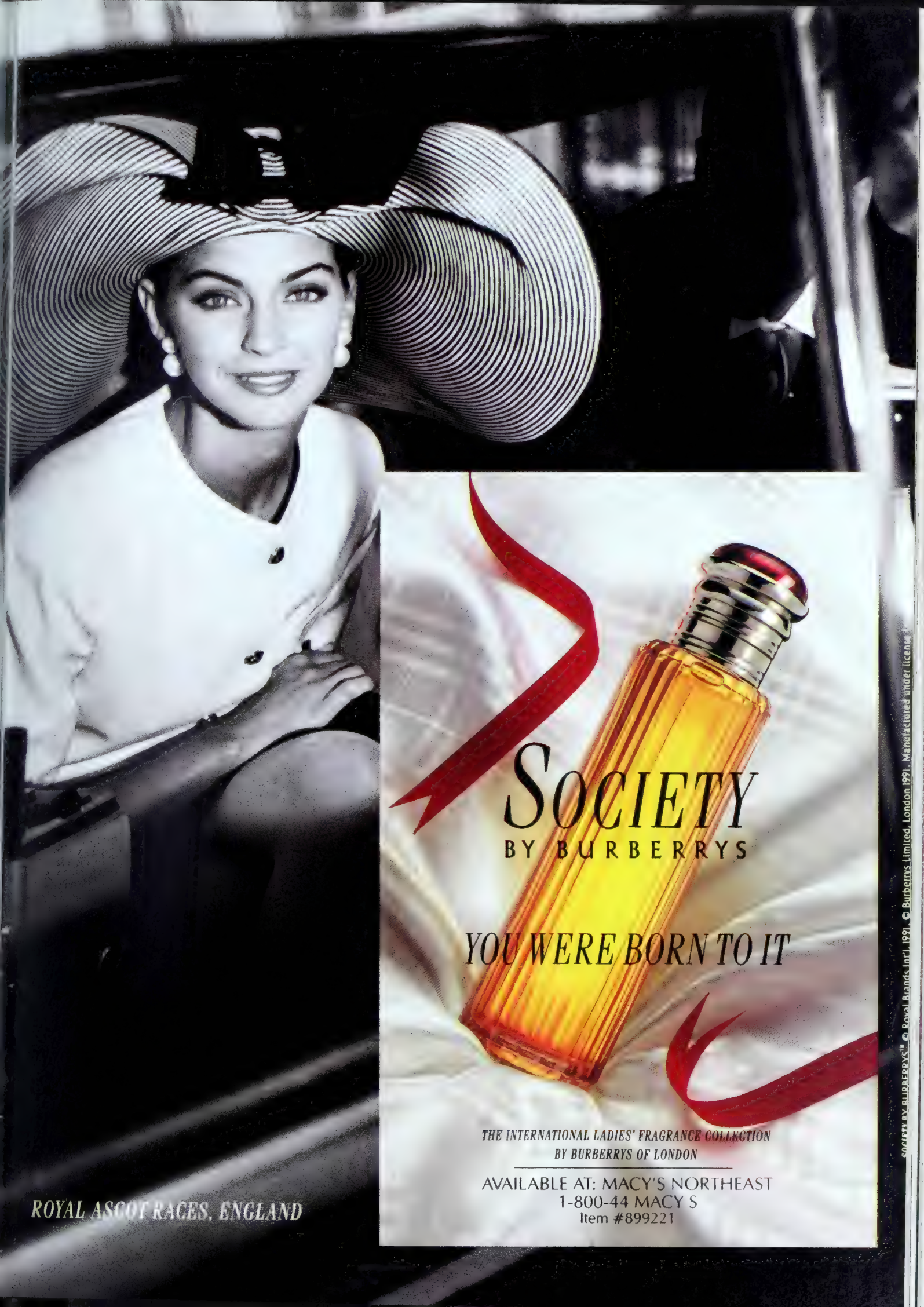


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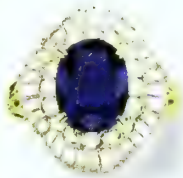
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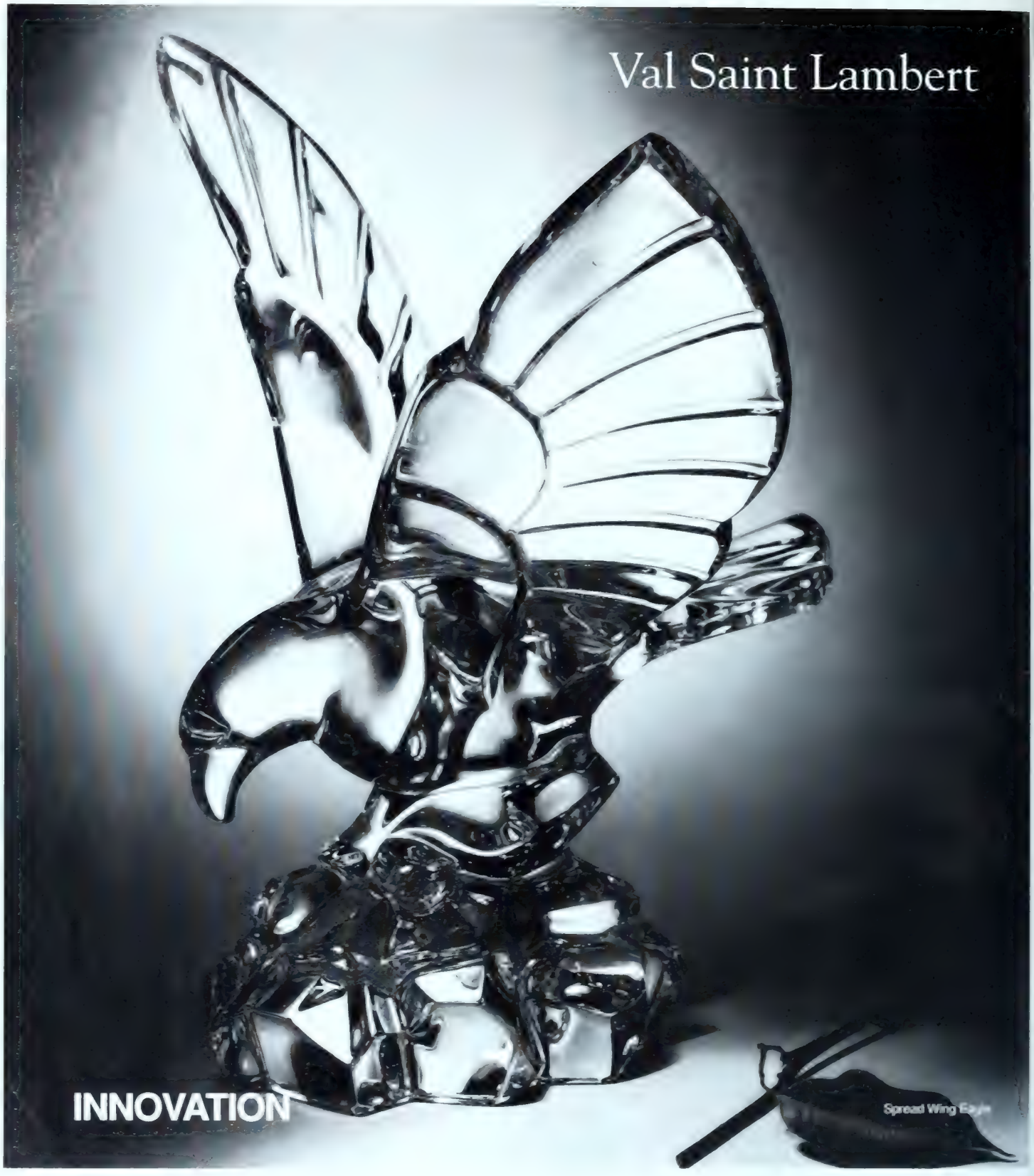
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Louis Vuitton. The spirit of travel

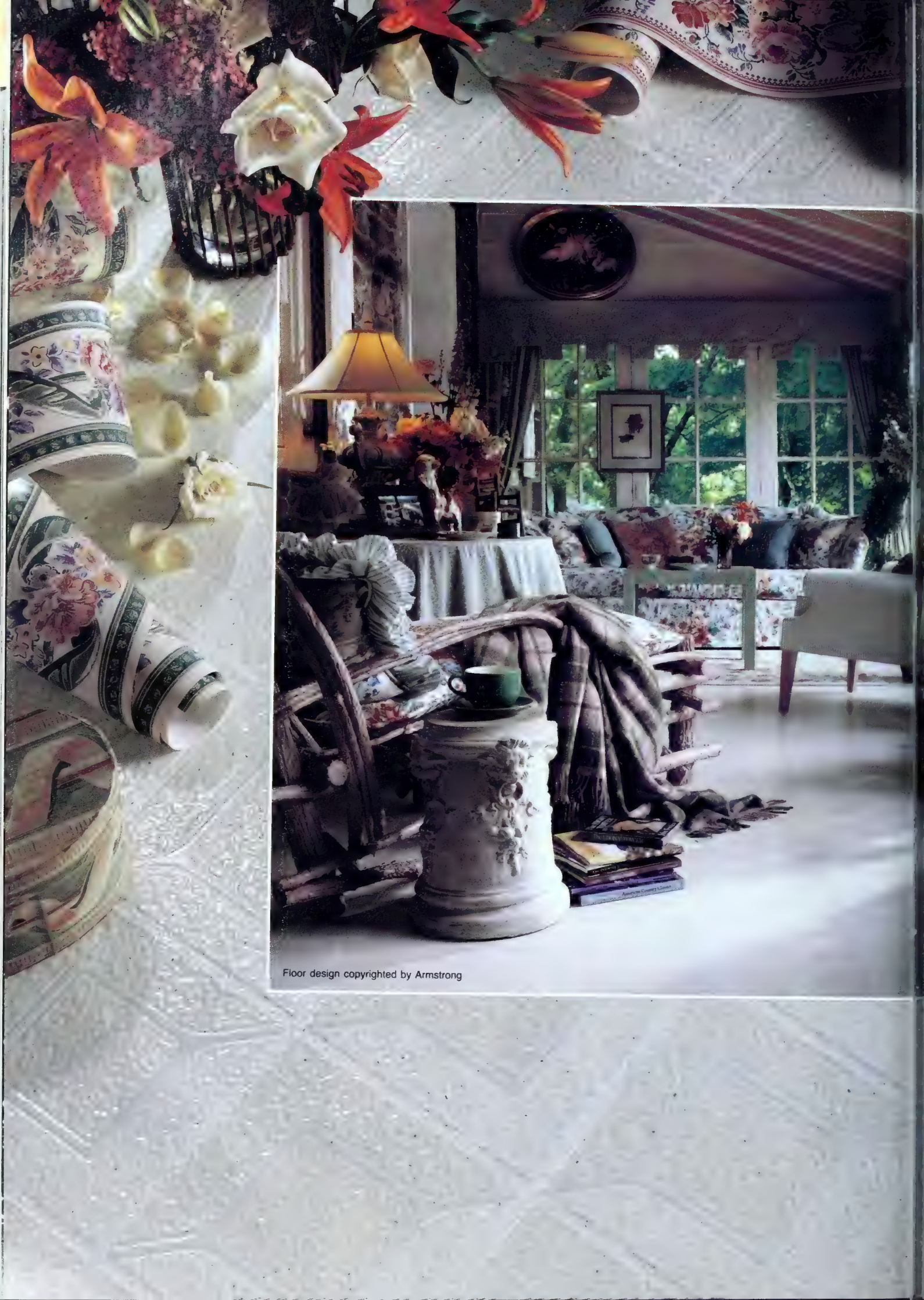


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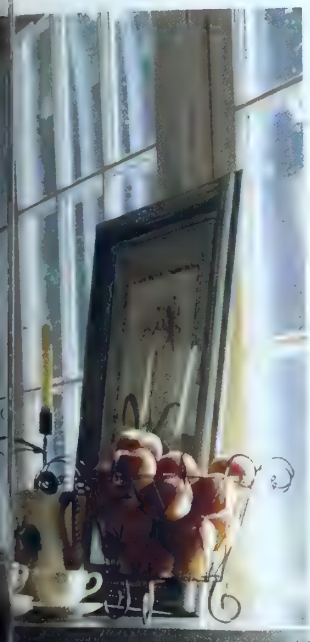
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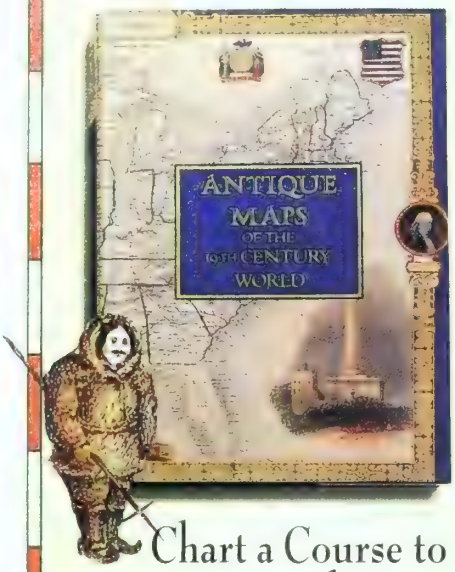


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JOHN YANG

Linda Yang takes stock of four approaches to urban horticulture in her story on rooftop gardens. Author of *The City Gardener's Handbook: From Balcony to Backyard* and a garden writer for *The New York Times*, Yang developed her green thumb after getting an architecture degree. "Although I never lost my architectural viewpoint in terms of organizing space and horizontal and vertical elements, I became addicted to gardening and am very much a plant person. Gardening is one of the things that makes New York City bearable."

Graydon Carter juggles radically different decorating attitudes when he looks at the lofts of magician Penn Jillette and his fire-eating companion, model Carol Perkins. Former editor of *Spy*, Carter edits *The New York Observer* and is a contributing editor of *Vogue*. His book about aerial photographer Alfred Buckham will be published next year by Knopf.



WILLIAM DUKE



LINN SAGE

Roxana Robinson is the author of *Georgia O'Keeffe: A Life* and the short story collection *A Glimpse of Scarlet*. She explores the sophisticated downtown Manhattan apartment of architect Thierry Despont. "Despont's work is inventive and exuberant but rooted in classicism. Glimmers of his refined wit surface throughout."


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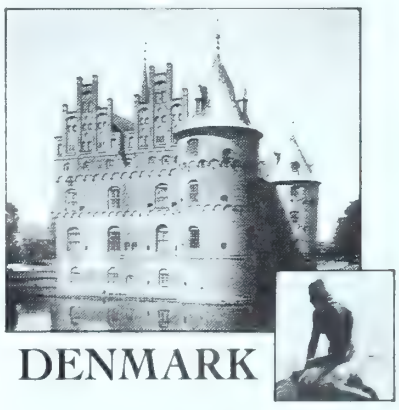
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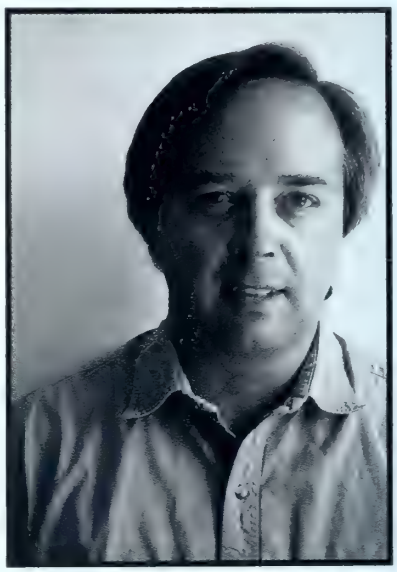
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YURI MARDER

Denise Martin (seen here in her lower Manhattan rooftop garden, which she says "only a mother could love") just joined HG as a features editor. Previously executive editor of *The American Lawyer*, Martin says she's edited "so many miles of copy, I even read my mail with a pencil in hand." This month's report on the National Audubon Society's headquarters is part of a series of "Environment" columns Martin is developing.



REGINA WENZEK

Verlyn Klinkenborg, author of *The Last Fine Time* and *Making Hay*, is a Briggs-Copeland assistant professor of English at Harvard. For HG he looks at the life of Belle da Costa Greene, the first director of the Pierpont Morgan Library. "My curiosity began when I saw a drawing of her in the Morgan library, where I once worked. She was a groundbreaking figure—a flamboyant and innovative woman who left her mark."



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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



"Real gardeners" are the latest targets of New York decorator Bunny Williams and decorative arts maven John Rosselli, who have teamed up to open Treillage, a shop debuting this month. Longtime friends and horticulturists, the two have been collecting antique garden furniture and ornaments for quite some time. "Then," recalls Williams, "while standing amidst stacks of pots, wattle fencing, and unusual furniture at London's Chelsea Flower Show, we made an instantaneous decision to launch this venture." (Treillage, 418–420 East 75 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-535-2288)





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Hanging Out For its sixtieth anniversary the Whitney Museum hosts an Oct. 30 gala and a Calder show including *Big Red* (*above*), Nov. 14–Feb. 2. For information (212) 570-3672.



Wirework Iron garden urn (*above*), $650, from Dampierre & Co., 79 Greene St., NYC (212) 966-5474.



SHOWHOUSE French decorators put their stamp on the mansion at 603 Park Ave., Oct. 17–Nov. 17, to benefit the American Hospital of Paris. For information (212) 838-0157.

Petite Panels Lee Grimsbo's folding screen (*below*), 28 inches tall, $225, shows off small prints. At William-Wayne, 324 East 9th St., NYC (212) 477-3182.



Encore Aubusson carpet design from Musée des Arts Décoratifs re-created in needlepoint (*above*), from Sonia Chapell, NYC (212) 744-7872.



Gems Iridescent House silks shimmer on oversize pillows (*right*) from Donghia. For showrooms (800) 366-4442.

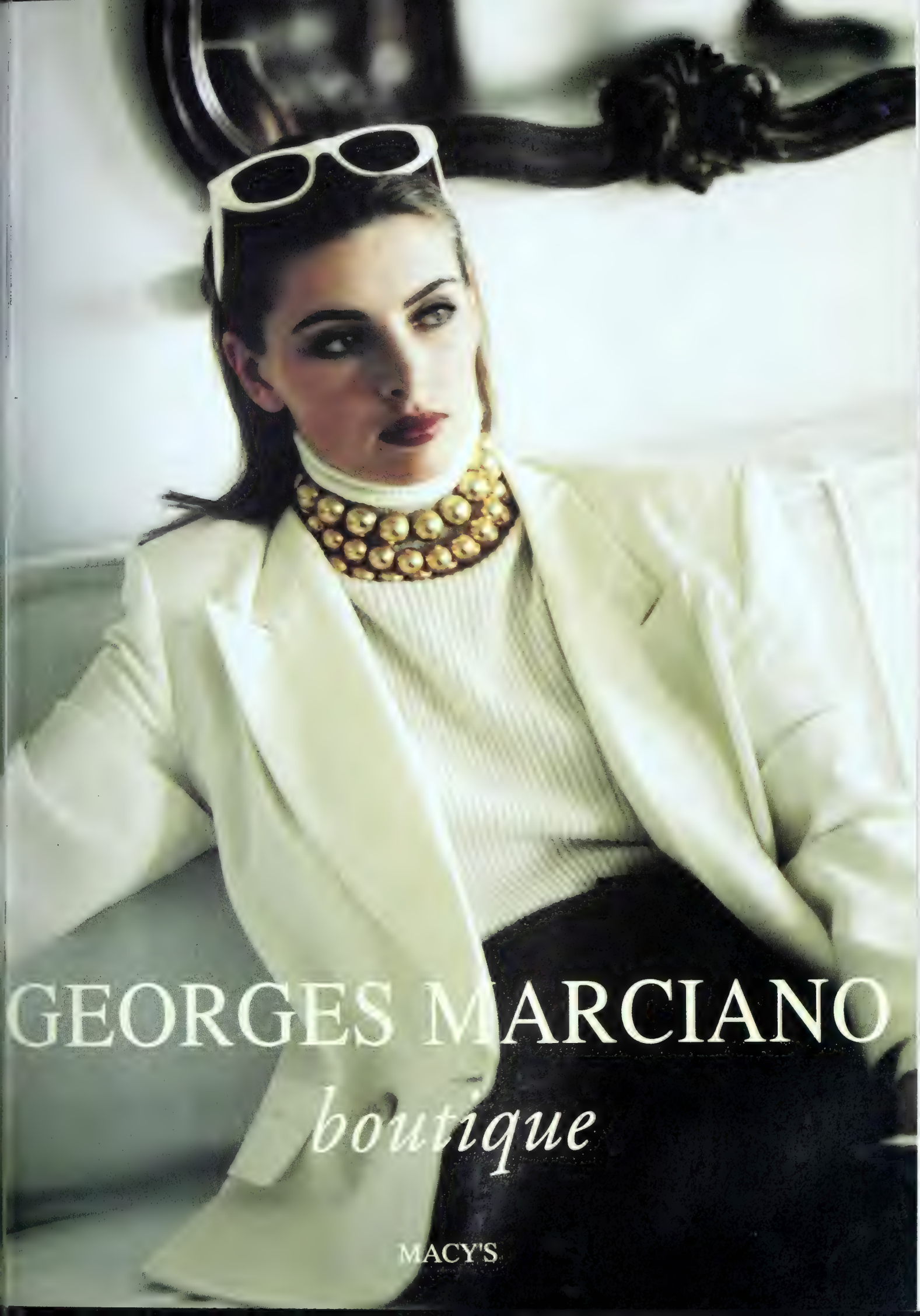


Que Seurat, Seurat The artist's 1888 *Models* (*below*) and 184 other works are at the Metropolitan Museum of Art through Jan. 12. For information (212) 879-5500.



Space Age Astro Boy reaches for the stars on Tim Goslin's handprinted Orbit border and wallpaper (*right*). For showrooms (212) 777-6404.

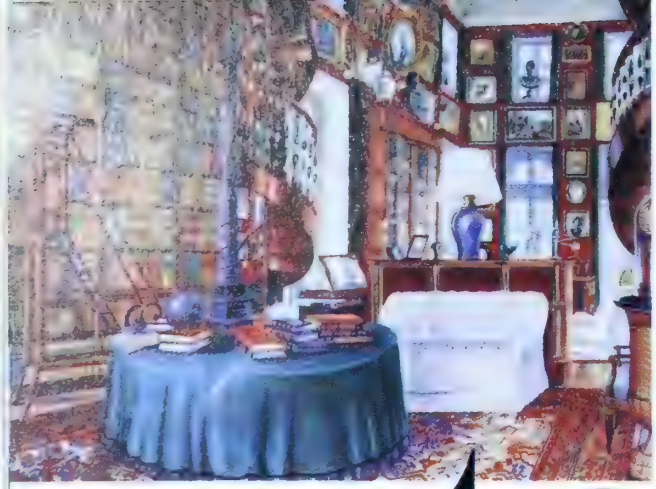



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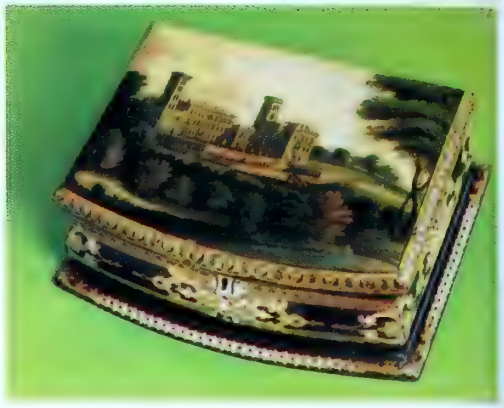

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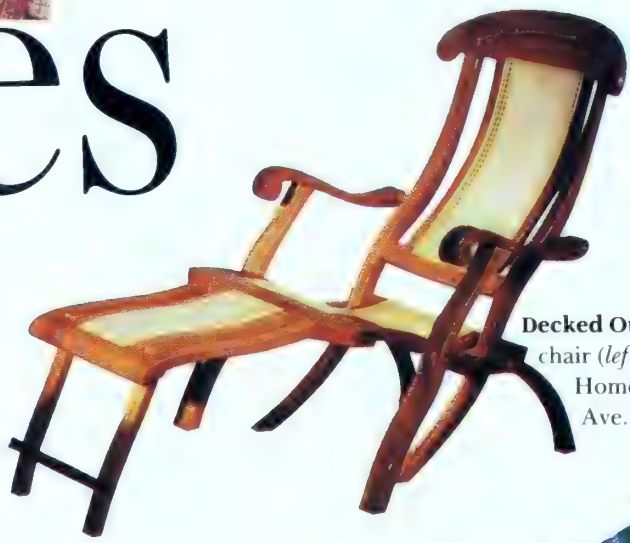
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Room with a View
Watercolor of the Château de Groussay library (*left*) is among the interior renderings on view Oct. 29–Nov. 15 at Slatkin & Co., 131 East 70th St., NYC (212) 794-1661.



Paper Furniture Kentshire Galleries shows an antique papier-mâché box (*above*) and other examples of the art at New York's Bergdorf Goodman, Oct. 15–Nov. 12. Call (212) 673-6644.



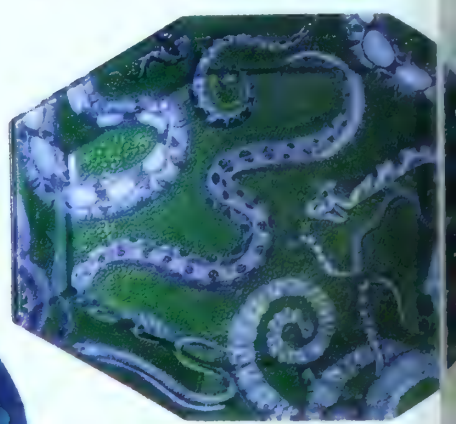
Decked Out Cruiseworthy mahogany chair (*left*), $1,600, at Katie Ridder Home Furnishings, 944 Lexington Ave., NYC (212) 861-2345.



Commedia dell'Arte
Sterling Pulcinella (*left*) makes an appearance on tables and desks. Buccellati, 46 East 57th St., NYC (212) 308-2900.



Truffle Troves
Handblown glass canisters (*above*) are filled with sweets at Black Hound. For stores (212) 979-9505.



A Cut Above
Découpage master Pablo Manzoni creates platters (*above*), plates, and bowls to order. Call (212) 355-5700.

Autumn Leaves
Drift into fall with *Decorating with Pictures* by Stephanie Hoppen (Clarkson Potter, $40); *Passage* by Irving Penn (Knopf, $100); and *Fornasetti* (Bulfinch, $85) by Patrick Mauriès.

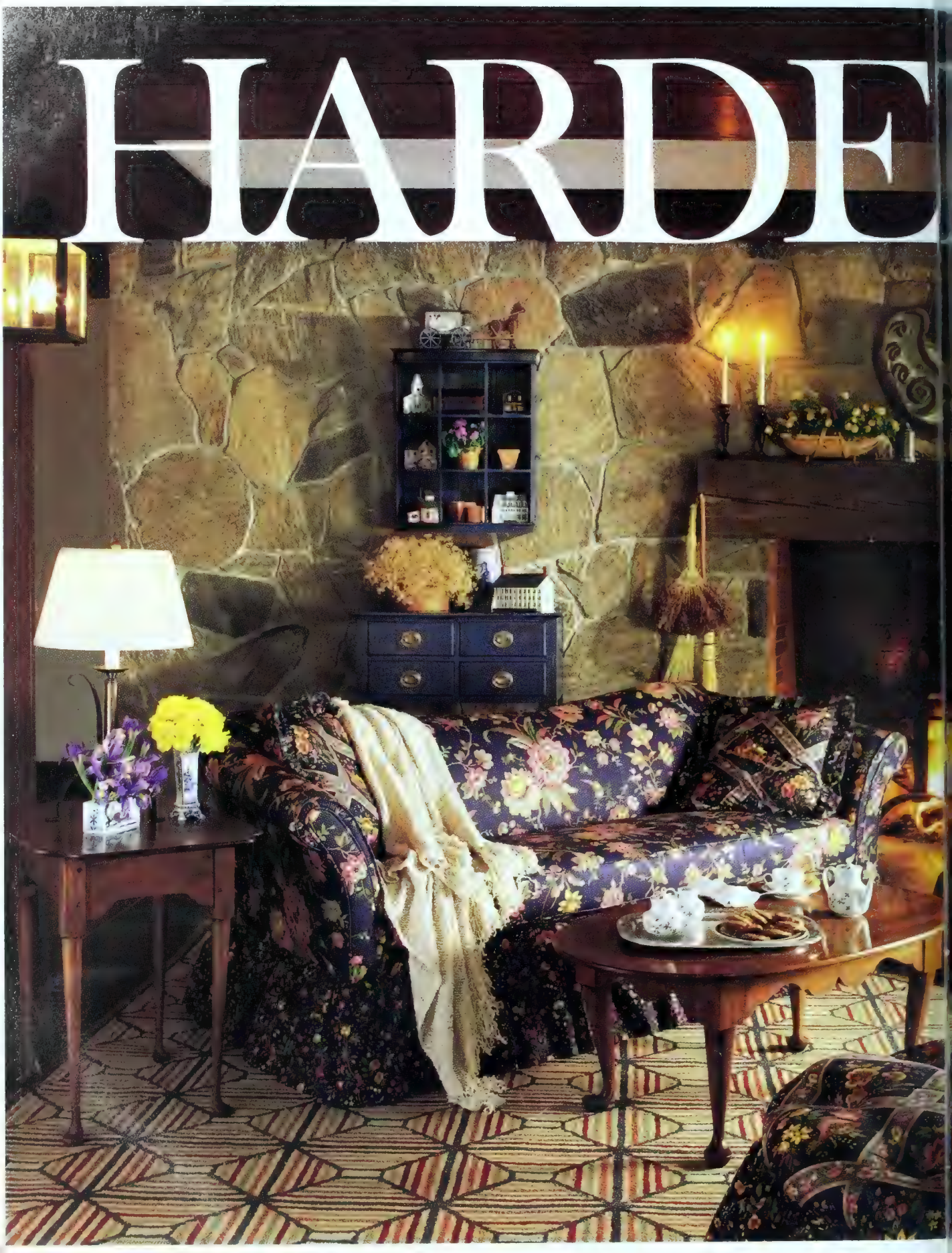







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Alex Katz in his studio, right. Above: A space off the living room is inhabited by the artist's aluminum cutouts of his wife, Ada, and friends Rudy Burckhardt and Edwin Denby. In the background is Katz's *Maria*, 1989. A sculpture by Joel Shapiro lies unobtrusively on the polyurethaned floor. Below right: Coffee cans double as paintbrush holders.

Alex Katz in Three Dimensions

The painter's son portrays life in the family loft BY VINCENT KATZ

We moved to SoHo in 1968. It was so different then. There was a bodega on one corner, a greasy spoon on the other, and not a boutique in sight. West Broadway looked like Crosby Street does today, lined with old warehouses and factories. My father, Alex, chose his loft because of the light, which floods through the west windows in the afternoon. "But I was wary of SoHo," he says. "It was like a ghetto—Hell's Hundred Acres. We were living illegally in a commercial space, and the police could round you up easily there."

Before SoHo we lived in a loft on Fifth Avenue opposite the Flatiron Building, so we were familiar with the effort of converting an industrial space into a living space, all but forgotten in these days of designer lofts and lofttettes. My mother, Ada, describes the SoHo interior before it was redone: "It had been a silk screen fabric factory. There were worktables nailed to the floor and

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A portrait of the artist's mother and a Kirchner nude hang over a Victorian chest in the bathroom, left. Far left: Katz's *Swamp Maple, 4:30*, 1968, looms behind the loft's dining area. Below left: Light blazes through the studio skylight. Below: In the living room a marble-topped coffee table is surrounded by two sofas, one upholstered in beaver and mohair, the other covered in leather.



The loft is sparsely furnished, but what *is* there is far from minimal

lumps of glue and pigment everywhere. The bathroom was the same size as now—quite large—but with stalls." We moved in after only six weeks of renovation so my father could get back to work as quickly as possible.

The loft is divided between studio and living quarters, with floors throughout covered in a seamless coat of polyurethane. Although there are few dividing walls, spaces are clearly defined. My parents' decorative style is minimal, but their taste is kinky. What I mean is their loft is sparsely furnished, but what *is* there is far from minimal.

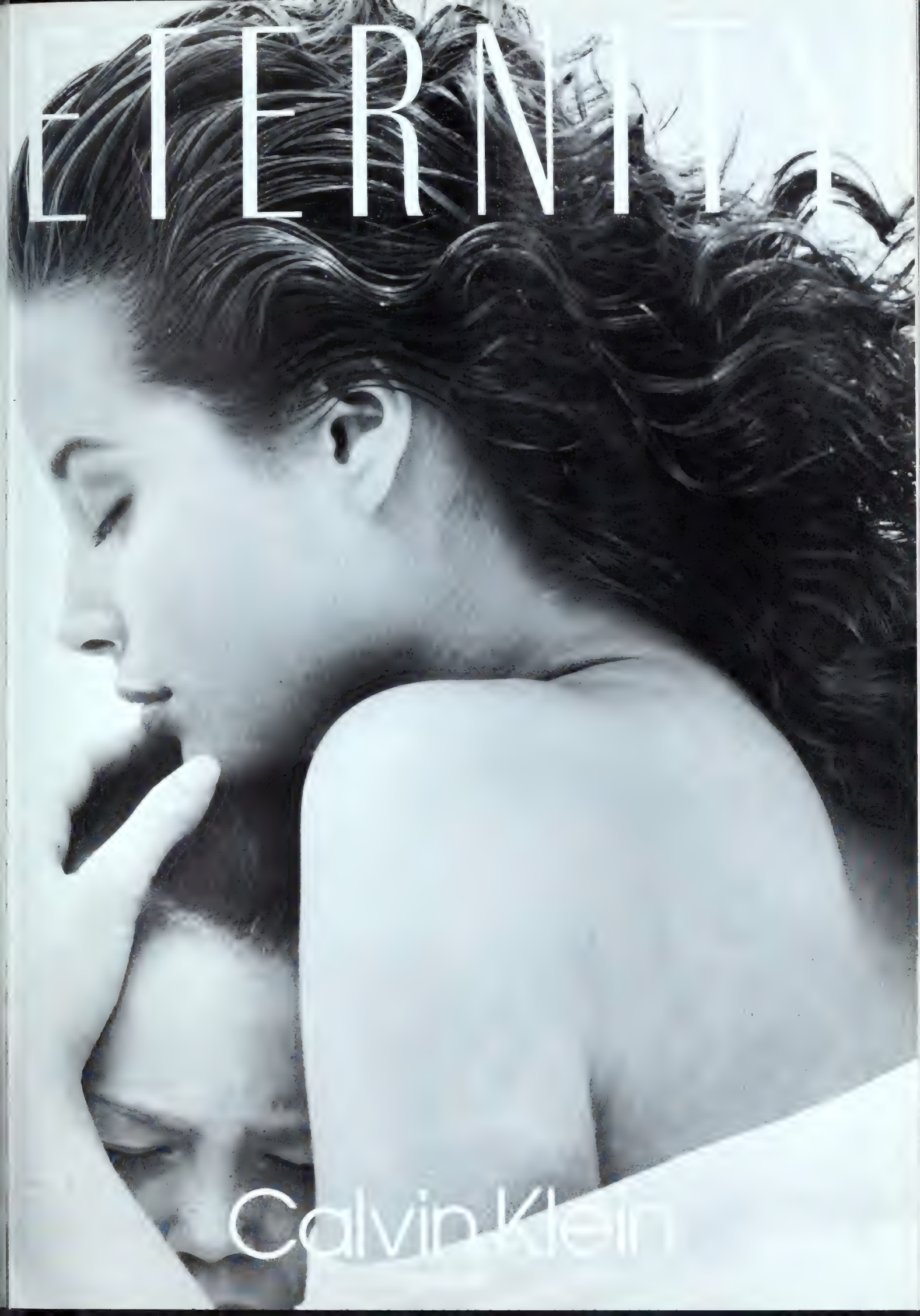
Above the rectilinear kitchen cupboard, a starkly beautiful colonial piece from Maine, stand several small metal cutouts. The poet John Ashbery perches there, along with French journalist Pierre Martory, my mother, and myself. Behind the dining table, *Swamp Maple, 4:30* resides in its place of privilege. In the living room sits a low coffee table made of a marble slab, and two sofas—one upholstered in beaver and mohair, the other in leather—face a set of chrome kitchen chairs.

My old bedroom is also anything but minimal. When my mother visited me after I went away to college, she asked if they could paint my room, still plastered with the Beatles and Walt Frazier posters of my childhood. I agreed, only if it could be done in the style of Henri Rousseau, thinking, of course, that this would preclude its being painted. When I returned home, I was surprised to find the "Rousseau" almost completed. Assistants had painted the majority of the mural with Alex contributing animals and figures. The ceiling is a black sky spiked with faintly twinkling stars, and suspended from the center is a wooden kayak by Rafael Ferrer. It's a magical room.

Artwork adorns the loft with natural grace. A thick-lined Matisse print of a young boy looms large, while two Degas monotypes can go unnoticed. A small Enzo Cucchi drawing grabs one's attention in the living room. Near the elevator, prints by Max Beckmann and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner create the feeling of an antechamber. Katzes hanging in the living area are rotated according to taste and availability. Some, like *Walk*, a painting of my parents and me (at age ten), are perennial favorites.

The studio is notoriously spotless—not a drop of paint on the floor. You feel you're in a club—someplace elegant. I have always enjoyed watching the intersection below from the corner windows. Alex's environment has




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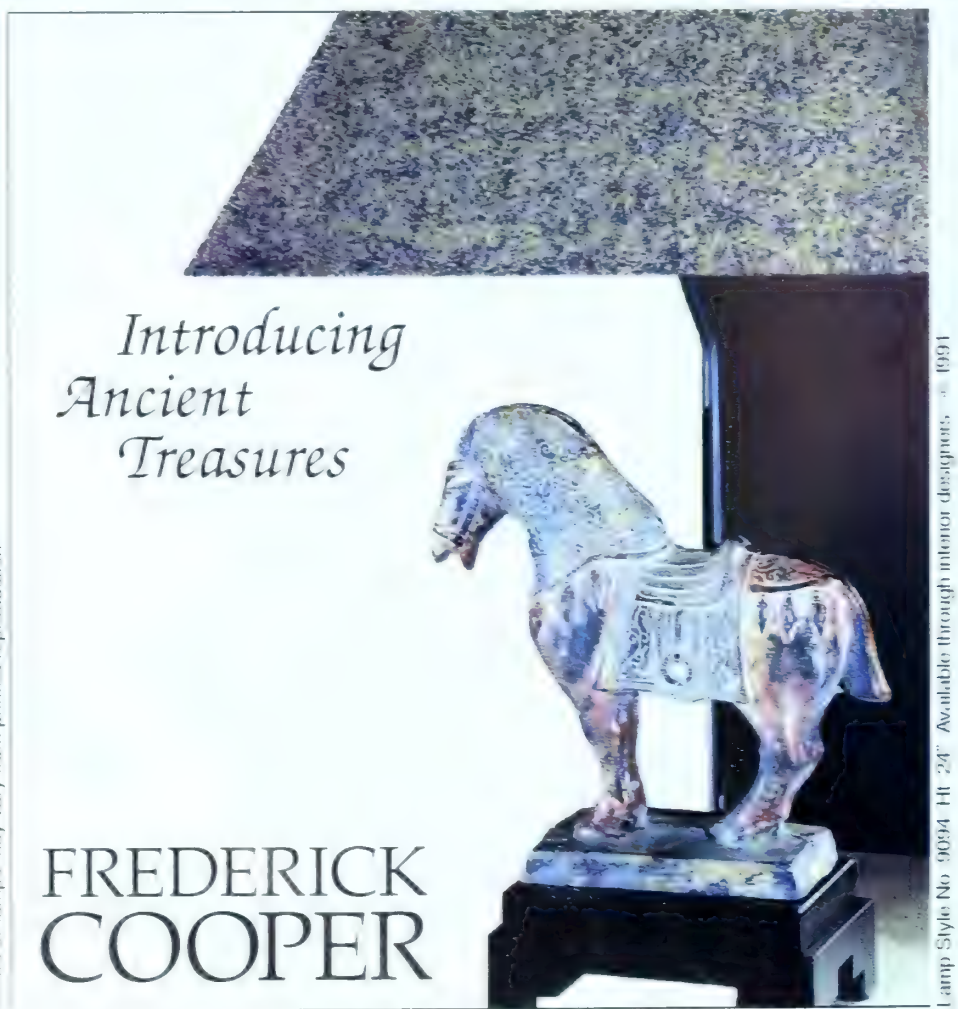
always inspired his work, and lately, more than ever, he's been painting what he sees out of these windows—massive buildings, dark nights, orange mists.

Alex starts his morning around eight with a run, breakfast, and the paper. Then he moves on to the studio for what amounts to an eight-hour workday. This is pretty much the plan, 365 days a year. During summers in Maine the routine is simply transported. Even when he travels, it is usually in conjunction with work, whether he's collaborating with printmakers in Japan or overseeing an exhibition of his paintings in Italy. For the past ten years or so, my mother has been occupied by the Eye and Ear Theater, a company she founded, which has put on many fascinating productions of plays by poets with sets by well-known artists.

I grew up surrounded by art and poetry, part of a creative milieu. One of my biggest pleasures as a child was going to art openings. I loved to watch everyone as they moved about the gallery, drinking and talking. Sometimes I would sit alone in a back room and try to imitate the sound of so many people speaking at one time. Once, at a party in our loft, to our dismay, the poet Ted Berrigan signed what he thought was a wood scrap on the wall. Alex quickly cleaned off the sculpture by Joel Shapiro.

SoHo has changed immensely from the time it was considered a "ghetto." "The neighborhood was very dirty when we moved in," recalls Ada, "but not from people coming to promenade. The streets were littered with trash from paper factories, remnants of fabric—a lot of that kind of refuse." Views on SoHo's metamorphosis vary in my family. "I prefer SoHo as it is now," states Alex. "Everything you need for a civilized life is within two blocks—a cinema, record stores, galleries." Ada has some reservations. "It's still very pleasant on weekdays. There is an interesting mix of people. I just don't like the increased density on weekends." I, too, remember the old days with a certain longing. ▲





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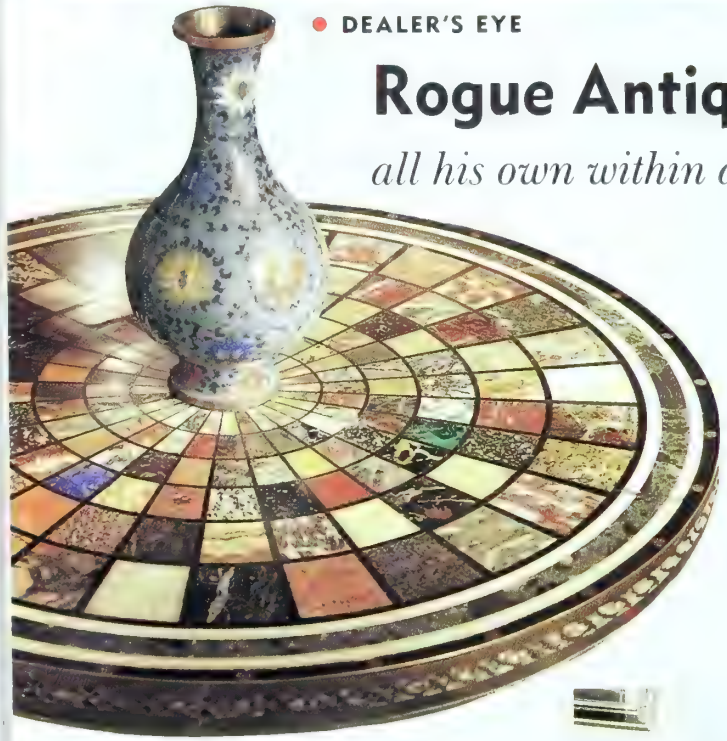
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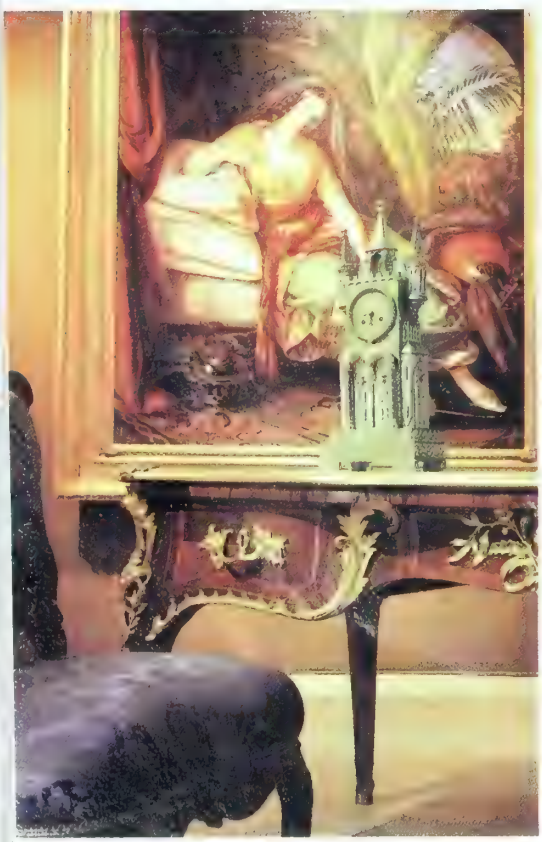
Rogue Antiquaire *Hervé Aaron creates a rich legacy all his own within a family tradition*

BY CATHERINE BARNETT



It was almost inevitable that Hervé Aaron would end up in the antiques business: his grandmother imported Chinese objects to France and his father, Didier Aaron, has specialized in classic French furniture for over forty years, enlarging the collections of Hubert de Givenchy, Yves Saint Laurent, and the president of the Ivory Coast along the way. "Hervé grew up in between his father's legs and the legs of a Louis XVI bergère," says Katell le Bourhis, a curator at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. "With his big smile, curly hair, and little round glasses he's been a fixture at every important auction since he was a kid." Along the way he's also earned himself a reputation as one of the most astute and adventurous forces in the trade.





Hervé Aaron, above, divides his gallery between classic French designs, left, and pieces of less familiar periods and provenance. Above left: A Chinese cloisonné bronze vase on an English inlaid marble tabletop, c. 1820. Top: Nineteenth-century English furniture, including Tennyson's oak daybed.

In the early seventies, for example, when he was twenty-two and still working in his father's gallery in Paris, Hervé put on a show of American quilts. He sold one quilt—out of forty-one. "I can promise you that was very avant-garde," he says. Four years later, after earning degrees in art history and business, he packed up several containerloads of prize French furniture and set out for New York, where he transformed an East 67th Street town house into a branch of Didier Aaron. For the opening he unveiled a ten-foot-high silver and wood horse-drawn carriage that Salvador Dali had seen—and lusted after—in the Paris gallery. He soon realized, however, that it would be impossible to survive in New York selling only eighteenth-century rarities. "It's too expensive," he says. "French furniture just doesn't correspond



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to a society that lives in sneakers." That economic reality gave Hervé the liberty to follow his roaming eye and experiment.

He resuscitated art deco when almost no one else was interested; eight years ago he organized a groundbreaking show of American Victorian furniture; and he bought Biedermeier long before it became a decorating world staple. Now he's zeroing in on nineteenth-century England—the bold carving and exaggerated forms of William IV furniture, the wit of the Renaissance and Gothic revivals, and the naturalism of the arts and crafts movement. "He's always blazing trails," says New York dealer Tony Victoria. "It's courageous because you also have to eat. Hervé dares to strike out on his own. He's hot-blooded."

Flemish master Jan Fyt's still life, c. 1650, above, looms over a William IV mahogany dining table with a Régence centerpiece and Darte Frères urns. The granite urns are Russian. Below: Birds and insects on an 18th-century German vase with ormolu mounts.



"I want to rehabilitate movements that haven't been praised by the public but that appeal to me," explains Hervé. "I don't believe one rediscovers anything, but I try to revive styles of furniture that have been put in the closet." Celebrated by his clients and colleagues as a trendsetter, Hervé is quick to deflect the tag. "I understand what is in the nature of society, in the mood of the people," he says. "I can tell you that interior design will become lighter, looser, with more whites, more natural colors. But antiques are not like fashion. I hate the notion of fashion in antiques. If I put on an exhibition of Biedermeier furniture and two years later the trend ends, I don't stop buying it."

> "French furniture just doesn't correspond to a society that lives in sneakers"

Although there's little overlap these days between the Paris and New York galleries, Hervé and his father see each other every month and review each other's purchases. (They've even been known to covet the same objects. Not until the hammer fell at a recent Christie's sale did Didier Aaron realize he'd been bidding—unsuccessfully—against his own son.) Walking around his town house, where clients like Oscar de la Renta, Ralph Lauren, and decorator Robert Currie are likely to be found inspecting chair legs and testing fauteuils, Hervé points to some favorite acquisitions: the heavy oak daybed on which Tennyson once composed poetry, a Gothic revival rosewood center table, and a suite of dining furniture made at the turn of the century by Scottish architect Sir Robert Lorimer. He lets out a low chuckle. "This," he says, "is very far from what people expect from the son of Didier Aaron. My father doesn't even like the nineteenth century."

Hervé's father isn't the only one who is shocked by what he finds in the New York gallery. Browsing on the second floor not long ago, decorator Juan Pablo Molyneux came upon an extravagant neo-Gothic table. "At first I smiled with ignorance," he says. "Then I smiled with fear. Then suddenly I loved it."

Nonchalant about his success and ever wary of "becoming prisoner to one field," Hervé escapes downtown to a studio to paint, and he writes poetry by night. He also avoids bringing his gallery home with him—he collects only one thing, raw chunks of crystal. Still, those with more acquisitive leanings consider him a sort of guru. "If you have experimental and young and modern thoughts about what interiors should be," says Robert Currie, "and if you also have a great respect for tradition, you go to Hervé." (Didier Aaron, 32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-988-5248, fax 212-737-3513) ▲

ESCADA

BY MARGARETHA LEY



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Claire Dishman

Local Luminaries

Four designers shed new light on city living

BY ELAINE HUNT



Gaston Marticorena

While architectural lighting transforms the Manhattan skyline, inside the city's apartments and houses four designers are transforming rooms with handwrought lamps that do more than illuminate.

"My criterion for a design is the effect it has on a room," says Claire Dishman, who drills holes in the copper shades of her floor and table lamps to produce showers of light that play on the walls and ceiling. It was on the advice of a psychic that Dishman, then a film editor in Los Angeles, bought a sheet of metal and started pounding out forms five years ago. She has since changed coasts and careers. "I want my work to do something," she says, "and lamps turn on."

Warren Muller's creations call more attention to themselves; they are as much art objects as light sources. When he throws a switch for his Upside David chandelier, light envelops a cast of the head of Michelangelo's statue. "I like using classical images, something strong and identifiable, extruding its parts and creating a new context that's surprising and playful," Muller says. He compares his experiments with candles and star-shaped bulbs to his improvisations as a dancer. His career on the stage—and behind it, handling lights and special effects—is reflected in the theatricality of his lamps.

Dez Ryan's lamp assemblages evolved from her totemic sculptures: they are all tall, shapely, and emblematic. "Sometimes when I have a lot of lamps in my studio, I feel as if I'm in a room full of people," she confides. Ryan haunts flea markets and secondhand shops for old lamp bases, bits of crystal from chandeliers, discarded banisters, even fire hose nozzles. "I love taking something as traditional as a lamp and making it a little wacky," she says.

The youngest of the four, Gaston Marticorena also talks about his lamps as beings. "I like them to look alive," he says of the pale glowing shades resting on thin arched legs or small pointed feet. "These look as if they're running." Marticorena forges steel rods into sinuous curves, then wraps them in delicate skins of rice paper. His lamps seem to have auras of their own; the shades diffuse rather than direct light, casting ghostlike shadows on walls. "They give off light," Marticorena says, "but they give feeling, too." ♠



Dishman's perforated copper shades sparkle with light, top left. Above and top right: Marticorena wraps steel rods in rice paper. Below right: Ryan's assemblages are both emblematic and functional. Below left: Muller uses a classical image in one piece and common copper tubing in another. Details see Resources.



Warren Muller



Dez Ryan

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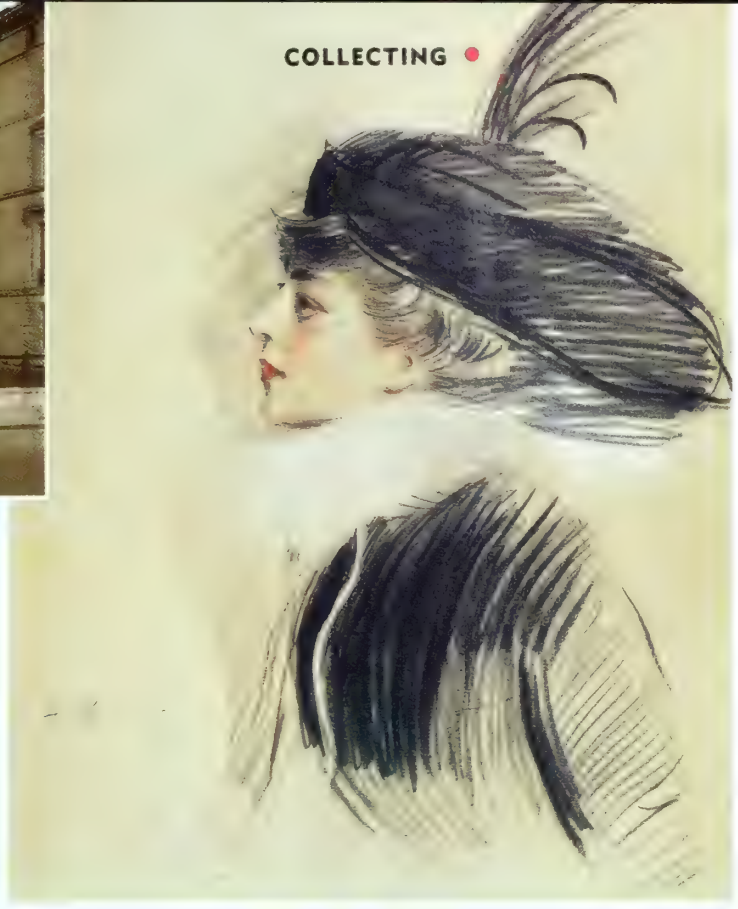
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Belle da Costa Greene, right, by Paul-César Helleu, 1913. Above: The Pierpont Morgan Library, 1907.



Detail from the Berthold Sacramentary, above, acquired by Greene in 1926. Below: J. P. Morgan Jr. in 1924, after presenting the library to the public.



Belle of the Morgan Library

Belle da Costa Greene searched the world to fill her patron's treasure house BY VERLYN KLINKENBORG

When J. Pierpont Morgan died in March 1913, his library—a McKim, Mead, & White building on East 36th Street in Manhattan—was less than seven years old. For those seven years, it had been wholly private, a sanctuary for Morgan, his books and illuminated manuscripts, and his vivid librarian, Belle da Costa Greene. The public had been confined to the sidewalk outside where the only splendor they could see was the architectural glory of the building itself. What they imagined of the days spent within that building and of the riches in its vault one can only guess.

In 1924 the library was incorporated as a public institution and a memorial to Morgan, the deed of trust stipulating that the "Pierpont Morgan Library shall not. . .in any way lose its identity prior to the expiration of one hundred years from March 31, 1913," the date of the death of John Pierpont Morgan. But where does the identity of an institution like the Morgan Library lie?

The collection of rare books, illuminated and autograph manuscripts, and prints and drawings has grown over the years, adding new strengths to old. The buildings have doubled and redoubled in extent through several major expansions, the latest of which opens to the public on October 1. The presence of Pierpont Morgan can be keenly felt in one or two rooms, especially the West Room, and in the general contours of the collection, but is otherwise imperceptible. Perhaps one answer to the question of identity lies in this fact: the image of only one of the Morgan's directors has graced its walls, a lifelike crayon drawing by Paul-César Helleu of Belle da Costa Greene. More than anyone, she was responsible for bringing Pierpont Morgan's private scholarly











Belle Greene, left, photographed by Adolf de Meyer, 1912. Above: The North Room, Greene's former office. Right: The West Room, J. P. Morgan's study. Below left: Scenes from the Old Testament Miniatures painted in France, c. 1250, which Greene added to the library's collection. Below: Deer in an 18th-century Persian manuscript.

riches into the public domain.

The woman in Helleu's portrait is strikingly beautiful, with a supercilious left eyebrow—raised as if questioning a scholarly attribution or a profession of love. In a building filled with librarians, it was often said that this woman did not look like a librarian at all. And yet from 1905, when Morgan's nephew Junius Spencer Morgan discovered Belle Greene—then twenty-two—working among the rare books at Princeton University, until 1948, when she retired, her very existence was consumed by Pierpont Morgan's private collection and by the public institution it became.

At the time Morgan hired her, no one knew quite what to make of Belle Greene. She had not attended college, and yet she found her profession in a world of serious scholarship. Morgan was widely known as a commanding man, but to him and to the predominantly masculine society of rare-book dealers and collectors at the time, Belle Greene adapted happily—flint suiting itself to steel. Everyone remarked on her exoticism—a word which covers many qualities—but once past her looks, everyone noticed her intelligence and her personality, which contained, as one friend remarked, "a certain imperious pungency of temperament."

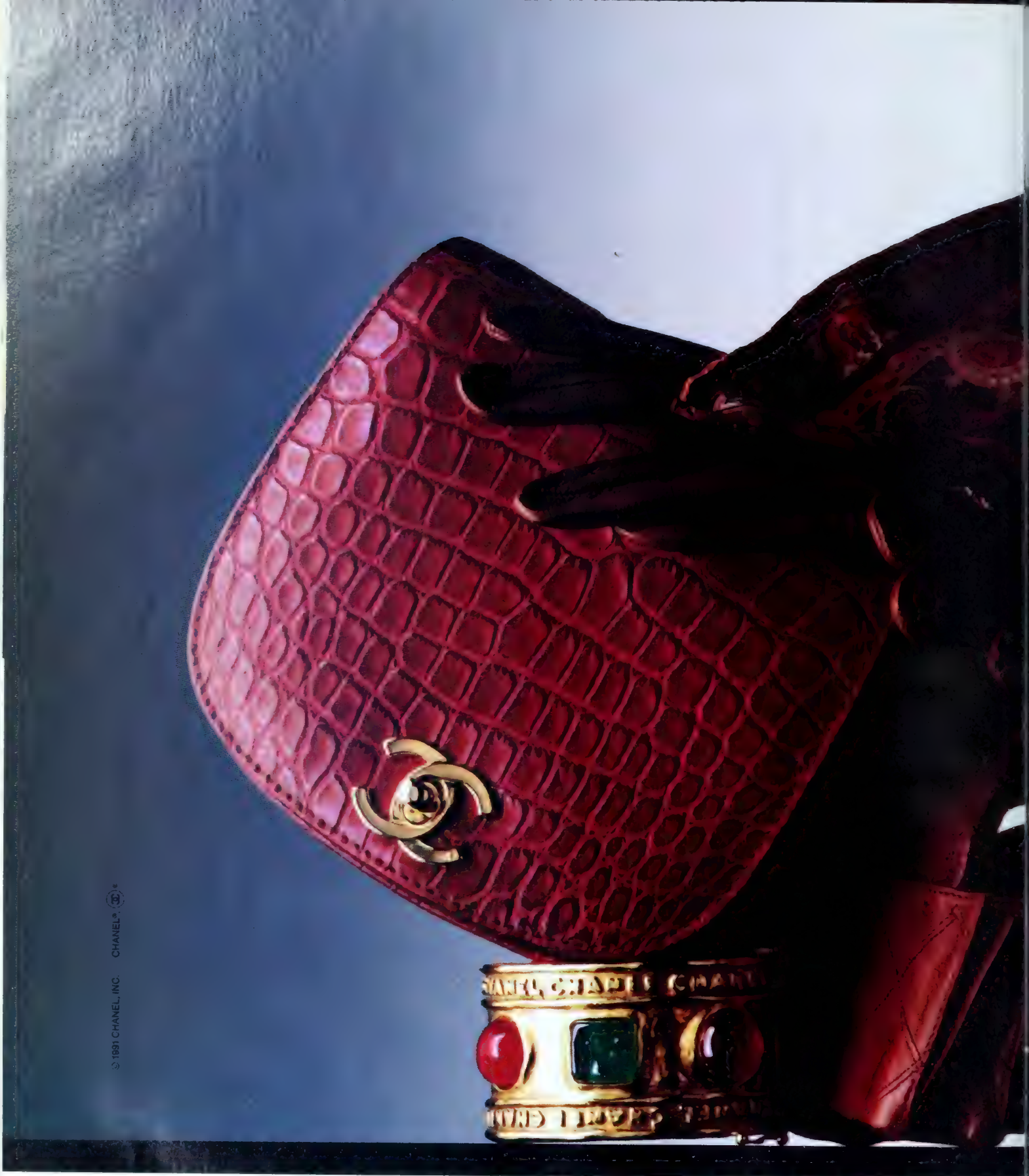
Perhaps the most celebrated of Belle Greene's pungencies was her long romance, beginning in 1908, with Bernard Berenson: his wife, Mary, called Belle Greene a "most wild and woolly and EXTRAORDINARY young person." Certainly Berenson thought so. According to Berenson's biographer, Ernest Samuels, his relationship with Belle Greene was the "one romance in Berenson's life that would stand apart from all others in depth and intensity." Before she died, Belle Greene destroyed all of Berenson's hundreds of letters to her, but more than six hundred of her letters to him survive, and they are indisput-



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"Despite the life she lived outside the library," says D. W. Wright, the Morgan Library archivist who is working on a biography of Belle Greene, "the library meant everything to her. It was the center of her world." With Pierpont Morgan, her obvious intelligence won her a great deal of freedom, even to the extent of acquiring manuscripts for the library on her own. Her relations with Morgan's son, J. P. Morgan Jr., who retained her as librarian from 1913 until 1924, when she became the first director, were little different, marked by the same imperious pungency. She once wrote to him, "In regard to the Tennyson items which, personally I loathe, it is a question of perfecting your already very large and fine collection of imbecilities."

With Pierpont Morgan's resources behind her, Belle Greene quickly became something of a terror at book auctions. Her best work was done in private, behind the scenes. In 1908 she succeeded in convincing Lord Amherst, the night before the public auction of his library, to sell a group of seventeen books printed by William Caxton in the late fifteenth century, among them the earliest volumes printed in English, to Morgan. (The British press wrote that "no useful purpose would be served by hinting at the price paid for the Caxtons.") In 1911 Belle Greene obtained another Caxton, the *Morte d'Arthur,* by telling a competing bidder two hours before the sale that she would simply double his highest bid and pay $100,000 for a book that might cost $50,000. She paid $42,800. Among the works acquired at her own instigation are the Old Testament Miniatures, which contain some of the finest examples of thirteenth-century French painting in existence, and the Berthold Sacramentary, a monument of German Romanesque art still in its original jeweled binding.

Belle Greene was the soul of graciousness to scholars but rather cool to the public. In 1928 the Morgan Library added the Annex, the building one enters today. It would be ironic that Belle Greene should have presided over the library's first major expansion, were it not that the expansion contributed much-needed space for scholarly research as well as new public spaces. Designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris and erected upon the site of Pierpont Morgan's house at the corner of 36th Street and Madison, the Annex included an exhibition room and a reading room.

The Morgan Library now has turned northward and inhabits an Italianate brownstone at 231 Madison Avenue, which was once owned by both Pierpont Morgan and his son. In its earlier days the Morgan mansion was the site of "some rather dreary family Sunday dinners," says current library director Charles E. Pierce Jr., recalling the comments of a Pierpont Morgan descendant. But dreariness has departed, 231 Madison Avenue has been restored, and a new garden court, designed by Voorsanger & Associates, connects it with the Morgan Library Annex, spilling daylight into what used to be a drab plot of land.

The Morgan Library expansion will bring about one change which few visitors will notice but which will have an important effect on the identity of the place nonetheless: the director's working office will be moved to 231 Madison. The 1906 floor plans for Morgan's original building specified rooms for an East Library, a West Library, and a librarian. The librarian's room, which has since come to be called the North Room, will now be used for the director's more ceremonial business. Concealed beneath the Della Robbia lunette in the library rotunda, the North Room is a scholar's dream—bookshelves as high as the double-height ceiling, a massive fireplace, an air of completely timeless seclusion. For nearly half the library's existence the North Room was inhabited by just one person, Belle da Costa Greene. It was as much home to her as anywhere, among the books of earlier centuries. ♠



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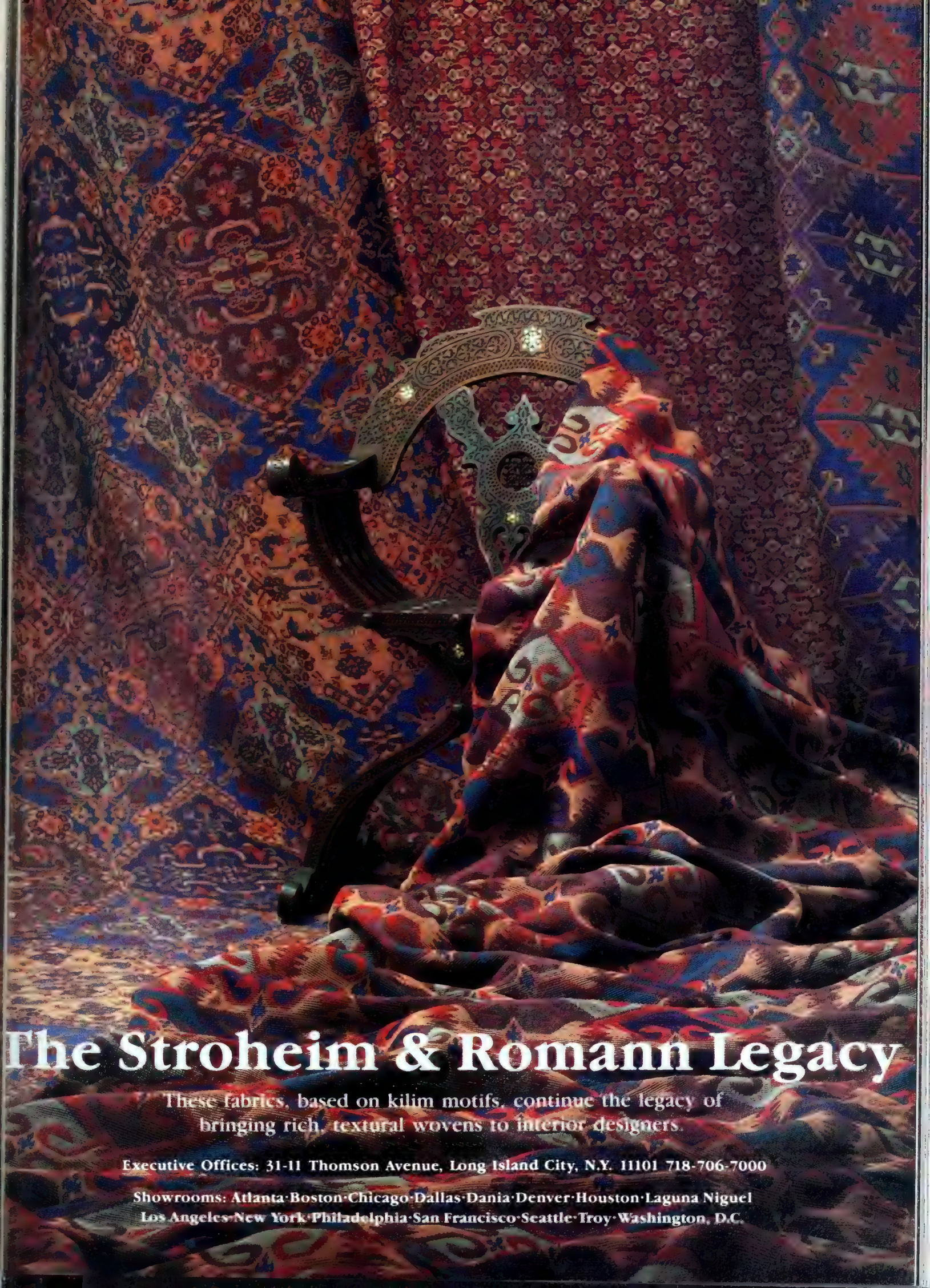
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Counterculture Cuisine

You don't have to sit at a table to be served some of the city's choicest fare

BY MARY CANTWELL

Some people like to eat at counters because they're self-conscious about dining alone. At counters they don't have to bury their heads in books, try to look sprightly, or, if they're female—and maybe male for all I know—fend off the inquisitive.

I like counters too, but not for those reasons. I like them because they give me the sense of having bellied up to the bar. Because I enjoy watching the sushi roller and the sandwich maker and the drink mixer at work. Because counter food is usually speedy food.

My first New York counters were those at Hamburg Heaven, whose white cake with caramel frosting is written on my palate, and at a Madison Avenue drugstore called Henry Halper's. Halper's put watercress in its egg salad sandwiches and employed a man to push the customers' chairs (with them in them) toward the counter. At twenty-three, I had never seen anything so chic.



Encountering antipasti at the Trattoria dell'Arte.

The following are some of the counters around town now. All of them, even the simplest, are light-years from egg salad sandwiches with watercress, and only one—the trattoria—could use a chair pusher.



The counter at **Trattoria dell'Arte** (900 Seventh Avenue; 212-245-9800) is surfaced with zinc and staffed by the cast of a Vittorio de Sica film. They talk to the diners, they talk to one another, and they talk to the waiters at the adjoining bar; they talk in English, Italian, and flourishes. On days when my nerves are not what they should be I would be tempted to dine at the bar.

I have eaten some miserable antipasti in my time, but not here. Vegetables and shellfish, mozzarella and grilled chicken are heaped in bowls and platters on the counter. The diner points or asks, the waiter aims his tongs, and service is accomplished in a minute. This is especially nice if one is in a hurry, which at noon on a weekday on the west side everybody is.

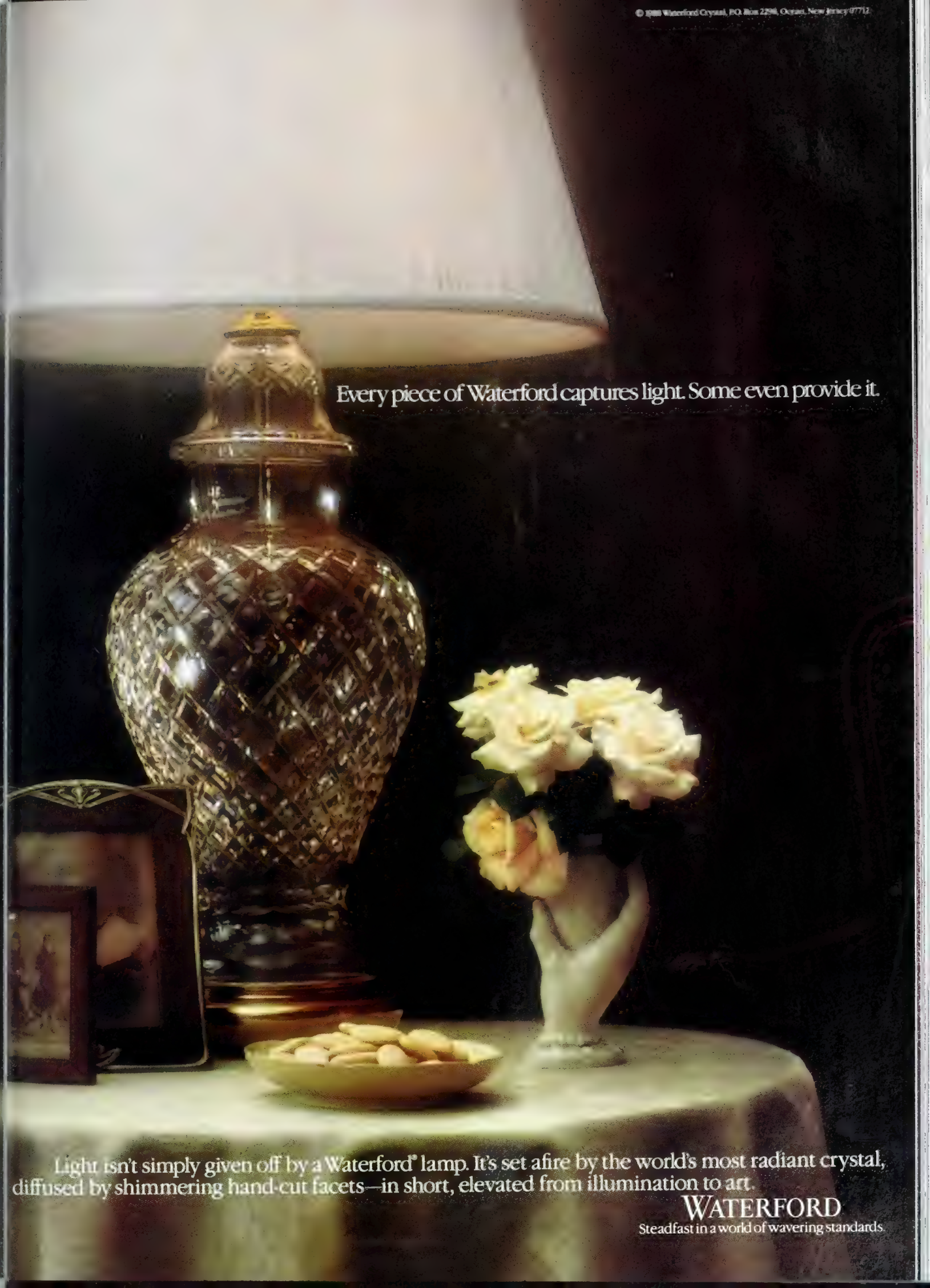
I ate—too much. Broccoli rape, lovely little balls of mozzarella, asparagus, cannellini, sautéed peppers, and, in a final gluttonous surge, a half lobster. I also drank a pleasantly cool glass of Pinot Grigio, poured over my shoulder by a gentleman from the bar.

My childhood involved bushels of clams and Friday night lobsters scrabbling in the kitchen sink, which is why my first and probably last notion of right and proper food is seafood. That's the first reason the **Grand Central Oyster Bar & Restaurant** (lower level Grand Central Terminal, 42nd Street between Vanderbilt and Lexington avenues; 212-490-6650) is to me summit dining.

The second reason surfaced this summer. On the day I walked over there the outline of the razed Levi Morton mansion at the corner of

The diner points, the waiter aims his tongs—that's service

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Minestrone at Bleecker Luncheonette.

I like counters because they give me the sense of having bellied up to the bar



Tuna at Union Square Café.

Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street was still visible on a neighboring building. All I can remember about the building is its shabbiness and the fortuneteller in the gypsy tearoom on the second floor. But it was in Levi Morton's ballroom that Edith Wharton made her debut.

When one is brooding about lost New York, the Oyster Bar seems a still point in a turning world. There's more seating now, and the mixing bowls no longer swing out from under the counter. But the tiled ceiling is the same, and so is the noise that bounces off it, and so—thank heaven—are the oyster stew, the cherrystones, the clam chowder.

Bleecker Luncheonette in Greenwich Village (232 Bleecker Street; no telephone) is plain. Very plain. The "kitchen" is an ancient Garland stove and a small brown refrigerator, the batterie de cuisine is an odd assortment of aluminum pots and pans, and there are no grace notes. But what's saved on the decor goes on the food. The bread is from Zito's (a legend), the pasta is from Raffetto's (another legend), and the pesto is as good as mine (which is saying a lot because mine is Marcella Hazan's).

The luncheonette lists two shrimp dishes on its little blackboard, but I have never seen anyone order either. Instead the customers lap up the minestrone, the rigatoni, and, of course, that pesto. They only get to do it on weekdays though, because the place is closed on weekends.

The last time I was at the Bleecker Luncheonette a stranger to the neighborhood asked the counterman if he had tuna fish sandwiches. The American passion for canned tuna is at best puzzling. At that moment it was incomprehensible.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that **Florent** (69 Gansevoort Street; 212-989-5779) is in a low-rent area because heaven knows what the meat wholesalers there pay for their spaces. But on winter nights fires flare in old oil drums and on summer nights the scent of slaughter rises from the cobblestones—and on all nights Florent is packed. Days, too.

The place was once a diner, and the current management hasn't changed a thing except the food. The food is worldly, as are the signs over the counter, which range from the weather report to a reminder that living wills are available from the waiters on request. One recent sign advertised a four-bedroom holiday rental near Saint-Tropez.

What I like about Florent—aside from the boudin noir, the corned beef hash, the French toast, and the fact that it's open twenty-four hours a day—is the diversity of its clientele. Families, solitary diners, and covens of the terminally trendy converge on Florent. Nobody is ever snubbed.

Umeda (102 East 22nd Street; 212-505-1550) is as serene as nearby Gramercy Park. The walls are a cool green and the furnishings a cool blond, and the Japanese waitresses pitter-patter around on little cat feet. The sushi chef (in socks) kneels behind the counter; the only sound is the snick of his knife. So peaceful is it that one regrets most diners' inability to eat in silence.

Umeda covers an extraordinary range of Japanese food, most of which is new to Americans, but I never pass up a chance to eat sushi. Umeda's sushi is particularly fine and fresh, so much so that one hates to clutter one's palate with dessert.

Union Square Café (21 East 16th Street; 212-243-4020) is as popular a restaurant as there is in New York. It is also a place in which one invariably orders too much. There is no food quite like this anywhere else in the city—tuna steaks marinated in an oriental-style sauce and served on a bed of greens is one of many inspired entrées, and a cheesecake made with chèvre and set in sweet tiny strawberries is a typical dessert—so eating there is always celebratory.

The counter is long, low, and wide, and the menu the same as it is at the tables. The last time I was there I had soft-shell crabs sitting on a kind of risotto tart, but it's also possible to have nothing more than a few oysters and a glass of Chardonnay.

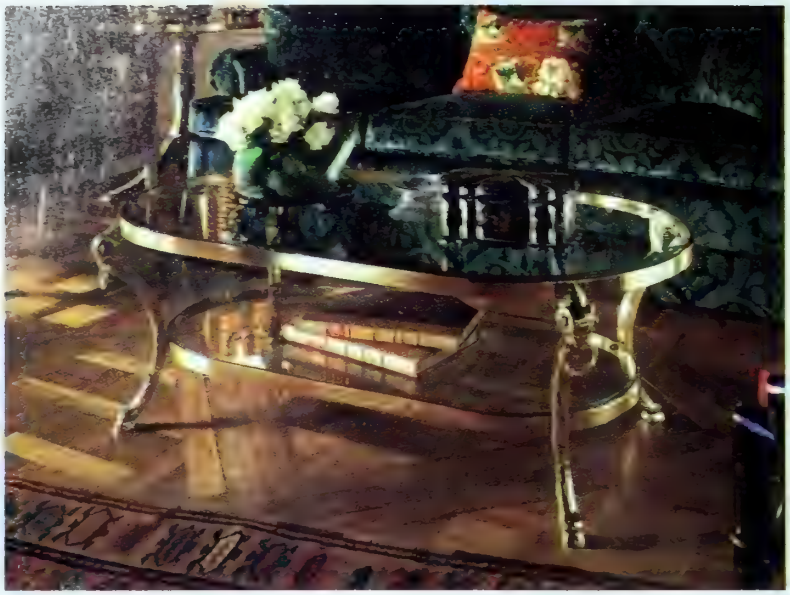
Because it's fashionable, though not witheringly so, Union Square Café is a good spot to pick up on conversational trends. It was here, for instance, that I learned that last summer's way for a young man to ingratiate himself with a young woman was to tell her he loved *Thelma and Louise.*

TRATTORIA DELL'ARTE'S PEPERONI

4 yellow peppers
4 red peppers
2 cups olive oil
10 cloves garlic, peeled
Salt and freshly ground pepper
4 bay leaves
6 sprigs fresh thyme
6 sprigs fresh rosemary
1 cup red wine vinegar

Cut the peppers in wedges. Heat the olive oil in a deep sauté pan. Add the peppers, garlic, salt, and ground pepper. When peppers begin to change color, add herbs and vinegar and continue cooking until peppers are soft. Serves 6.


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TRATTORIA DELL'ARTE'S BROCCOLI DI RAPA

5 bunches broccoli rape
1 cup olive oil
6 cloves garlic, peeled
1 bunch scallions
1 teaspoon dried thyme
10 leaves fresh sage
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Cook rape in lightly salted boiling water until soft, then immerse in ice water. Drain thoroughly, pressing down. Heat olive oil in a sauté pan. Crush garlic cloves and sauté until golden. Shred the white part of the scallions. Add rape, scallions, thyme, and sage to pan. Mix well and season with salt and pepper to taste. Serves 6.

UNION SQUARE CAFÉ'S MARINATED FILET MIGNON OF TUNA

2 cups terivaki sauce
Juice of 2 lemons
½ cup dry sherry
4 tablespoons finely chopped ginger
½ cup chopped scallions
2 cloves garlic, minced
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons freshly ground pepper
4 baby eggplants
4 10-ounce yellowfin tuna steaks, 3–4 inches thick
1 pound mixed greens (such as spinach, kale, collards, Swiss chard, dandelion)
¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
Salt
5–6 ounces Japanese pickled ginger

Combine the first eight ingredients for the marinade. Make four or five lengthwise slices in eggplants, without cutting all the way through, so that they can be fanned. Marinate tuna steaks and eggplants in refrigerator 2–3 hours, turning periodically.

Clean and stem the greens. Heat the olive oil in a skillet and add greens. Stir and allow to wilt, then add ½ cup water and salt to taste. Cook until tender. Drain, set aside, and keep warm.

Preheat grill to maximum temperature. Drain the tuna and eggplants, reserving the marinade for sauce, if desired. Grill fanned-out eggplants approximately 5 minutes on each side and the tuna 1–2 minutes on each of its six sides. The outside of the tuna steaks should be charred and the center barely warm.

Place each tuna steak on a bed of greens, top with pickled ginger, and garnish with an eggplant. Serves 4. ♠

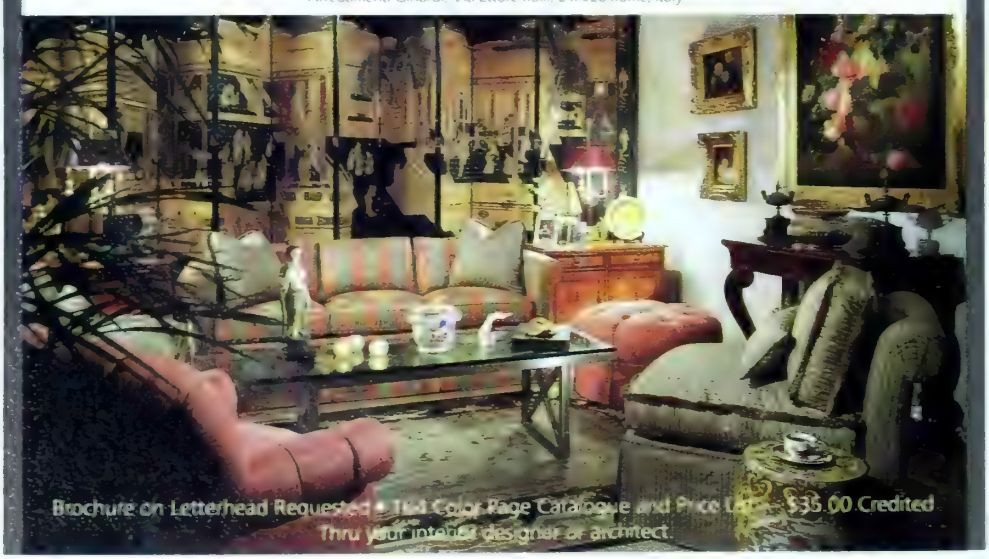
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A Bemelmans Baedeker

The man behind Madeline left his imprint here and there BY JODY SHIELDS



In another lifetime—and perhaps minus his hefty German accent—Ludwig Bemelmans could have done terrific stand-up comedy on the order of, say, Jay Leno. Bemelmans had a similar penchant for exaggerated situations and loopy characters, and surely his mind worked with the same kind of frantic, gum-chewing intensity. Though best known for his mildest occupation—author of the Madeline books—Bemelmans also, as they say, went out and got a life. His succession of jobs: busboy, waiter, banquet manager, scriptwriter, and magazine cartoonist and cover artist. He was a contributor to *The New Yorker*. His paintings were shown at the Museum of the City of New York. His stage sets were seen on Broadway. Bemelmans was a spectacularly rotten busboy and a bubbly raconteur.

His private life was just as theatrical as his public roles. Take the melodramatic instructions the pneumonia-stricken Bemelmans gave his little daughter: he wished to be cremated and have his ashes scattered over the ice on the sidewalk in front of Lane Bryant's New York store. He created grand effects all over the city. In a restaurant "his unsurpassed knowledge of menus and manners struck terror into the hearts of headwaiters and chefs," recollected Norman Cousins. "The slightest arch of his eyebrows across a crowded dining room was a mandate from Olympus." The picture of not-so-innocent merriment, Bemelmans had the "face and physique of a divinely inspired, slightly intoxicated baby," quipped *Time* magazine.



Bemelmans was also intoxicated by a sense of elitism. No wonder he and Elsie de Wolfe were buddies. "They got along so well because they were

Bemelmans, above left, in his Gramercy Park digs, 1942. Above right: A mural he painted at the National Arts Club, 1961. Far left: Madeline and friends in the Carlyle Hotel's Bemelmans Bar. Left: An illustration from his book *Sunshine*, 1950.

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Bemelmans was "quite unsuited to domesticity"

both such terrific snobs," sniped Anita Loos. Like Elsie, he became a legend in his own time. Bemelmans owned a leopard-upholstered Hispano Suiza, slept only three or four hours a night, and philosophized, "If a check bounces now and then—well, it is something I must accept." His wife, Madeleine, delicately observed, "He was quite unsuited to domesticity."

Even at a tender age, Bemelmans didn't look as if he was cut out for domesticity. He looked like a potential jailbird. As an apprentice waiter in the Tirol, he shot a headwaiter. The headwaiter lived; Bemelmans was shipped to America. He was sixteen, it was 1914, and his luggage was fortified with pistols as protection against the Indians he believed were swarming outside of New York City. Adjusting to the dearth of Indians, Bemelmans made New York his hometown and made himself the quintessential cosmopolitan homeboy until his death in 1962. An "I Love New York" campaign by Bemelmans would feature the Central Park horse-cab drivers ("the sloppiest of their kind anywhere in the world"), Battery Park's clam and oyster bars, and "smoke" addicts sleeping it off on Park Row.

From the mid teens to the late twenties, Bemelmans sporadically toiled in the old Ritz-Carlton on Madison Avenue, and from this duck pond, he created a splashy portrait of New York life. Under different names—Hotel Splendide, Hotel Bemelmans, the Cocofinger Palace—the Ritz was immortalized in several of his books for grown-ups (a series will be reprinted by James H. Heineman next year with a bibliography by Murray Pomerance).

Bemelmans's Ritz was a type of New York establishment now extinct: a hotel de grand luxe. The four hundred rooms behind its façade were like a great private house. It had thick carpets, thin glasses, fine linen, and a good orchestra. Ladies were not allowed to knit in the lobby because it looked bad. Food for guests' dogs was lovingly prepared and added to the bill as "nourriture pour un chien." For an additional twenty-five cents, a bellboy would walk the well-nourritured chien. Bemelmans filled pages with the misadventures of his coworkers, a New York sampler of underdogs, mad dogs, and Milquetoasts. There was a dishwasher who was a marchese, a waiter with a shoe fetish, a manager with the charm of a Prussian general. The staff wore spats and answered to Frenchified versions of their names. The assis-







Endpaper, top, from *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You*, 1942. Above: With Madeleine, Barbara, and Tinkel. Left: Chair with epaulets in the Gramercy Park living room. Below left: *Hotel Splendide*, 1941, bound in Ritz curtain fabric.



LIFE'S PRECIOUS GIFTS.

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Bemelmans beside a children's painting of New York.

He had the "face of a slightly intoxicated baby"

tail headwaiter resembled "Saint Francis in a tailcoat." The Ritz clientele was equally out of control and/or kindly: clawing mothers of debutantes, corpulent businessmen, upper-class types with faces showing "that highbred, gentle incompetence which had impoverished them." The pseudonymous Mrs. Lucius Le Grand Prideaux earned Bemelmans's respect for her uncomplaining receipt of a dinner roll containing a half-smoked cigar.

The Ritz taught Bemelmans "how to press a duck, open a bottle, and push a chair under a lady." Still no angel, he killed time sketching on the menus and painting on the kitchen's tile walls. He also broke dishes, threw trays, devoured garnishes. As punishment for a tumble with a load of eight pheasants à la Souvaroff, Bemelmans became the busboy in the restaurant's "Siberia." Things were so bad that "if there was any broken glass around the dining-room, it was always in our spinach," he gloated.

In those days, waiters had perks: two bottles of champagne daily, valet service, the run of an icebox stuffed with lobsters, sturgeon, and caviar. Honed by the Ritz, Bemelmans's tastebuds developed fangs for caviar. "[I] will shamelessly attend a dinner party of awful people to partake of it, if I know the hostess has enough big serving spoons," he panted. His big-spoon gluttony didn't go unnoticed. The good wife of the owner of Maxim's chided, "Mon Dieu, Ludwig. You eat the stuff as if it were porridge." He also favored Dom Pérignon and roast goose. Ham was a "kind of tranquilizer" for him. Bemelmans even swapped his sketches and writing for edibles. A story for *Theatre Arts* brought two cases of champagne, six bottles of brandy, cigars, and sleeping pills.

With the ex-waiter's radar, Bemelmans tuned in to the psyche of restaurants. He haunted Sloppy Louie's and crusty Sweet's in the fish market. He paid homage to Luchow's waiters as the "last of their kind, upstanding citizens, without a trace of servility in their makeup . . . . Their opinions are as definite as those of another race of philosophers, the New York taxi drivers." Regardless of the establishment, Bemelmans habitually sketched on menus and matchbooks and eavesdropped on conversations, which were recycled into his work. For him, there was only a faint line between fiction and nonfiction. "Often what I write is true," he shrugged. The nonfiction good life took its toll. At age thirty-one, Bemelmans had unnaturally rosy cheeks ("capillaries had exploded from too much drinking"), he gasped going upstairs and was terrified by his growing resemblance to "Theodore, the penguin-shaped maître d' hôtel."

No gym for Bemelmans. After the Wall Street crash, he rented a studio on 8th Street. There his habit of inflicting sketches on his environment paid off. A book editor jumped at his window shades painted with Tirolean scenes. She pushed him into publishing. A few leaps later: the first Madeline book, named after his wife (minus an "e"). He called the series his "old-age insurance," and he was right—*Madeline* has never been out of print since 1939 and is available today on video. (Bemelmans turned out more than three dozen books, plus the screenplay for *Yolanda and the Thief*, which GIs voted one of the worst movies of 1945.) His daughter, Barbara, recalled his less than saintly working attitude. Interrupted by his then five-year-old offspring, he directed her to "get the hell out of here. I'm busy writing a children's book."

Bemelmans gave a kinder reception to a group of Young & Rubicam ad execs. In 1933 they opened the Hapsburg House restaurant with him. Tiny, expensive, and located on East 55th Street, the Hapsburg had walls completely muralized by Bemelmans. This decoration was subject to change, as he repainted at whim. To simplify service, he had all the waiters go by the name Carl. The partnership eventually soured: the fuming investors were unable to get tables since Bemelmans packed the place with his pals.

The artist next turned his talents to his own home. In the 1940s he moved the family and Tinkel the Yorkie to the corner of Gramercy Park South and Irving Place. Decorator Ruby Ross Wood had a hand in the interiors, which could be described as theatrical nursery. Coexisting in the living room were a seventeenth-century chandelier of a whale vomiting Jonah, a pair of two-hundred-pound Venetian lions, a baroque clock from the castle of Nymphenburg, and a six-foot-long painting of New York City done by schoolchildren. The dining room boasted a Pennsylvania German buffet and walls adorned with the artist's sketches of trees and pigeons. Wood contributed a folk art rooster that stood at the foot of the bed. On the ceiling overhead Bemelmans pasted a large map of Paris. When laid low by insomnia, he would lie in bed and use a flashlight to trace a walking tour of the city on the map.

In the late forties the family relocated uptown. As payment for murals painted in the namesake Bemelmans Bar, they lived in the Carlyle Hotel for a year and a half. The murals—still on view today—feature Madeline frolicking in a parklike setting. Undoubtedly one of the few cocktail establishments with decorations inspired by a children's book, the bar is totally in keeping with the artist's character.

After all, he was the kind of guy who dressed as Santa Claus for a *Town & Country* children's Christmas party and arrived via helicopter. Once his ho-ho-ho stint was over, he quaffed champagne and made the curmudgeonly observation, "This is the first decent thing I've done in fifty years. I hope it won't get me to Heaven where I won't know anyone." Not to worry. Bemelmans has friends everywhere. ♠



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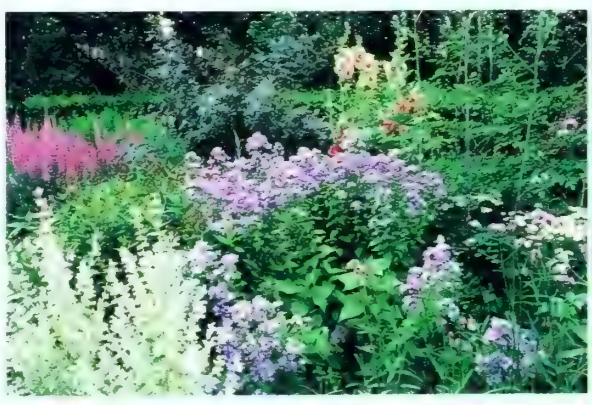
The Secret Garden *Too few New Yorkers realize they have a garden of their own in Central Park* BY PATTI HAGAN



The best-kept Secret Garden in New York is public. It opened uptown as part of Central Park's Conservatory Garden in September 1937, with a memorial to Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of *The Secret Garden*. That May, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia had accepted the statue of the book's main characters, Dickon and Mary, on behalf of New York City's children. The memorial committee hoped children would become "militant Park Defenders, filled with the spirit of outdoor housekeeping."

Repeating *The Secret Garden*'s story line, Central Park's version eventually went to weed and during the fiscal troubles of the 1960s and '70s lapsed into horticultural bankruptcy. Volunteers from the Garden Club of America tried to halt the decline, but the key to bringing this garden back was found in 1982 through a parks department partnership with the newly established not-for-profit Central Park Conservancy. Still, a decade later, Central Park's long-running Secret Garden remains surprisingly unknown, even to Gotham gardeners.

The best thing about the Conservatory Garden is that there is no conservatory—just *garden*. It was named, in memoriam, for the greenhouse complex that Parks Commissioner Robert Moses demolished in 1934 as too costly to maintain. In its stead Moses commissioned the WPA-built formal landscape that included the Secret Garden. At the 1937 opening, John H. Finley, editor in chief of *The New York Times*, gave thanks for designer Betty Sprout's formal scheme, "instead of a crowd of plant and flower of mob potentialities that may break into a riot and deprive the minorities of their rights or become a drab, uninteresting anarchic mass of vegetation where things seem to grow haphazard." Finley added: "This city must be lastingly grateful for what the Parks Department under the direction of Commissioner Moses has done in cooperation with the Creator in making this a more beautiful, happier city and world." There were no





The Secret Garden lily pond, top left. Top right: The formal Central and North gardens in fall. Above left: The Fifth Avenue gate. Above and right: Secret Garden borders designed by Lynden B. Miller.



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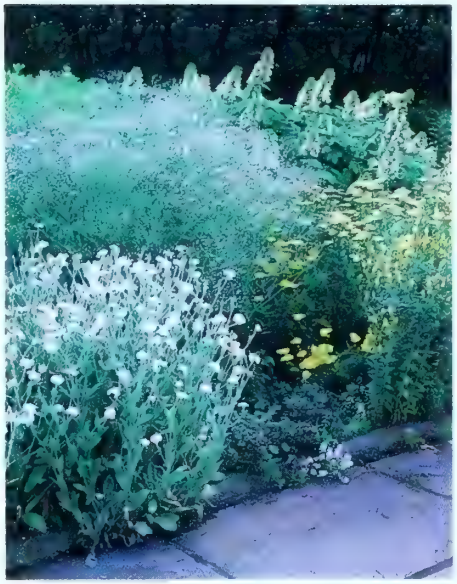
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[illegible] sixteen people looking after the formalities at the time.

Nowadays, when I need to get out of town fast, I go uptown to East Harlem. At 105th Street and Fifth Avenue, I pass through the Vanderbilt Gate into the NYC-posted "Quiet Zone" of the Conservatory Garden, a six-acre triptych. The North Garden is a French parterre de broderie with annuals and old roses. The Central Garden panel is a serene half acre of lawn (the favored place for East Harlem brides to spread a wedding gown train) framed by clipped yew, crab apple allées, a fountain, and stepped hedges leading to a wisteria pergola—Italianate, architectural, green on green. The South Garden (Secret Garden)—eleven beds in expanding horseshoes centered on a lily pond—is in the Gertrude Jekyll English cottage-garden style. Unerringly, my escape magnet pulls me to the Secret Garden for a vacation from the city. Always, I return to New York refreshed and lastingly grateful for what the Central Park Conservancy has done in cooperation with the re-creator (and director) of the Conservatory Garden, Lynden B. Miller, a four-gardener staff, and a baker's dozen of expert volunteer gardeners. (In 1984 the Woodland Slope was designed by Penelope Maynard.)



Oakleaf hydrangea, gypsophila, and other Miller favorites line a bluestone path.

The Secret Garden bears the emphatic mark of Miller, like Jekyll an artist: "I gave up the painting. This is ten times more intellectually challenging." In 1982, while working with an "old-style English gardener" on a Long Island estate, Miller was asked by the Conservancy to direct the garden restoration. A crack plantswoman, she has since developed a tough, elegant, urban plant repertoire and a reputation for being able to bring the most derelict of public gardens back to life: "I won't do private gardens—only public."

A friend who recently visited the Conservatory Garden wasn't sure if he'd seen the director, but he had noticed an artemisia-haired woman, "with very strong forearms and hands, who was looking at the plants in a commanding way." Garden Commander Miller has made this designated quiet zone explode with plant exuberance inside a bastion of sheared *Euonymus kiautschovica* 'Manhattan' hedges. Here the average New Yorker can come face-to-leaf with such giants of the temperate plant world as *Vernonia noveboracensis*, a.k.a. New York Ironweed, or the six-foot *Rudbeckia nitida* 'Herbstsonne'. Miller speaks of her creation with the verve of a latter-day Robert Moses. "I like anything with *big* leaves," she announces, planting herself before a *Buphthalmum speciosum* or a macleaya. "Petasites! It's a dreadful thug, but look at the sculpture." Oakleaf hydrangea: "I get teased about that, I use it so much. I could run a lobbying business for that plant. Native American!" Miller once told *New York* magazine: "Perennial borders are my thing." Another thing is ornamental grass. "*Miscanthus sinensis* 'Gracillimus' is the big excitement at the end of this bed," she will say. "We use grasses as exclamation points!"

"I love purple foliage," she exclaims, stopping before another of her signature plants, a luminous burgundy-leaved *Cotinus coggygria* 'Royal Purple', and then an extraordinary antiqued glaucous sepia-tinted *Rosa rubrifolia*. She points to yet another trademark, a *Berberis thunbergii*

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Petals from crab apples planted in 1937 dust benches from the 1939 World's Fair.

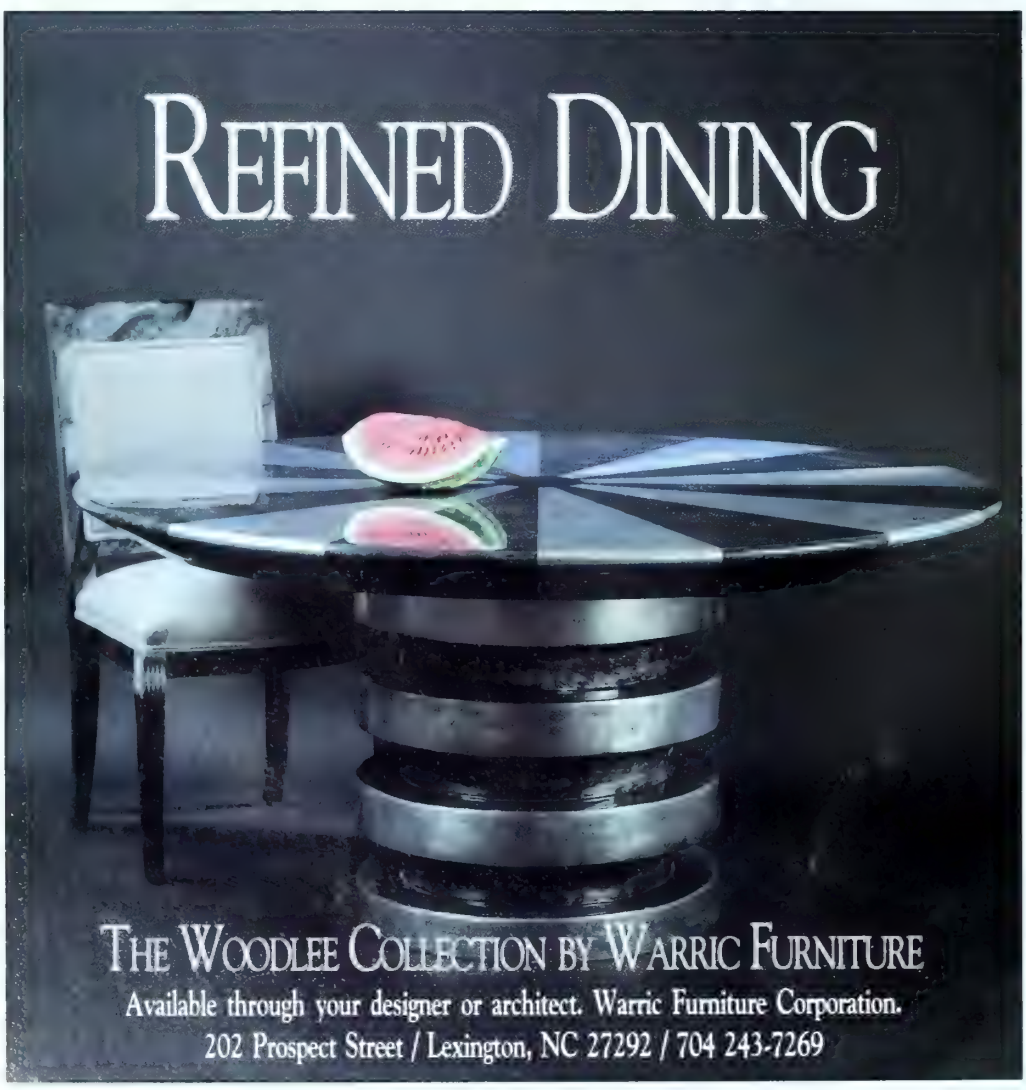
'Atropurpurea' in a rounded-off clip. A Lynden Miller border is splendid independent of bloom. "Foliage is much more important than flowers. Everything here is keyed to foliage." (Some plants she deliberately deflowers.) And after nine years Miller reports that "visitors are not so hipped on the flowers as they used to be." Passing by the grand maroon leaves of *Heuchera micrantha* 'Palace Purple', she comments: "The flowers are *nothing*."

In 1985 Miller explained to a reporter from *The Village Voice:* "The overall color scheme is white, yellow, blue, gray, and pink. . . . Everything except red. I don't like red, because it jumps out too far. I use silver and gray as much as possible. . . . Gray gives a garden calm." A longtime volunteer, Barbara Stonecipher, recalls the time Miller "ripped an orange daylily out with great hysteria." But this year a rogue purple coneflower bloomed unmolested in one of two perennial beds forbidden to pink. Red and orange got admitted to the *annuals* beds. Says Lalitte Scott, another volunteer, of Miller's softening on the color line: "Before, it was very subdued and safe. Now, she's deciding there's more to things than mauve and white." Still, Miller's most frequent command to an attending gardener faced with an off-color plant is, "Off with its head!"

The secret life of this secret garden was outlined in the director's summer 1985 checklist: "Weeding, mulching, staking, deadheading, pruning, some fertilizing (very little), clipping hedges, weeding between stones on paths, put in water lilies, order bulbs for fall, take tours, answer questions, raise money, water, water, water." Two years later the Weiler-Arnow family gave the Conservatory Garden a $1.5 million dowry and "raise money" dropped to the very bottom of the list. ("I can get run over by a bus and die happy," Miller says, "because this garden is going to go on.") The endowment pays the salaries of the four conservatory gardeners, Sarah Price (curator), Jamie Day (assistant curator), Andre Barnes, and Dan Wallace. The plants, as working plants (8:00 A.M. to dusk), pretty much earn their keep—plus funds for more—through photo shoot fees.

In her plant collages Miller has set a precedent for adventurous municipal practices. Before her, there was no mulching at the Conservatory Garden. Now it's cocoa bean hulls, and "for a few days it smells as if all you need is a spoon and whipped cream." She began the soil restoration by digging in tons of leaf mold and continues to use leaf compost from Central Park's 24,000 trees. (She gets indignant just thinking of a century of compost lost, of trillions of leaves trucked out of the city at taxpayer expense.) The ebullience of her plants is achieved without pesticides, by making ecologically appropriate plant choices. "If a plant needs spraying, we don't use it. We treat the soil. I will not spray aphids. I hit them hard with hoses."

Miller, who has served on Manhattan Community Board #11 and has chaired its Parks Committee, tells visitors how it was ten years ago. "People were afraid to come here. It was one of the two places most avoided in Central Park," she recently informed an expedition from the Garden Writers Association of America. "It was quite sinister in here before," she recalls. "It was terrifying—big dark hedges looming at you." But now "people come here. It was the plants that brought the people back. The





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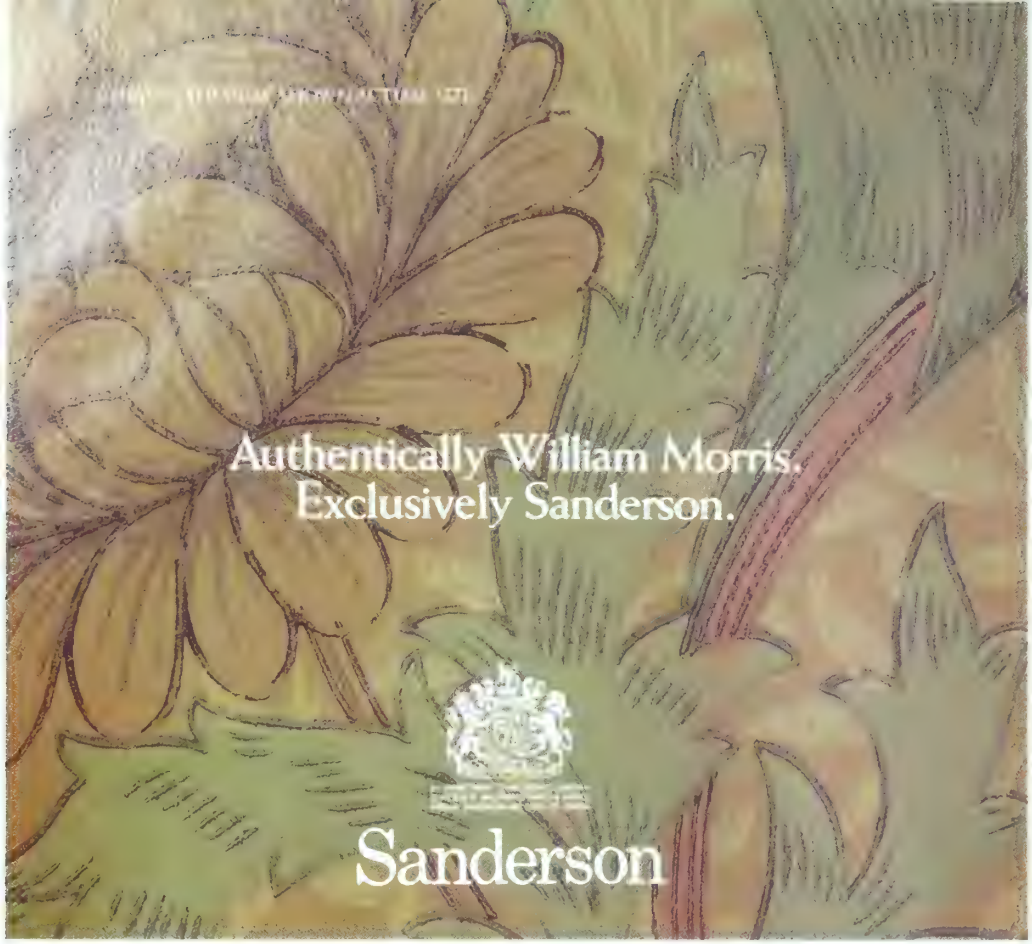
plants that make people enjoy each other." And no doubt it is the plants that make people behave, feel comfortable, know the garden is theirs. "To my great joy people in wheelchairs and stretchers come, and it's part of their recovery."

Still, in 1988 during the month of June, crimes against plants, not people, turned curator Price into a daily plant crime reporter. On the Memorial Day weekend, flowers were purloined and non-Miller-approved

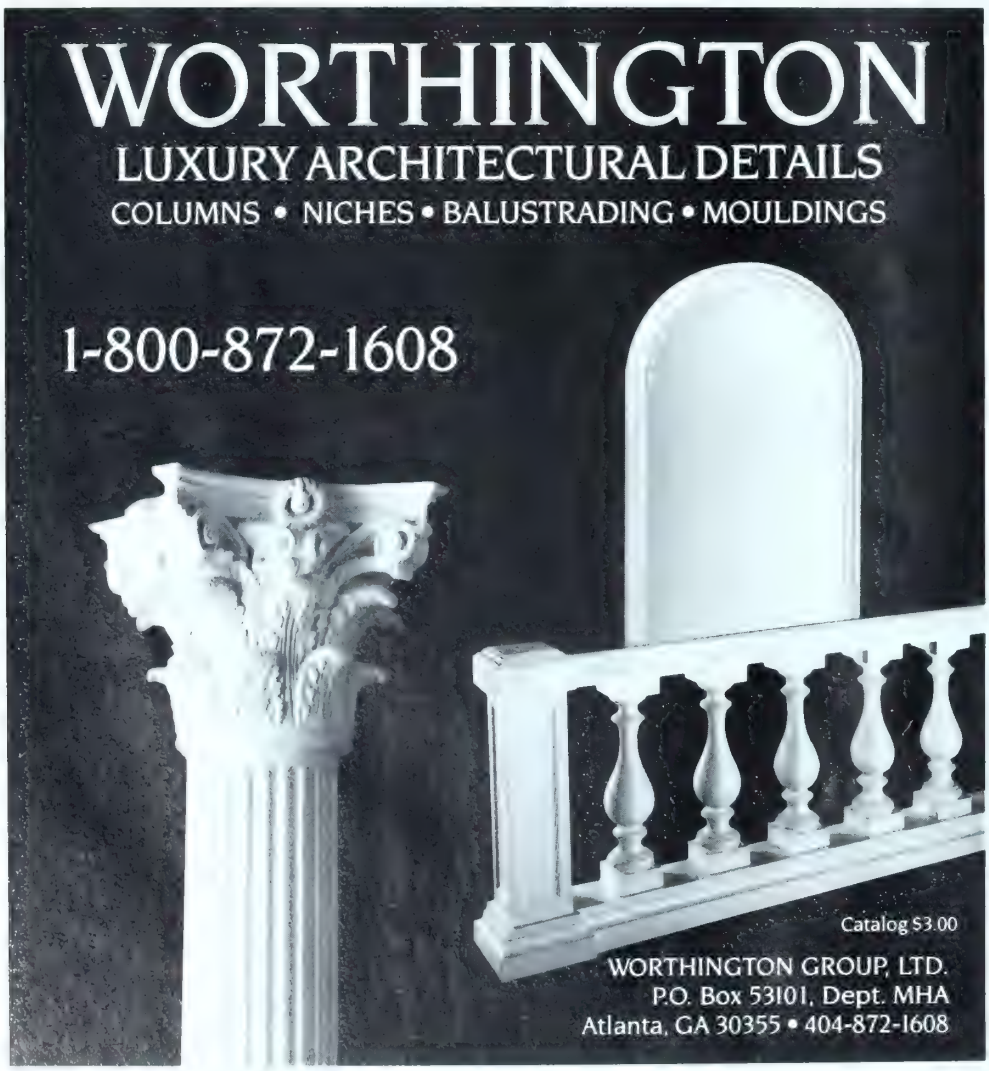
> "People were afraid to come here. The plants brought people back"

flowers were smuggled in—and planted. Two weeks later, "horticulturists slimier than slugs stole over thirty choice perennials." One evening Price and Miller encountered a man two blocks away carrying a flat of coleus stolen from the garden. Conservatory Garden plants were seen for sale on 116th Street. Later the gardeners found an "aluminum pole, that had obviously been used to dig"—and $150 in plants disappeared "by way of a ditch dug under the back fence." Traditionally, as Miller and Price reminded their local police captain last year, "Mother's Day weekend is a time of plant theft in [the] garden." This summer the garden was able to hire a lone Conservatory Garden Ranger, courtesy of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.

On the garden's western side is an outcrop of Manhattan schist. In the 1850s, Central Park was blasted out of this metamorphic substrate, the common bedrock of Manhattan Island. In 1983, recognizing Lynden Miller's own metamorphic talents, Community Board #11 awarded her a piece of the rock of East Harlem, "in grateful appreciation for improving the quality of life in El Barrio through restoration of the Conservatory Garden." ♠



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Home Fires Burning

Performers Penn Jillette and Carol Perkins work their own magic at home

BY GRAYDON CARTER

It is a stirring testament to the nation's evolving design literacy that those Americans with a working knowledge of magic or comedy or postmodernism in its nonarchitectural applications would in all likelihood correctly answer the following question: *Which description best approximates what you imagine Penn Jillette's New York apartment to be like?* (choose from the options below)

(a) a charming maisonette off Fifth done up in the style of a Regency drawing room

(b) a soaring Central Park West duplex rendered in early Frank Lloyd Wright as interpreted by one of his students

(c) a loftlike hangar in the city's zipper and ribbon district which looks like the home of a sophisticated teenager with a lot of money.

You are no doubt familiar enough with the rhythm of this tired joke setup to know that the answer is (c). Unless, of course, you were fooled by those elegant rooms filled with European furniture and gilded mirrors. Don't be. That's Jillette's girlfriend Carol Perkins's place.

Since we have photographs of both in front of us—thereby demonstrating the fact that two people can be attracted to each other regardless of their contrasting design philosophies—I suppose this article could end here.



Onstage, Penn Jillette and Carol Perkins, above, share similar tastes; offstage is another matter. Top left: In her living room Perkins displays a desk from the Plaza Hotel. Top right: Jillette is happiest in his study-cum-playroom. Details see Resources.

But if, like me, you think Penn & Teller are the greatest thing to happen to magic since Kreskin disappeared (I'm speaking figuratively here), you probably want to know more. So let's take your questions one at a time.

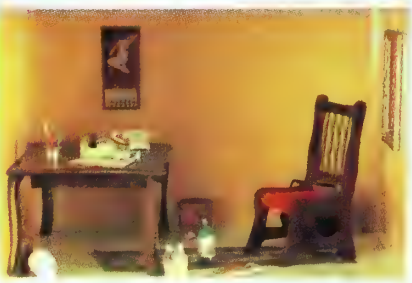
You, sir, up there in the corner, you had a question? *Um, where is Penn's apartment?* As I was to discover on one of the hottest days of 1991, the apartment is in a building wedged both physically and psychically between a wholesale ribbon shop and a costume jewelry boutique. When he was apartment hunting a few years ago, Jillette told his real

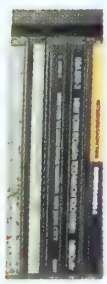

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In Jillette's loft, an Erté "alphabetiform," far left, flanks a closet door, crowned by his childhood sled. Above left: His private diner. Below left: Jillette's only nod to something approaching traditionalism—a miniature room hidden among his CDs.

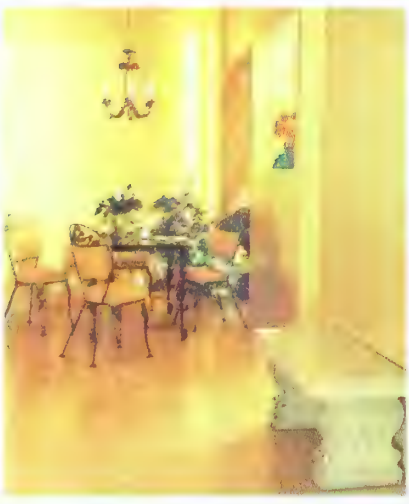
Penn wanted a place that was like him, "big and a little goofy"

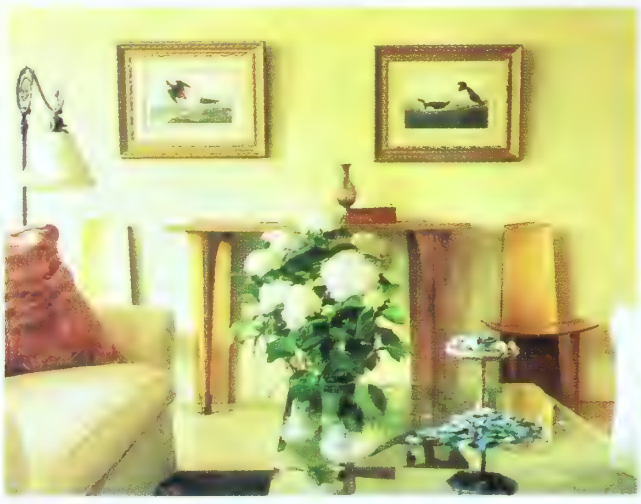
estate agent that he wanted a place close to Times Square and that he wanted it to be like him, "big and a little goofy." Which is pretty much what he got. The apartment is 100 feet long and 25 feet wide, has 11-foot ceilings, and has elbowroom sufficient for a six-foot, six-inch man with a desire to lay down bowling alley markings on the hardwood floor and have pins at one end and balls at the other.

What would you say is Penn's overall design philosophy? Good question. As a former teenager, I think I am on firm ground in stating that if there is a theme to Jillette's digs it might best be described as faux punk—the kind of music and gadget-heavy apartment that figures in the wildest fantasies of a million teenagers. I certainly recognize in his place the sort of things that I would have had in my apartment when I was a teenager had I been able to afford the things or the apartment.

What about Ms. Perkins? Well, since she is a former model for the Victoria's Secret catalogue, I suppose she too has figured in the wildest fantasies of a million teenagers. *No, no; I mean what about her design philosophy?* Ah. As you can tell from the photographs, when Perkins is not eating fire with Jillette onstage (they both regularly perform on and off Broadway), she prefers softer lighting. Her Chelsea loft, twenty blocks due south of Jillette's, is bathed in muted yellows and beiges. And her tastes are catholic: stuff handed down from her grandmother is mixed with things picked up from junk stores, antiques shops, auctions, and even right off the street.

You, madam, in the front row. You had a question? *Yes. You keep hitting on this teenager thing with Penn. What is it that makes you say he lives like a teenager?* I'm glad you asked. *Are you making fun of me?* No, really, I'm glad you asked. Close your eyes and imagine, if you will, a checklist of things you might find in a teenager's dream apartment. This would have to be a teenager who is very smart, mind







Perkins's Mediterranean-style dining room, above left, features vintage wrought-iron chairs. Above: A pair of Audubon prints hang over a bronze-tiled console table and gilded chairs by Bonetti and Garouste. Right: In the bedroom a velvet curtain serves as a door.

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you (heavily into computers and space shuttles and that sort of thing), and with a playful sense of humor. And remember, he has wads of money. So let's go down that teen checklist one category at a time.

• Minimal furnishings. The living room consists entirely of a blue Barcalounger and a nubby tweedish chesterfield. Both are facing in the same direction.

• Gadgets. A panel of buttons near the Barcalounger command module activates a theatrical burgundy velvet curtain that moves silently across the wall of windows, dims the lights, then drops a television screen from the ceiling and turns on an overhead projection unit. Also, mounted on the wall of his dining area is a small wooden board at the top of which are a pair of nail-like electrodes. When a pickle is mounted on them and the electricity is turned on, the acidity in the pickle is charged to a point where it will glow in the dark.

• Music and electronics. Jillette's apartment has a wall of albums, cassettes, CDs, videos, and laser discs, all in alphabetical order. There is every imaginable form of machine to play them on.

• Conversation pieces. Here everything is a conversation piece, from the TRY OUR NEW JUMBO BREASTS restaurant sign to the NASA circuit board propped over a window. There is a *Psycho* shower curtain, a TRAVELING WILBURY ON BOARD car sign, a coaster his grandmother made with "Mug Rug" needlepointed on it, an Emmy Award that broke in half when he tried to use it as a hammer ("They're really not as well built as you'd think"), and a huge mechanized Swiss Army knife display model. Over his kitchen cabinets Jillette has hung two life-size plaster copies of his own head that were given to him by the producers of the film *Penn & Teller Get Killed.* They are lined up beside a human skull. He calls the exhibit "The Three Stages of Man."

• Crash pad capability. When Jillette is in town, he often shares his apartment with Perkins. When they're away, Jillette's friend Elliot Freeman stays at his place. Freeman, who is an artist, should feel especially at home here because dozens of his colorful childlike paintings are hanging on the walls.

• Pornography. I could not begin to catalogue Jillette's vast assortment of dirty videos, magazines, books, 8-by-10 stills, paintings, playing cards, and generally naughty bric-a-brac. The collection is huge, and if I had to guess what kind of a man he is, judging by his taste in literature and ceramics, I would say Jillette is a breast man. I asked what he does when his parents come over, and he says he takes the pictures down and tells his folks not to poke around too much.

What did you like best about Jillette's apartment? The fact that he has not loaded it up with a lot of old magician's props or original Houdini posters or anything.

OK, one last question? You, sir, the tall fellow with the ponytail and the kumquat face and the painted fingernail. *Hey, you're getting awfully personal here.* Sorry, I've been under a lot of stress lately. Your question, sir? *Yeah, so what's a bitchin' guy like Jillette with a girlfriend like Carol doing in a nice magazine like this?* It can safely be argued that it is our early apartments that provide the truest window on our interests and personalities. As we get older, those initial primitively iconoclastic impulses to gussy up our surroundings with the things we love most, regardless of their tackiness or suitability, become buried under weighty matters of taste and decorum. As we get older, our houses therefore become less reflective of who we are and more a reflection of who we want our friends to think we are. *And?* . . . And, well, Jillette's apartment is a refreshing change from that. Someday, though, I expect he will grow tired of it all and will chuck everything in his place and redo it in something like Regency or early Frank Lloyd Wright. When he does, he will no doubt make a certain fire-eating Chelsea resident very happy, not to mention an awful lot of flea market vendors. ▲

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One Man's Windy City

James Leonard turns memories into sculpture BY DANA COWIN



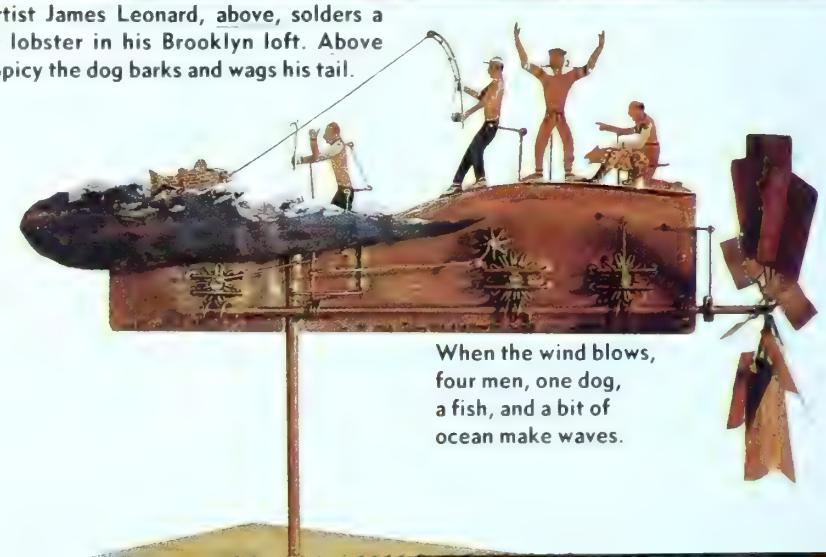
James Leonard is a contemporary folk artist who spins tales from copper. Working in a loft in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, wedged between warring middle-class Hasidic and working-class Hispanic neighborhoods, he picks up inspiration from the street for his moving tableaus: in one decidedly urban wind machine a car is repeatedly stripped for parts.

Leonard also cuts memories out of metal so they won't fade. "*The Old Man Telling His Dog How He Caught Fish When He Was Young* is a story about me in 1975 when I was fishing on the New Jersey shore," he says. "I had caught a large striped bass, but the main fellow of interest was a very old man behind me who was talking to his dog as if he were his only friend in the world." The dramas of this day are driven by wind, which turns the fan and triggers the copper rods, spiral "worms," and daisylike gears that move the figures. The handwrought mechanism is captivating in its ingenuity and simplicity.

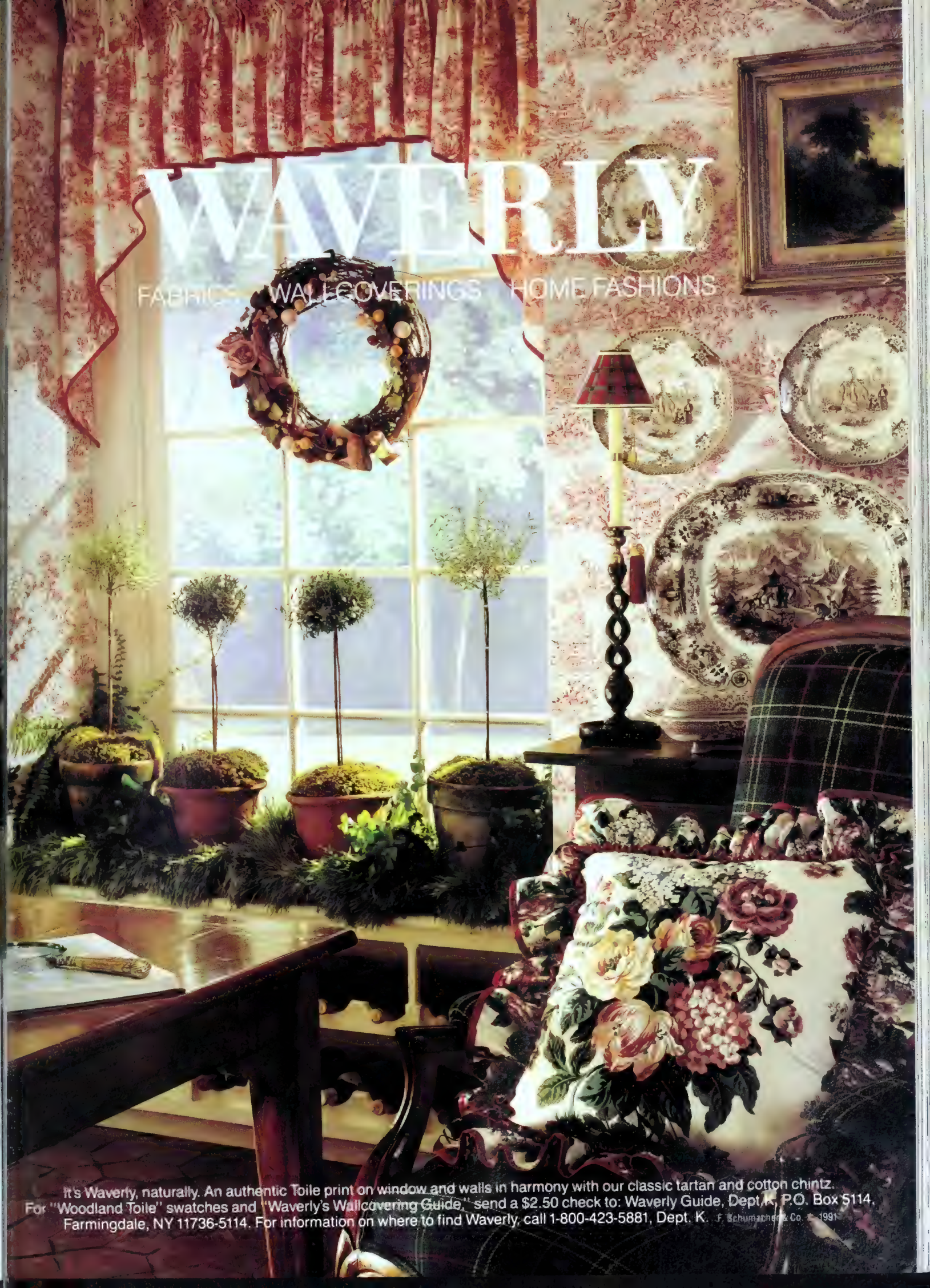
The ultimate handyman, Leonard made his first wind machine as a gift in 1970; he was then a twenty-one-year-old appliance repairman. He continued his hobby ("because it was fun") during stints as a cabinetmaker and a construction worker and received his first art world recognition in 1986 when Michael McManus saw to it that one of his pieces was included in a show at the Museum of American Folk Art. Now, armed with a propane torch and tin snips, this untrained artist shapes his own stories or those told to him by others. Give him a few details—"I loved going on cruises when I was young, but I have a lasting fear of pools on ships"—and a few months later the story will be retold endlessly whenever a breeze stirs. (James Leonard, 56 South 11 St. #3W, Brooklyn, NY 11211; 718-963-2641 by appt.) ▲



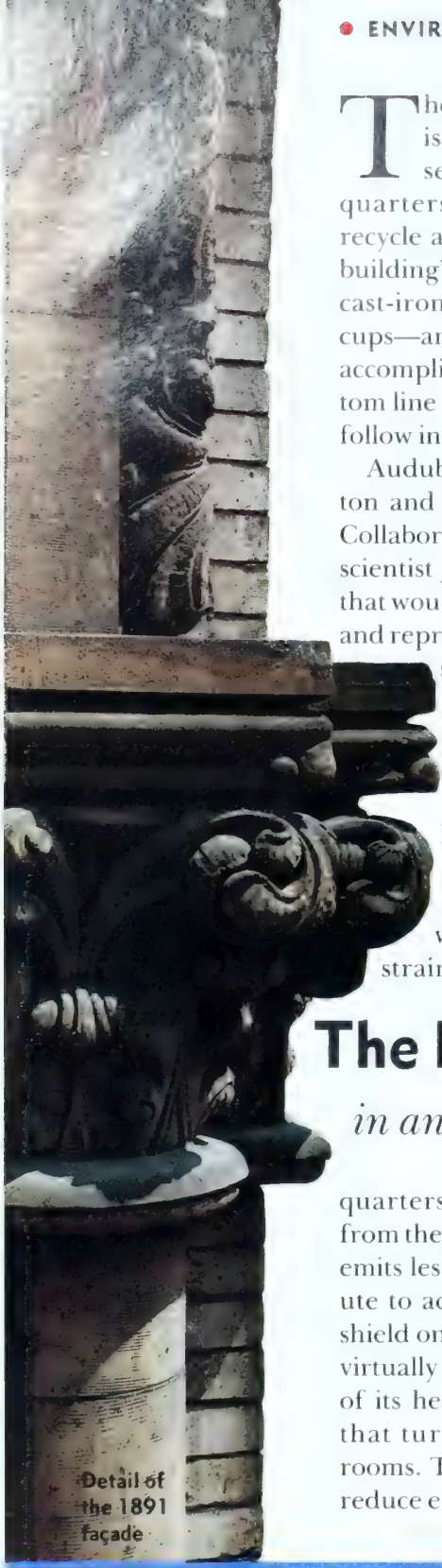
Folk artist James Leonard, above, solders a copper lobster in his Brooklyn loft. Above right: Spicy the dog barks and wags his tail.



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Detail of the 1891 façade



Audubon headquarters

The Recyclable Nest

National Audubon comes to roost in an ecologically friendly building

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

The National Audubon Society is making an example of itself. Its new national headquarters on lower Broadway will recycle almost everything, from the building's eight-story sandstone and cast-iron façade to staffers' coffee cups—and the entire project will be accomplished with an eye to the bottom line so for-profit companies can follow in Audubon's tracks.

Audubon tapped Randolph Croxton and Kirsten Childs of Croxton Collaborative to work with Audubon scientist Jan Beyea to create offices that would be clean, efficient, livable, and reproducible at market rates. All systems—from the light fixtures to the air conditioners—had to be available off the shelf; any extra cost above standard materials had to be repaid in energy or maintenance savings in three to five years. Even with such real-world constraints, Audubon's new headquarters is a very smart building, from the gas-fired heater-chiller that emits less of the oxides that contribute to acid rain to the transparent shield on the windows that transmits virtually all of the sun's light but little of its heat, and the motion sensors that turn out the lights in empty rooms. The systems are designed to reduce energy use by sixty percent.

The real novelty of the project, however, consists as much in the designers' mindset as in their specific choices. "We have to look at the building as an entire performing entity," says Croxton. That sense of the building as an organism is expressed, in part, in a five-level recycling scheme. The first and most obvious step was reusing the building rather than tearing it down. The second step is salvaging the demolished masonry, which will be crushed to make roadbeds, and the wallboard, which will become new wallboard. Third, as much as possible of what goes back into the building is recycled.

When the building is finished, a two-pronged permanent recycling system kicks in. In addition to desk-side separation of computer paper, newspaper, and the like, each floor will have four chutes for different kinds of waste. The organic rubbish—not only the crumbs from a sandwich but also the paper towels used to mop up spilled coffee—will automatically be shredded and composted in an aerated box, then redistributed to the soil of the rooftop gardens or given to employees. Finally, the people who work in the building will be asked to commit to a goal of eighty percent recycling, meaning that they may well join Jan Beyea in reusing plastic containers from the neighborhood salad bar. ♠



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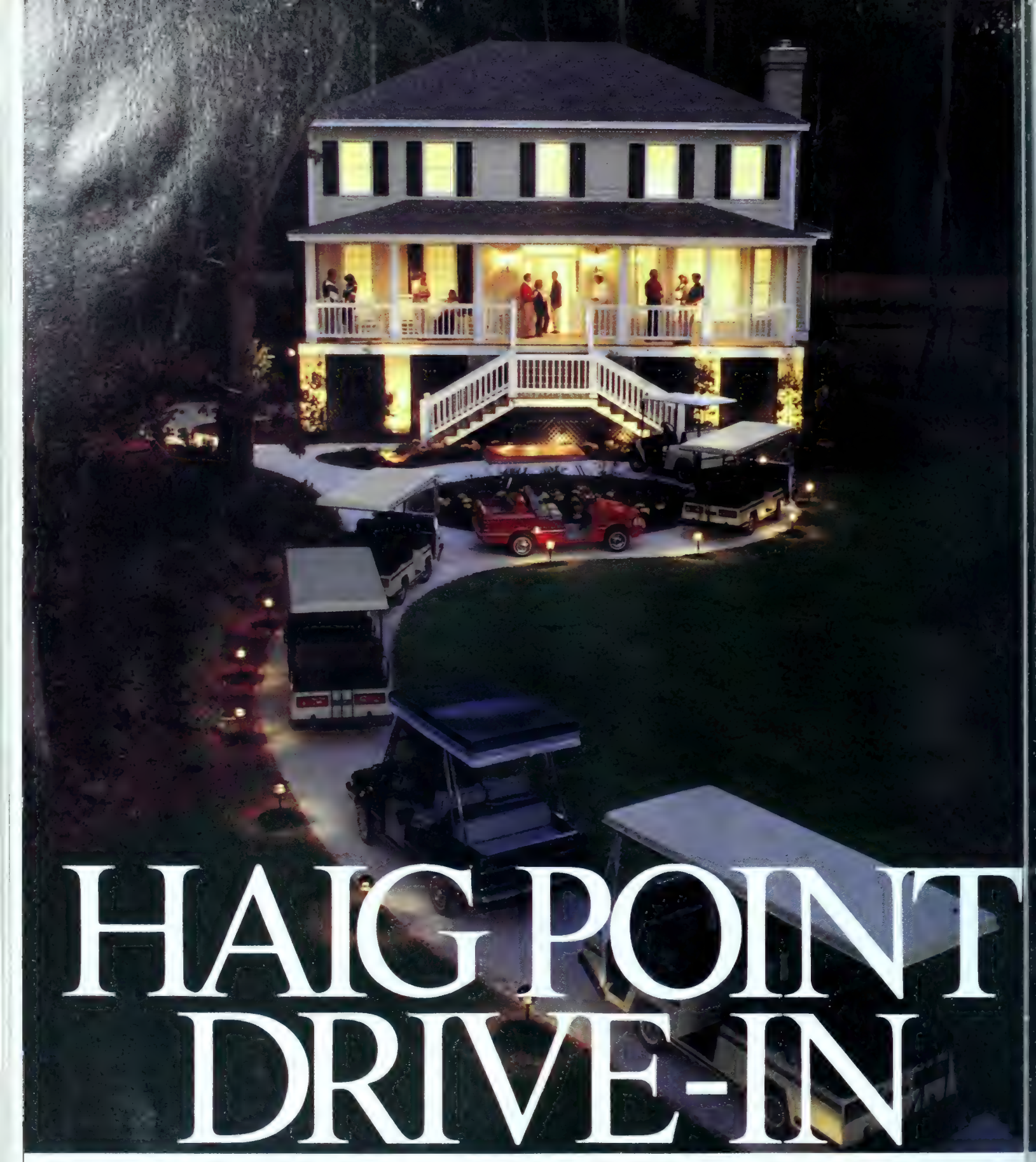
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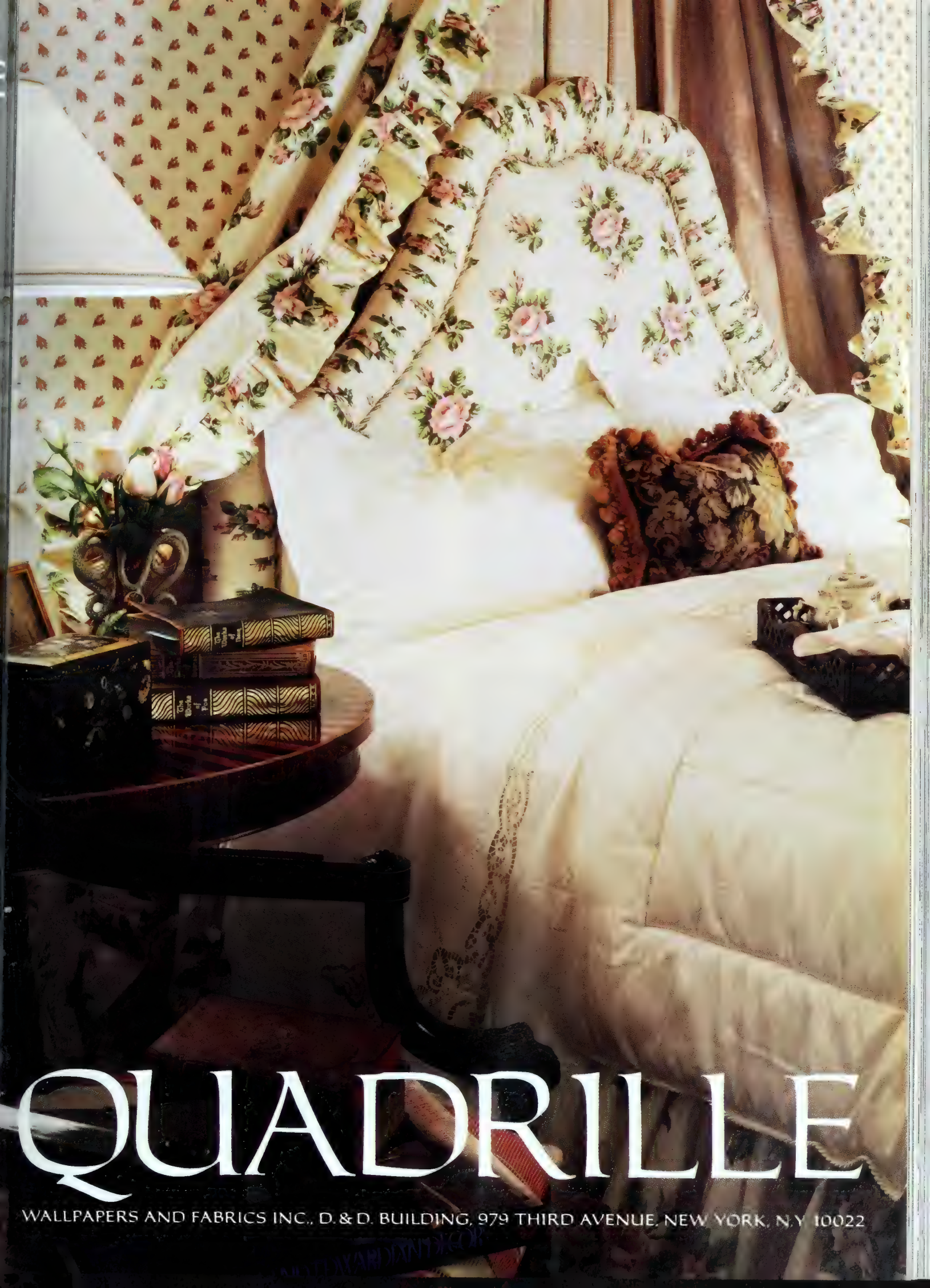


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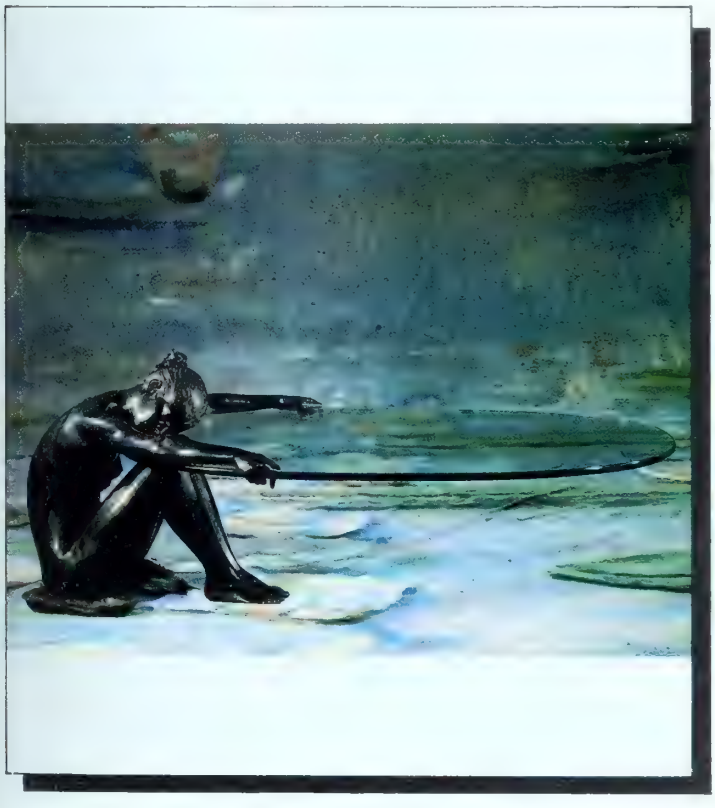
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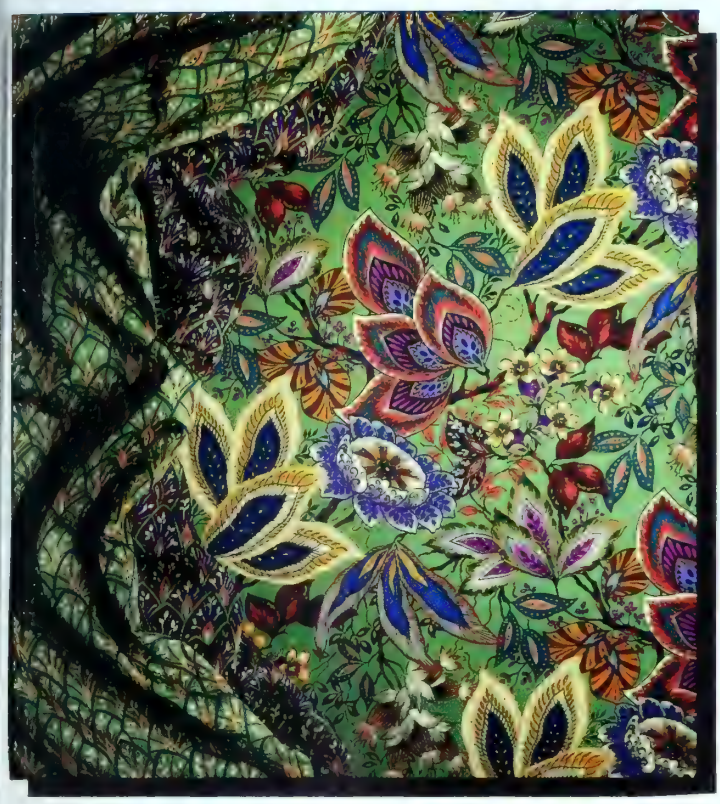
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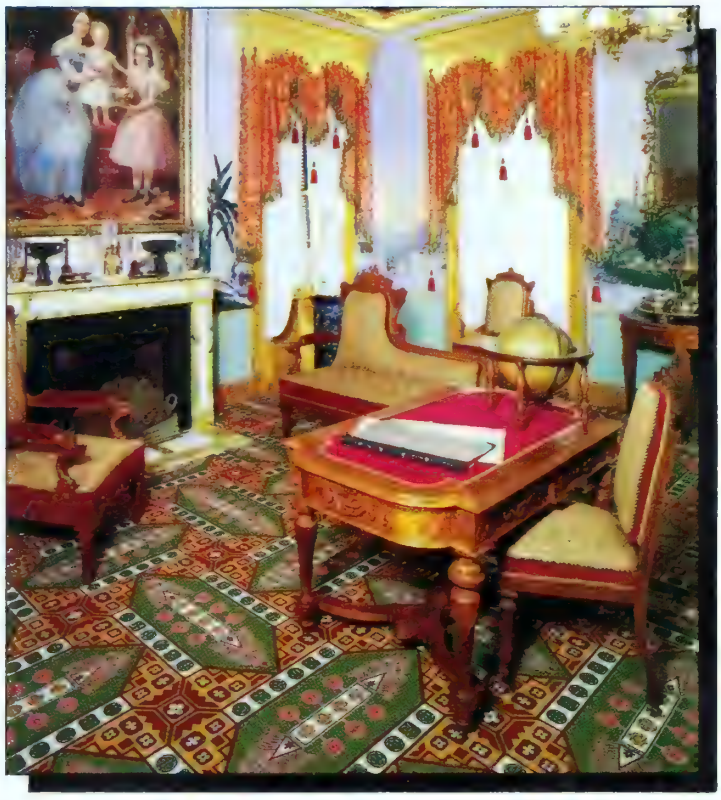
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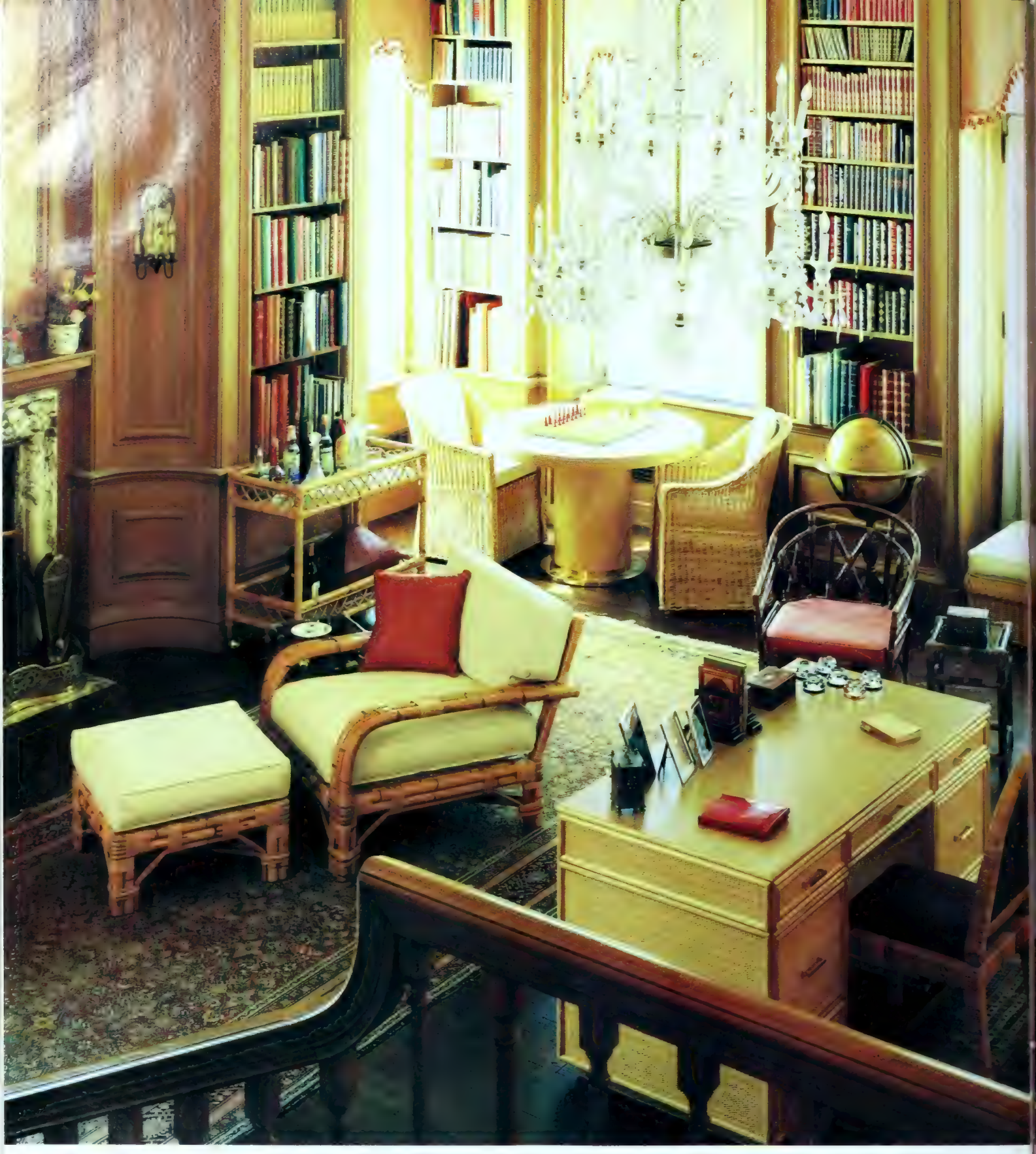
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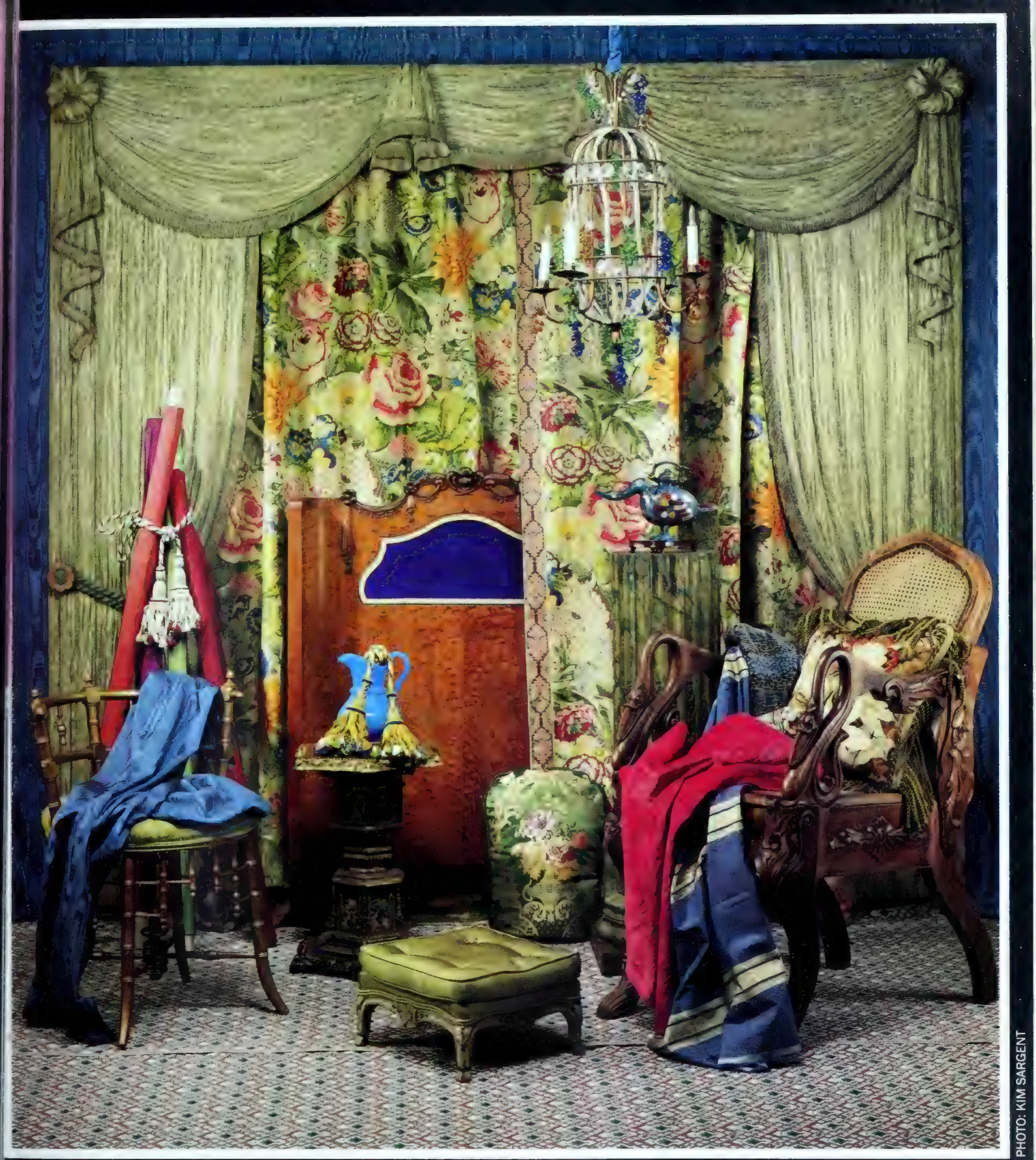


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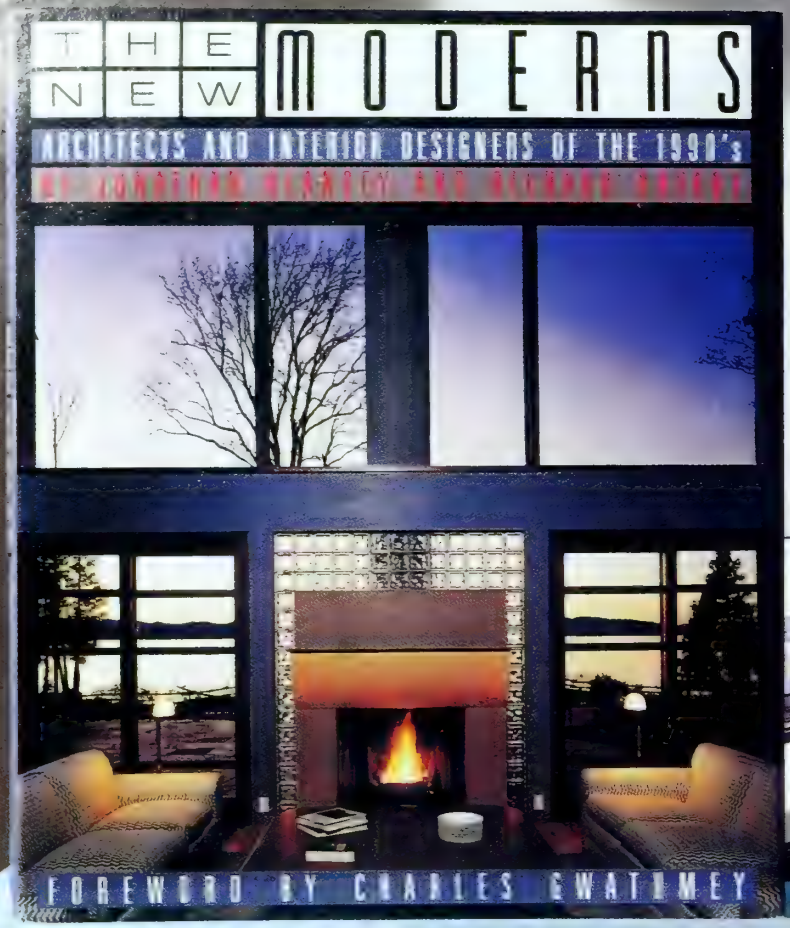
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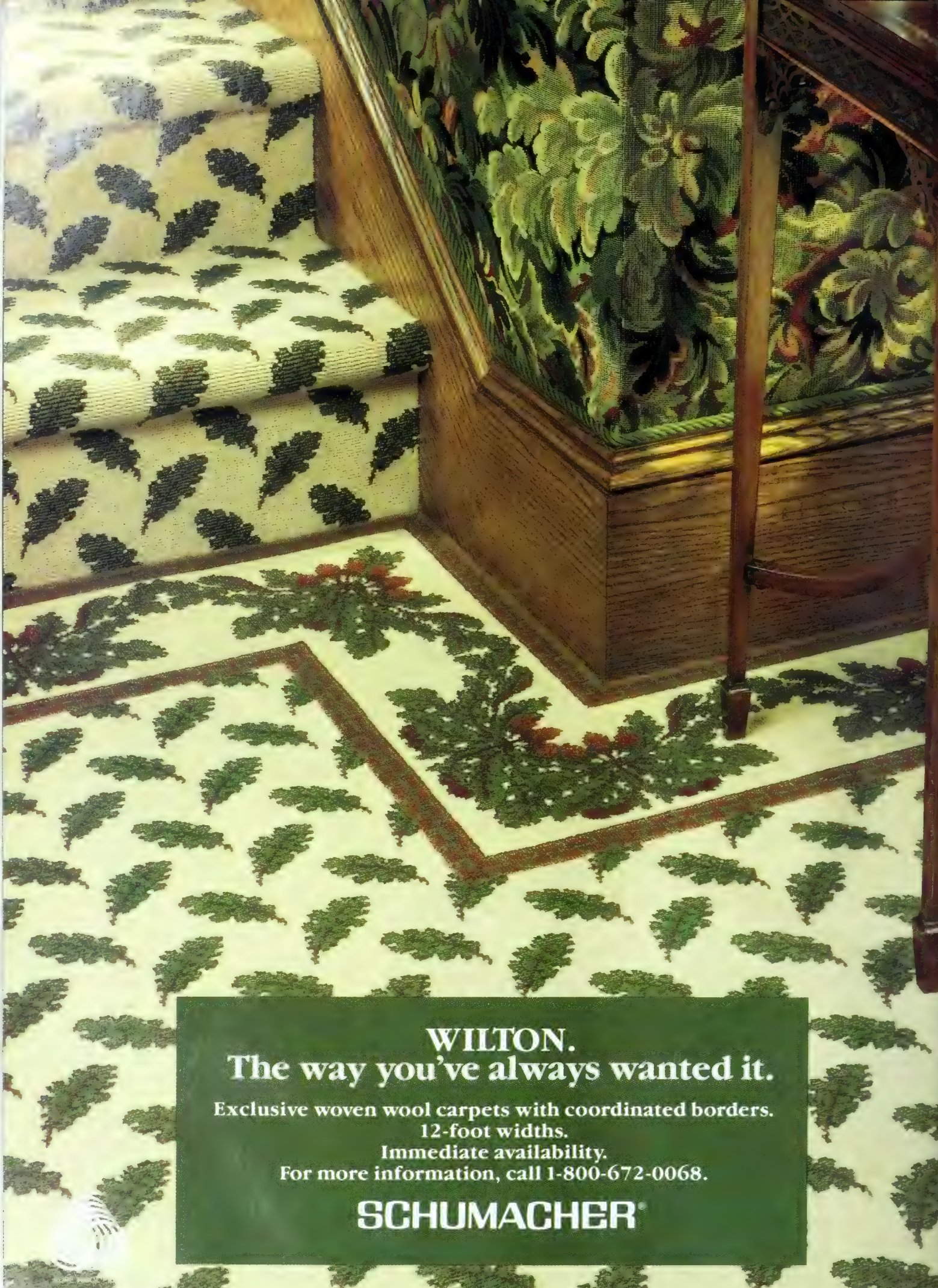
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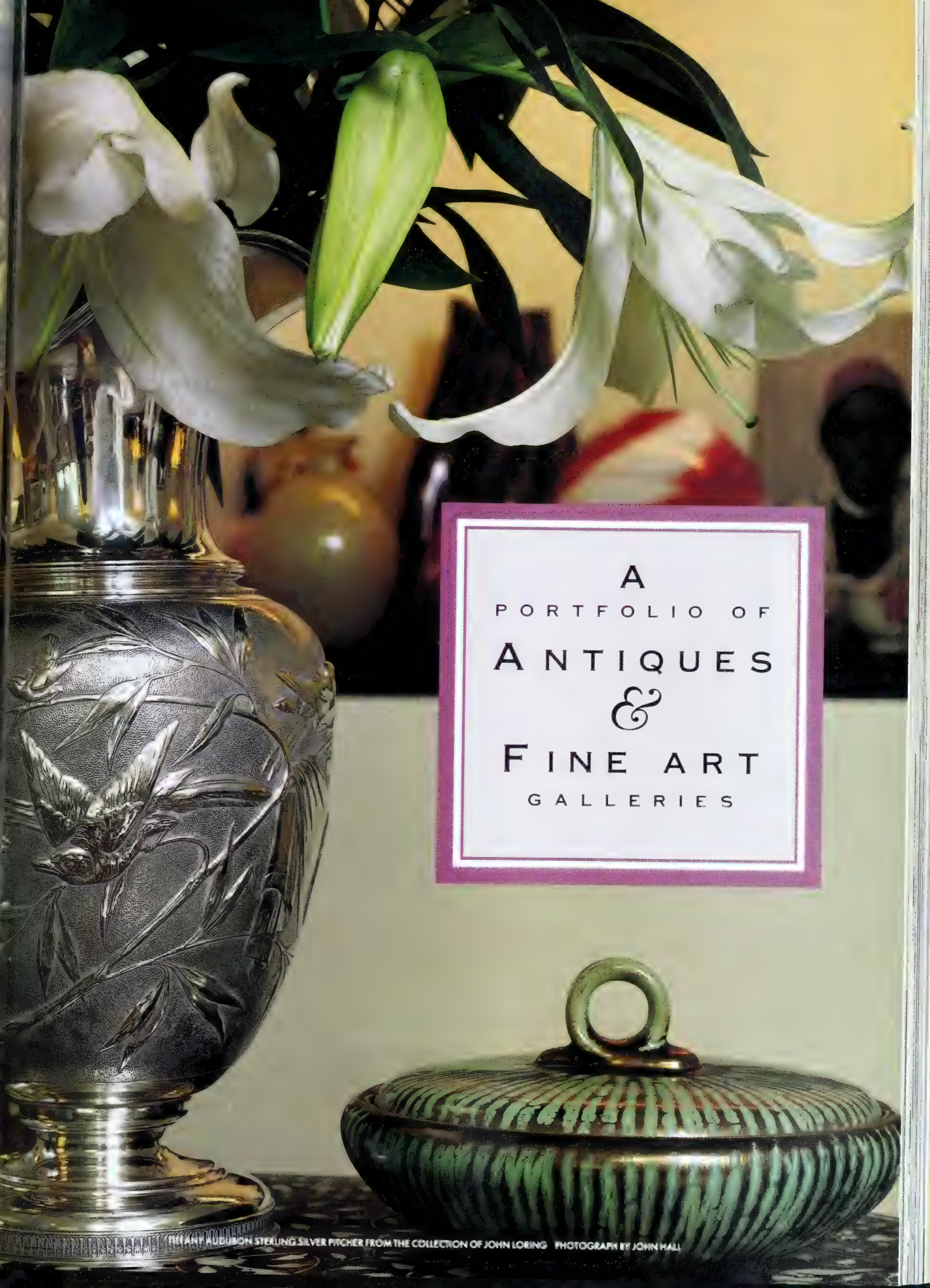
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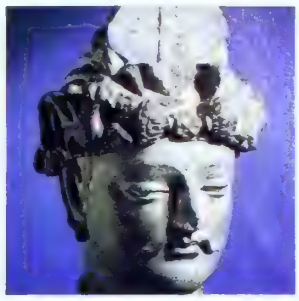
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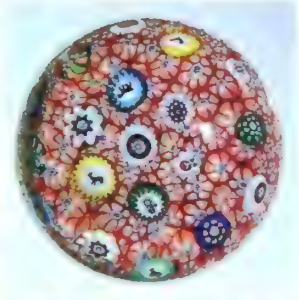
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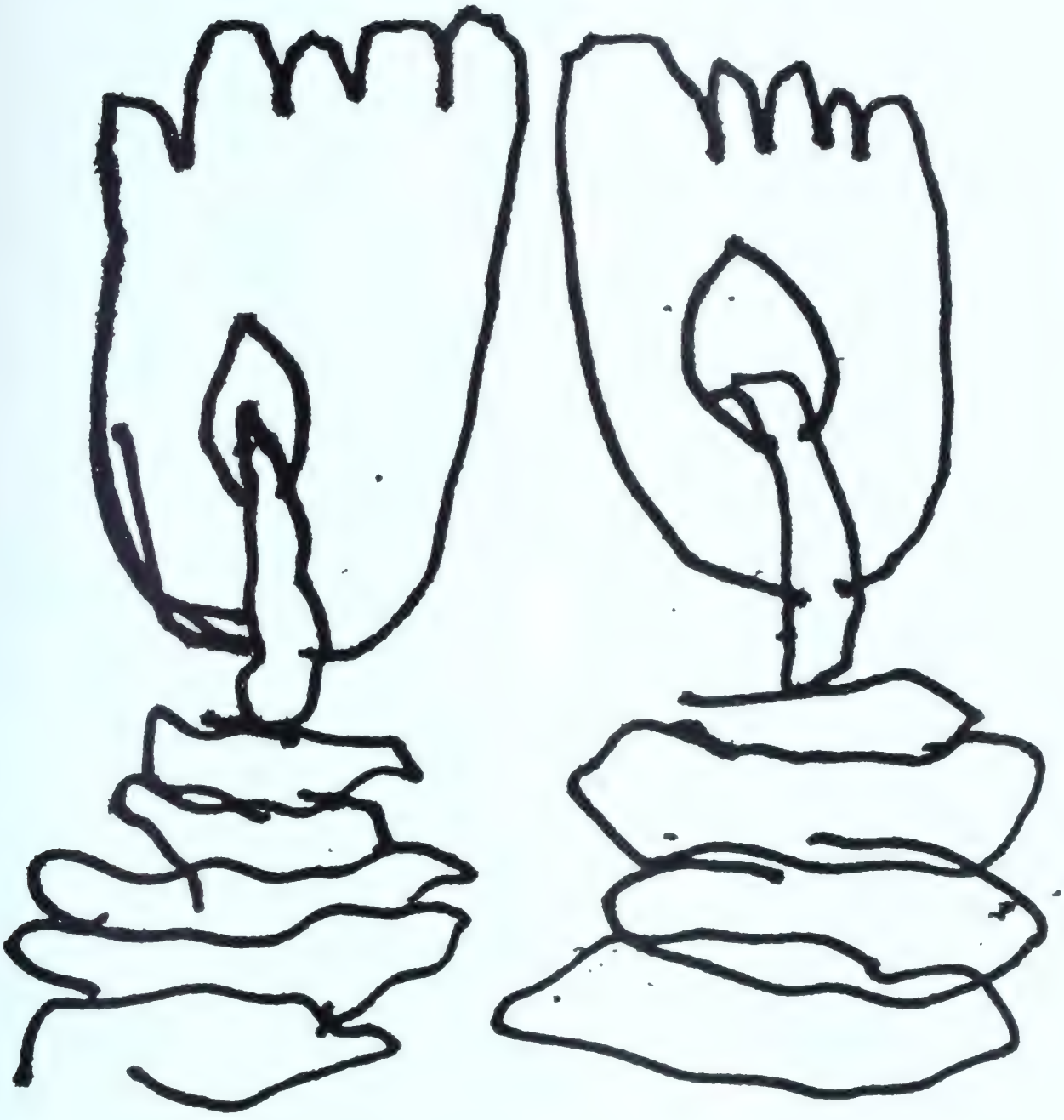
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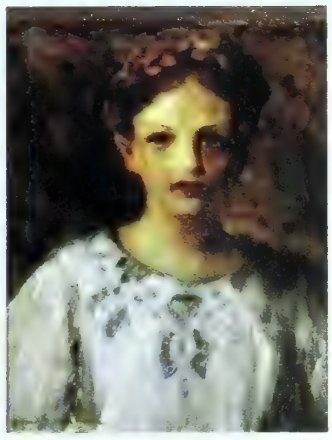
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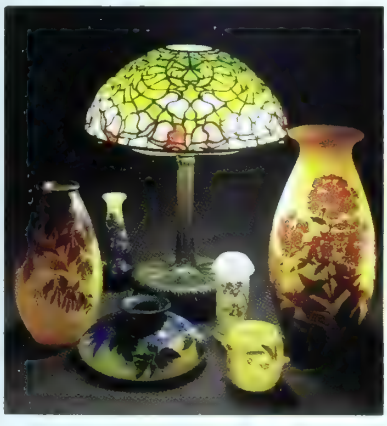


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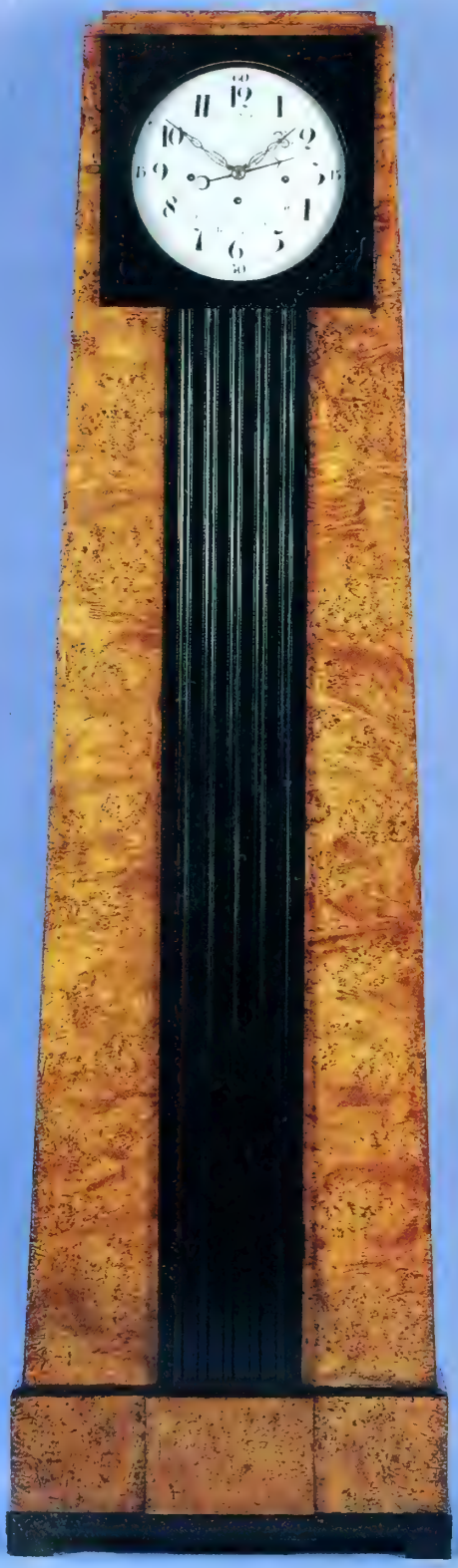


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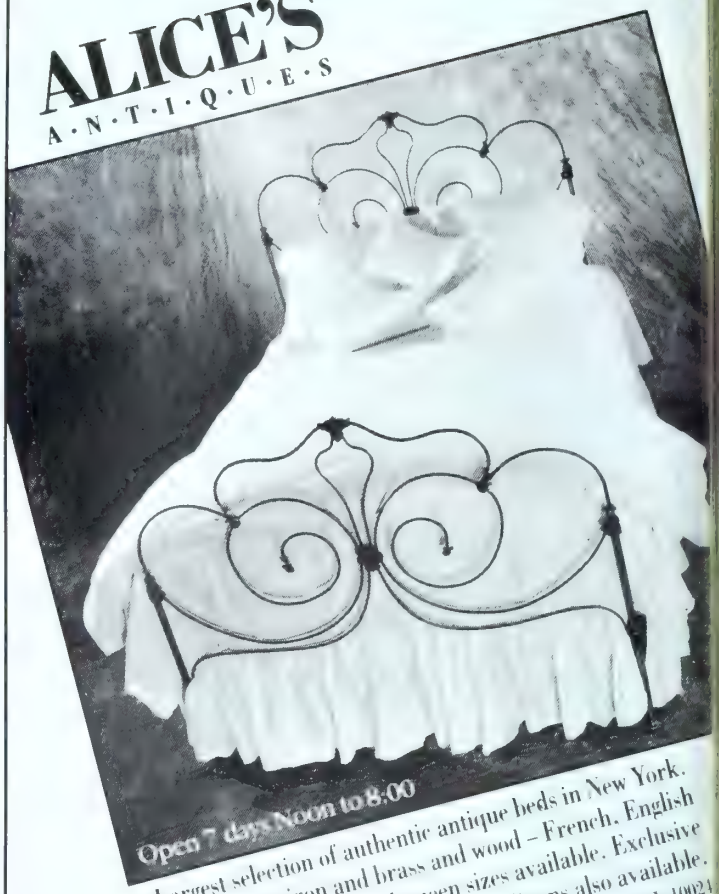
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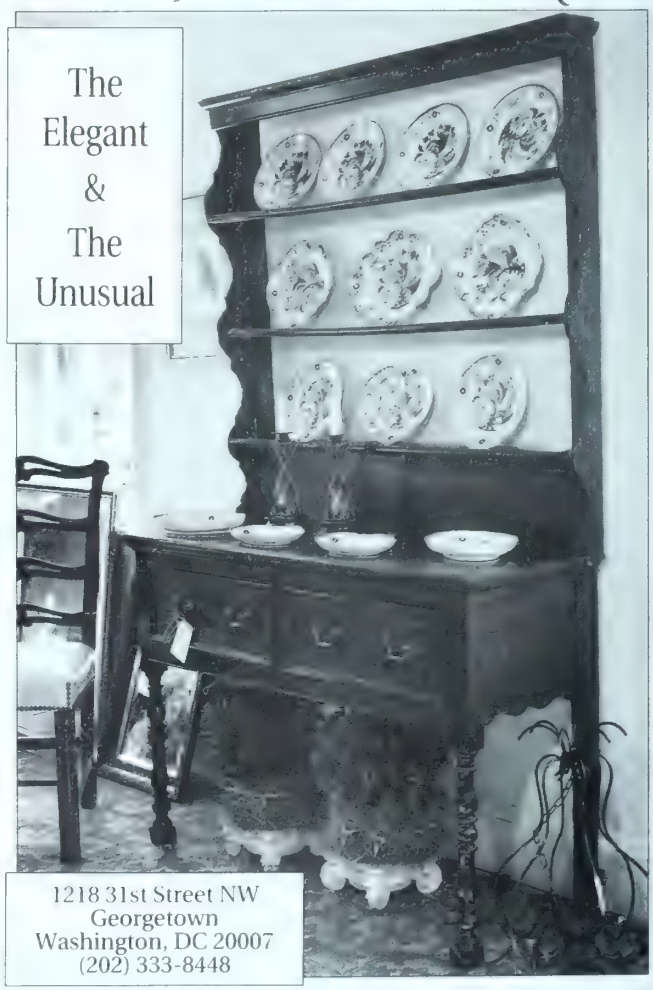
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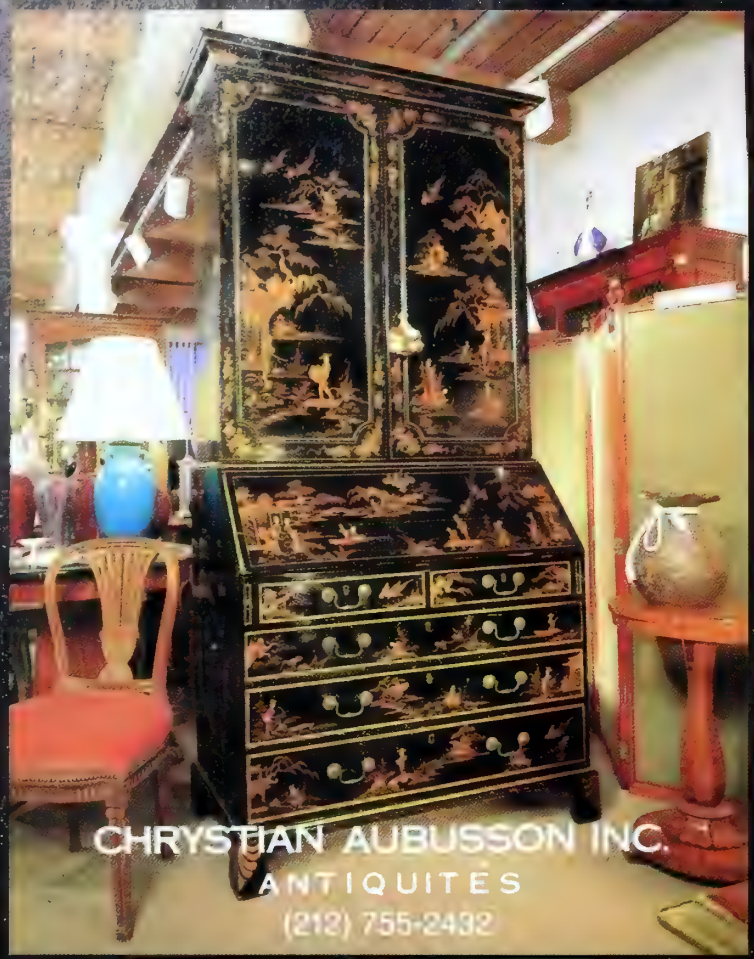
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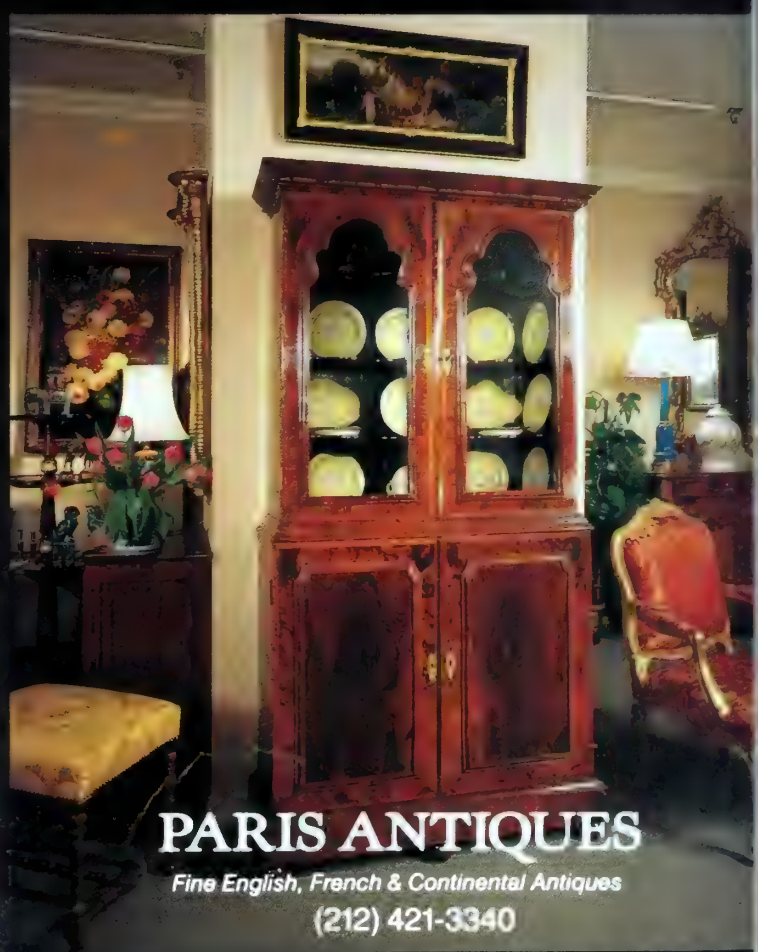
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Wildman Steve Brill on a culinary excursion in Central Park.





Lower Manhattan landmarks, above, left, and below.




A lower Fifth Avenue church—one stop in an itinerary of haunted buildings.

Follow the Leader

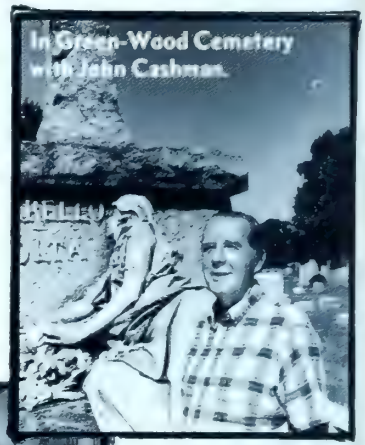
On and off the street, walking tours show the way to New York's hidden attractions

BY EVE M. KAHN

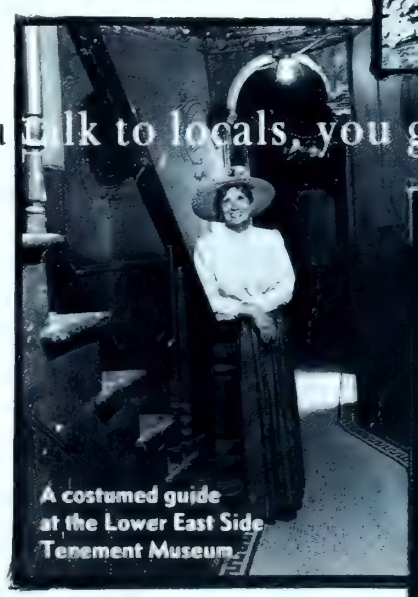
In the hands of New York City's top tour guides you can eat a Central Park–grown carrot, admire Boss Tweed's granite gravestone in Brooklyn, or learn where the Dutch threw their oyster shells. After one of these off-the-beaten-track walking tours, the city may never look quite the same again.

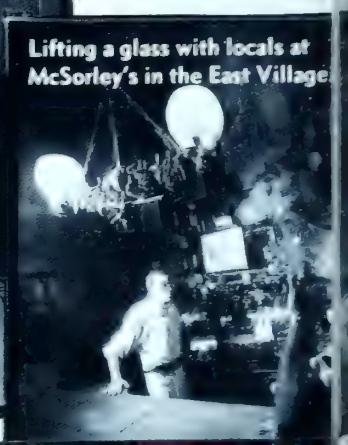
Look for Wild Foods Steve Brill donned the nickname Wildman ten years ago, and ever since he has been giving tours of edible and medicinal plants in New York City parks. (Even being arrested in 1986 for eating a dandelion has not dampened his zeal.) He expects attendees to bring their appetites. He plucks and passes around weeds and berries and orchestrates enthusiastic group root-harvesting sessions. He frequents Central Park and Riverside Park and regularly ventures into other boroughs. The same sorts of plants grow throughout the metropolitan area, he says, some of them best suited for mashing into poultices while others are perfect for salads—autumn delicacies include parsnips, evening primrose, and chickweed. The only risk on his tours comes not from poisonous mushrooms or from park policemen—with them he's established a friendly truce—but from what he calls "dementia botanica": learning too much all at once about plants. (Steve Brill, 143–25 84th Dr. #6C, Jamaica, NY 11435; 718-291-6825)

Adventures on a Shoestring Sightseers have to wait until the end of Howard Goldberg's itinerary to eat. Proprietor of a twenty-eight-year-old tour service, he specializes in chats with locals followed by snacks at ethnic restaurants. "When you talk to the locals," he says, "you get reality, not just surface." At his behest, a delicatessen owner might divulge a secret soup recipe, a priest might describe how he tends his parish, or an off-off-Broadway playhouse manager might invite tourgoers to audition for an upcoming production. Between encounters, Goldberg explains the social evolution of the neighborhood. He points out the few remaining art galleries in the East Village, the Greekness of


In Green-Wood Cemetery with John Cashman.

"When you talk to locals, you get reality"


A costumed guide at the Lower East Side Tenement Museum.


Lifting a glass with locals at McSorley's in the East Village.

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Astoria, and the unspoiled charm of Gramercy Park. One caveat for dawdlers: Goldberg's pace is best described as speedy although he modestly calls it "somewhat brisk but not running." (Howard Goldberg, 300 West 53 St., New York, NY 10019; 212-265-2663)

Green-Wood Cemetery For an unexpected aesthetic experience, John Cashman leads Sunday tours in the fall and spring through Brooklyn's Green-Wood, founded in 1838. The loveliest of the city's rural cemeteries, Green-Wood blazes with foliage in autumn, and alongside its curving paths stand gravestones that serve as outdoor lessons in popular nineteenth-century American sculpture. Quaint marble urns adjoin rich Rodinesque extravaganzas, the most dramatic example being an oversize statue of a woman in heavy skirts collapsed on a gravestone. (Legend has it the figure commemorates an unfortunate who died on her wedding day.) Cashman, a former policeman, can also point out the grave of every celebrity in the cemetery, from Samuel F. B. Morse to Leonard Bernstein. (John Cashman, 315 Marlborough Rd., Brooklyn, NY 11226; 718-469-5277)

Sidewalks of New York Sam Stafford is similarly devoted to studying celebrities, living or otherwise. His popular outings have names like "Screen Scenes" (houses of Upper West Side movie stars as well as sites where major films were made) and "A Tour Named Jackie" (places Jacqueline Onassis has lived, shopped, attended funerals, even donated clothes). Particularly suitable for October is "Ghosts After Sunset," a tour held at twilight which explores haunted spots in Greenwich Village: the Fifth Avenue church whose John La Farge mural tumbled off the wall the day La Farge died; the curve on Gay Street where a proud nineteenth-century father is said to have been run down en route to his daughter's wedding and where he often spectrally appears. As the sky blackens and the stories grow creepier, even skeptics may have trouble stifling a shudder. (Sam Stafford, Box 1660, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025; 212-517-0201)

Lower East Side Tenement Museum Intended to instruct rather than unnerve, this museum-run series of tours is held on Sundays. An excursion called "The Streets Where We Lived" explains the neighborhood's multiethnic past, while more single-minded outings focus on specific immigrant groups such as the Chinese or the Italians. The Jews are represented on a tour called "Peddler's Pack," based on the lives of the Scheinberg family, who lived in the area at the turn of the century. A costumed guide playing daughter Etta first shows slides of the family's overcrowded tenement and the children at work sewing garters. Then she journeys with the group to her family's other dwellings, schools they attended, and the offices of such vital institutions as the Yiddish newspaper. At tour's end she reveals what happened to the Scheinbergs: the sons became doctors and lawyers, and Etta, as her times dictated, married well. (Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 97 Orchard St., New York, NY 10002; 212-431-0233)

Lower Manhattan History Walks Wearing only street clothes, Joyce Gold also manages to evoke history. As she roams downtown, from Wall Street to Chelsea, she discusses Dutch burghers and scandalous British governors as knowledgeably as she does skyscrapers. The World Trade Center, to her, looks like the "box the Empire State Building came in." And the intersection of Broad and Wall streets is not just a powerful corner flanked by the New York Stock Exchange, Bankers Trust, and the Federal Hall National Memorial but also a rare concurrence of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns on adjacent buildings. Well versed in public art, she explains the meanings of statues in parks, and she even knows where the oldest fence in town stands—around Bowling Green at the foot of the Custom House. (Joyce Gold, 141 West 17 St., New York, NY 10011; 212-242-5762) ▲

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Michael Connors

A West Indian bed, Regency table, Biedermeier chairs, above, and a Swedish table, left, in Connors's loft, where dealers shop. Below: Art nouveau vases complement the Little Shop's costume jewelry.

An Insider's Antiques



A professional shop hound jots down names and numbers from his little black book

BY BOB FELNER

Let me give you folks the benefit of years of looking for antiques bargains. First, they're hard to locate. Second, you need an uncanny ability to remain silent as a deer in the woods if you want to overhear the whispered conversations in which decorators, dealers, and collectors trade their latest finds. The following is a list of betrayed secrets of some of the smartest shoppers I know.

Michael Connors I first met Connors a year and a half ago at the urging of a mutual friend who said Connors sold "stuff" he bought "around." His "stuff" spans several centuries and "around" covers two continents and islands in two oceans. A former head of the antiques department at Lord & Taylor and a veteran flea market picker, Connors scours attics, basements, barns, and acres of kitsch, from Brimfield, Massachusetts, and Kutztown, Pennsylvania, to Paris, and he finds remarkable things: wooden boat models, brass column lamps, decorative paintings, deco leather chairs, sofas, pier glasses, refectory tables, dollhouses, and enough colonial West Indian mahogany furniture to fill a showroom. Connors has a commanding knowledge of American and European furniture and decoration and is able to communicate his knowledge to that most often duped class of buyers, the general collector. And his prices range from reasonable to ludicrously cheap. In New York he runs his business out of his SoHo loft; summers he has a shop in Stonington, Maine, on Deer Isle. But whatever the season, he's more than likely on the road, shopping. (150 Thompson St., New York, NY 10012; 212-473-0377 by appt.)

David George Antiques An alumnus of William Doyle's auction house (where his title, "estate removal coordinator," made him responsible for removing everything but the late lamented), George is now



The Little Shop of Antiques



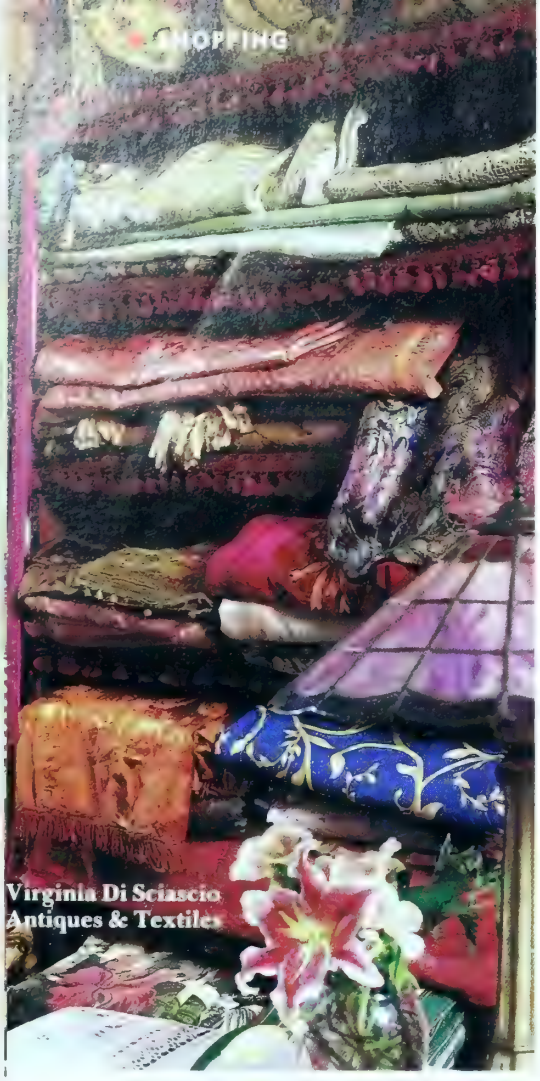
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Vintage fabrics on Di Sciascio's shelves, left. Right: Among Hall & Winter's 18th-century finds are a Louis XV gilt mirror and a Queen Anne table from Connecticut and chair from England. Below: Painted tole lamps from Two Worlds.

Avenue in Brooklyn, seasoned pickers Richard Hall and Roger Winter keep an extraordinary trove of furniture, porcelain, paintings, mirrors, bronzes, and birdhouses. American and English eighteenth- and nineteenth-century formal and high-style country furniture is their strong suit. They always have half a dozen period dining tables and sets of dining chairs; last summer they had six George III chairs in the Chinese Chippendale taste, circa 1785, with marvelously carved backs, and six painted Baltimore chairs, circa 1825.

Winter, an experienced restorer, and Hall, whose stories of his twenty years as a show dealer sound like tales from the Wild West (high crimes among the highboys), offer a comprehensive service that includes restoration and maintenance. Be sure to call ahead. On at least a half

Smart shoppers are loath to reveal their secrets, so I've done it for them

helping to make the area around Doyle's into a decorator's alley, with two spaces full of odds and ends and treasures. He specializes in Continental furniture and Chinese and Japanese decorations. In his shop Bach provides the background music for rare books, small paintings, urns, snuff bottles, porcelain, lamps, bronzes, and the occasional Aubusson pillow. Downstairs in the bargain basement the radio blares rock and roll and the stock ranges from the recently antique to high kitsch: art deco–style chrome and leather armchairs, lamps with cowboy spurs, and portraits of mustachioed maharajas. (165 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128; 212-860-3034)

Hall & Winter On the ground floor of a brownstone a block from Atlantic dozen occasions I ventured across the bridge only to find this intrepid pair loading up a large truck, off to do a show somewhere just out of range or to tend to their year-round shop in New Hope, Pennsylvania. (718-797-4330 by appt.)

Virginia Di Sciascio Antiques & Textiles Di Sciascio has sterling-silver serving pieces, perfume bottles, and glass pitchers in blue, red, and green, but her passion is textiles: hand-embroidered linens, lace curtains, brocades, silk panels, quilts, even an eighteenth-century Turkish bedspread. In the summer she emphasizes 1930s and '40s prints and chintzes; in the winter she shifts to brocades, silks, and petit point. Di Sciascio's large selection of turn-of-the-century Marseilles bedspreads includes unusual pinks and lavenders as well as the typical white-on-white. (230 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-794-8807)

The Little Shop of Antiques John Thompson and Carl Ruffino's tiny Upper East Side storefront is next door to Virginia Di Sciascio's shop. "We're off the main path," says Thompson, "so we've got to have catchy things." And they do—a fabulous assortment of decorative accessories and signed costume jewelry.

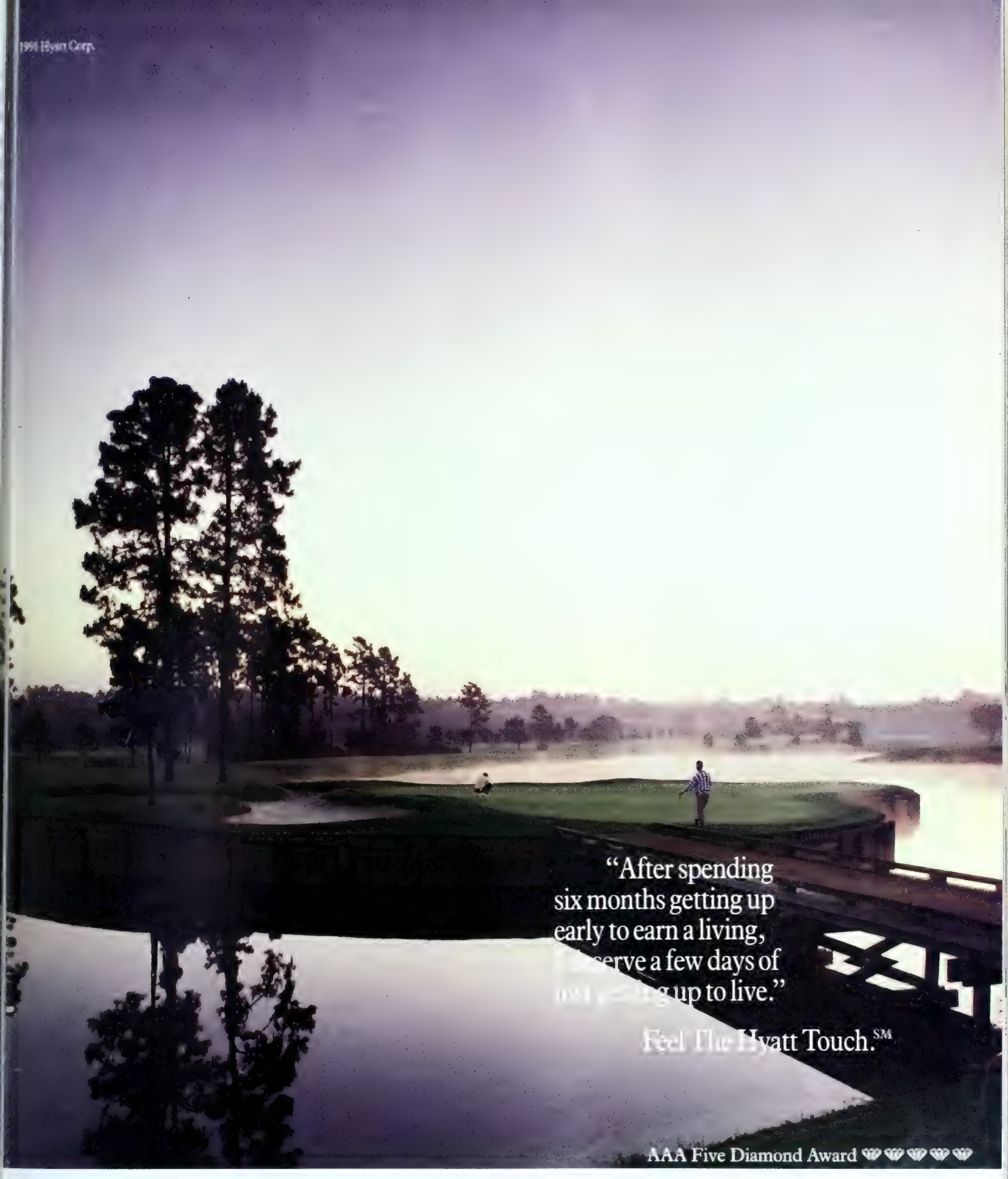


This is the place to find vintage Kenneth Jay Lane creations, including pieces he designed for the duchess of Windsor. The VIP customer list ranges from Catherine Deneuve and Iolanda (Mrs. Anthony) Quinn to oil heiress Carolyn Skelly. Even Andy Warhol bought eggshell enamel cigarette cases here. For shoppers whose jewelry boxes are full, there's an assortment of vases, small pieces of furniture, textiles, and paintings. (230 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-861-6656)

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Period After a stint as vice president of Saks Fifth Avenue's women's sportswear division left him fed up with fashion, Richard Livingston put together a plan for a SoHo shop that would combine antiques and contemporary items. The Dow Jones nosedive has put that enterprise on hold, so he has taken what he calls his "fashion approach to interiors" out on the show trail, with displays of furniture and objects chosen more for their look than for their provenance—from Eames look-alikes of the 1950s to a gilded polychrome eighteenth-century French table supported by a sculptural angel. He also shops to order and decorates. (212-206-0082 by appt.)

David Drummond Sofas, footstools, and pillows covered in old fabrics, lamps, trophies, and Victorian and Edwardian bric-a-brac from Drummond's have dressed the sets of many a Woody Allen film and haute-preppie ad campaign. But Drummond's Upper West Side basement is merely one tentacle of an operation centered on a huge warehouse in Pennsylvania and fed by frequent trips to the United Kingdom and the American hinterland. He is now making some superb chintzes in patterns copied from his hoard of 1920s, '30s, and '40s textiles. His next project: down-filled reproductions of chesterfield sofas, chairs, and chaises of the same period because, he says, "When people speak about luxury, they mean comfort." Given Drummond's peripatetic tendencies, appointments are a must. (212-877-6753 by appt.)

David Roos Once an infrequent visitor from London, this self-described champion of "real color and pure form and positive textures" has now settled in Murray Hill. He decorates and designs custom curtains, wallpapers, fabrics, furniture, and furbelows of every kind for an impressive client roster that includes various Rothschilds, Faye Dunaway, shoe king Manolo Blahnik, and Bombay zillionaire Adi Dubash—we're talking about a private railway here. (212-557-5792 by appt.)

Alexandra Davis/Star & Cross From Monday to Friday, Davis works in the advertising business, but on weekends and holidays she hits the antiques show trail with her station wagon full of American quilts and hooked rugs. Her inventory dates from 1860 to 1940. Quilts, from New England, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, start at $325, and rugs, generally from New England, at $125. (212-593-5189 by appt.)

Symourgh International David Zadeh's select stock of European and oriental carpets have the perfectly faded hues so dear to John Saladino and his pupils and to fans of the my-family-has-been-here-forever look. Prices, which begin in the neighborhood of $2,000, are extremely fair. Zadeh employs a legion of pickers who hit flea markets and house sales all over the country. "The U.S. was rich a hundred years ago," he says. "They bought the best and it's still here." He guarantees his wares and will always buy them back. "You'd be amazed who comes in to browse," Zadeh says. I believe him. (295 Fifth Ave. #104, New York, NY 10016; 212-686-3756)

White & Howlett Eccentric oversize eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture—Regency, William IV, and a George or two—looms large in the SoHo shop opened a year and a half ago by Peter Howlett and Richard White, who also sell to the trade from a warehouse in Greenwich, England. Hunkering down in the rear of the shop is a vast round table with a distinguished past. Made about 1890 for press baron Lord Northcliffe, it was included in the sale of the English manor Sutton Place to J. Paul Getty. If you often have twenty-eight people for dinner, it's just the right size. (71 Spring St., New York, NY 10012; 212-274-0034) ▲

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LIVING WITH

style

Ralph Pucci ushers in the designer mannequin

BY WENDY GOODMAN





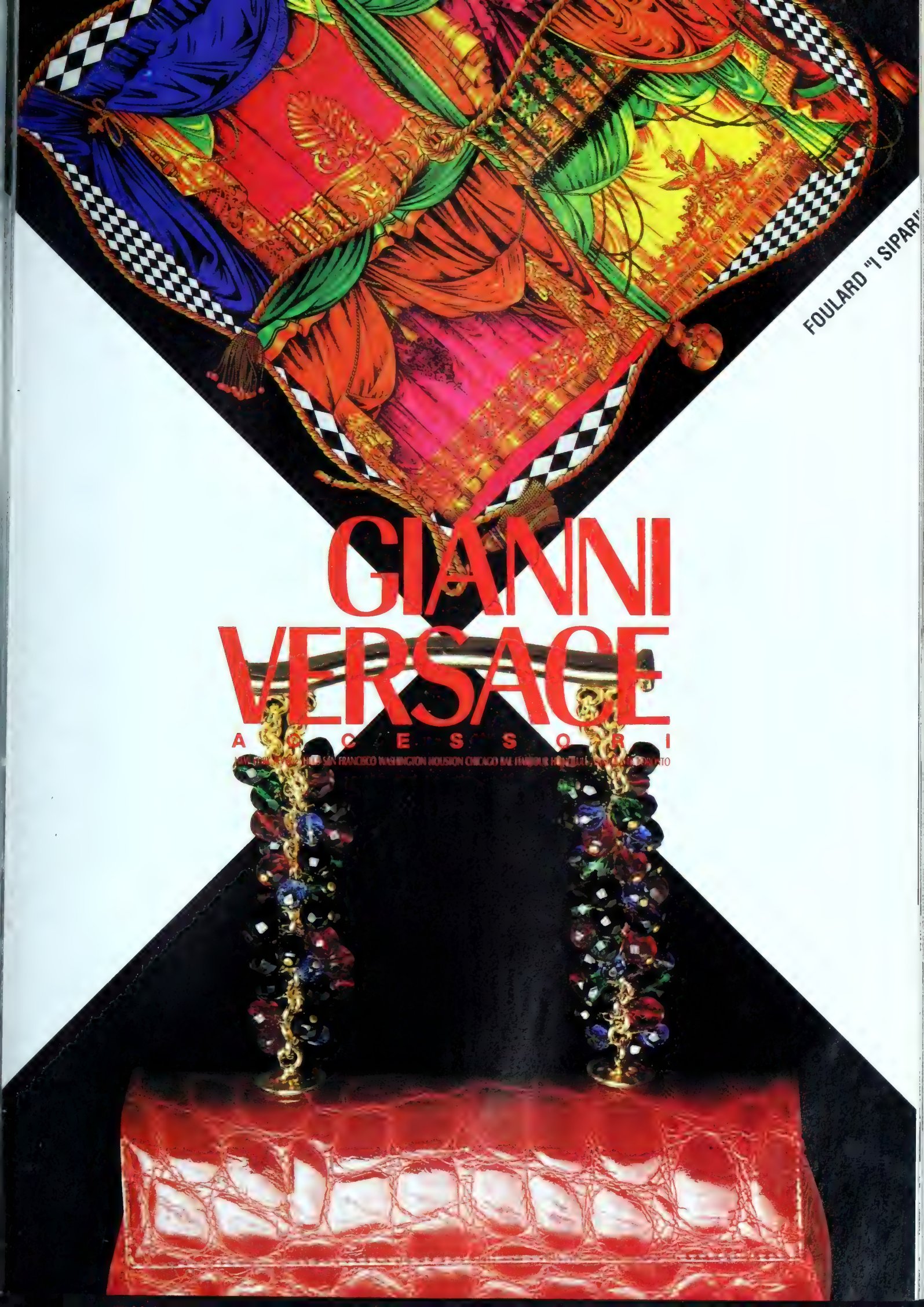
GONE ARE THE DAYS OF THE MANNEQUIN AS GENERIC clothes hanger. Since joining the family mannequin business in 1976, Ralph Pucci has turned the once standard display item into an art form with the help of some of today's most visionary artists and designers. In 1986 Pucci collaborated with decorator Andrée Putman on a mannequin with stylized short hair, full lips, and a dimpled chin for the opening of the Barneys New York women's store. Then, in 1988, Pucci asked top models to pose for mannequin likenesses. In his latest coup, Pucci has teamed up with designers Putman, Karl Lagerfeld, Robert Currie, and Aldo Cibic, and artist Ruben Toledo to produce mannequins that will be on exhibit at Pucci's New York showroom in December. They run the gamut from a miniature hollowed torso for accessory display, by Toledo, to a bold gilded figure for Lagerfeld's new menswear line. Whether endowed with surrealist mystery or art deco elegance, these mannequins are sure to draw crowds to store windows around the world.

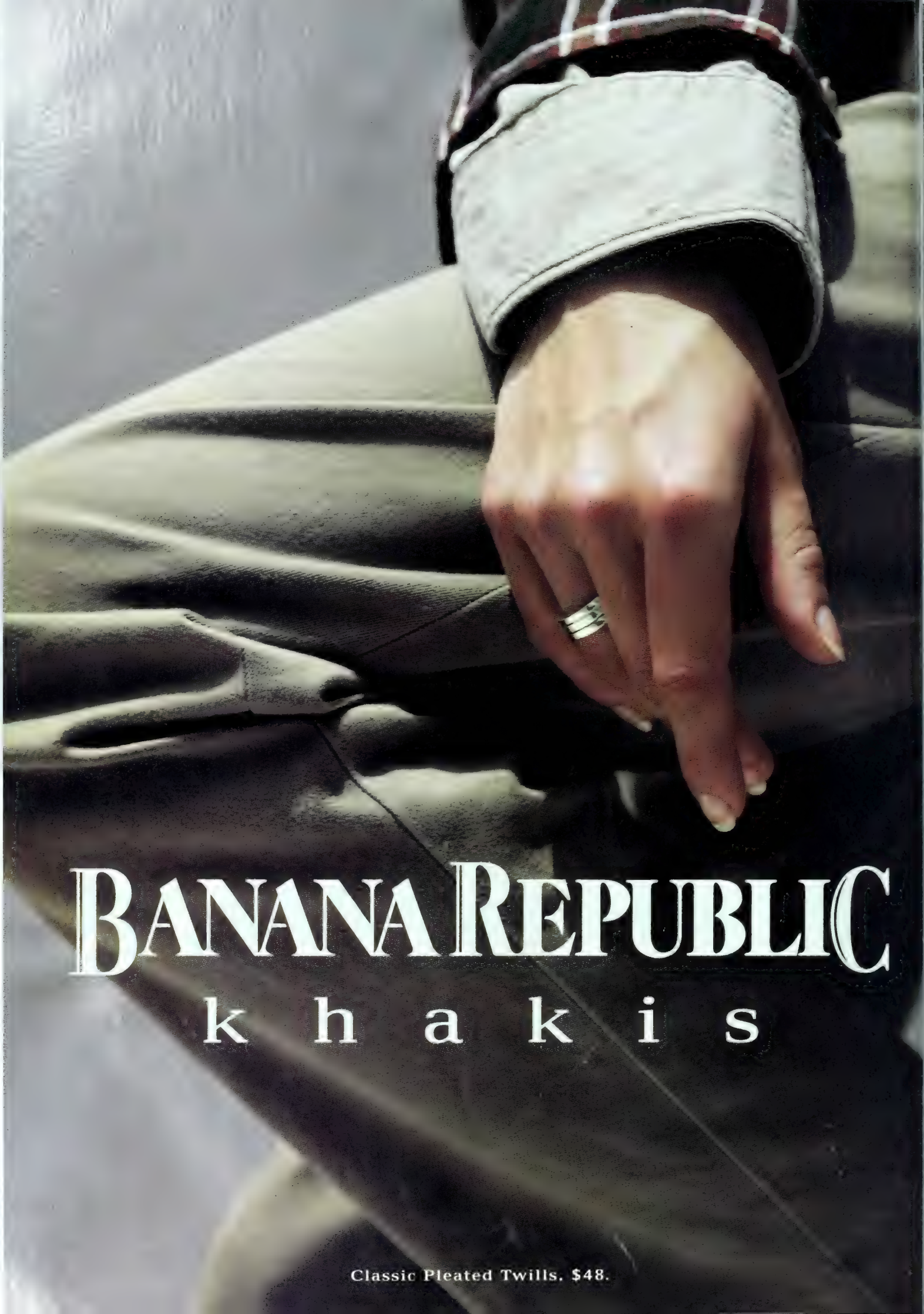
Mannequin metamorphosis. Clockwise from top left: Female version of Lagerfeld's gilded mannequin; surreal torso designed by Toledo displays a glove; life-size Toledo figure; another Toledo accessory mannequin; Putman's sketch for a new geometric mannequin; sculpted heads of top models Frauke and Anh Duong.








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New York

DARK CITY IS what a childhood friend from Pennsylvania called New York—and I admit there are moments, especially as the days become short and cold, when the streets can seem particularly forlorn. But for those of us acquainted with the radiant spirits that inhabit this city, the grayness goes no deeper than the stone façades. Life in New York demands a special pluckiness, a propensity for problem solving, given the very difficulty of satisfying human needs for space and comfort in a densely populated, costly, predesigned environment. In this issue we offer a look inside a range of living spaces shaped by highly individual and innovative people. Architect Thierry Despont drew on his civilized old-world sensibility to recast a lower Manhattan loft into a family home that is luxuriously refined and modern. Decorators Stephen Sills and James Huniford created a showplace for decorative ornamentation and modernist furniture in a small penthouse on the Upper East Side. Painter Ross Bleckner enlisted the help of 1100 Architect to convert a downtown building into a consummately sophisticated environment for life and art. The house that fashion editor Martha Baker shares with her photographer husband, John, and their four children achieves a look of comfortable urban chic and flea market eccentricity. And what can anyone say about the Chelsea Hotel apartment of woman-of-the-moment Susanne Bartsch other than that it is as unabashedly flamboyant as its occupant. We also peek into the riverfront penthouse of young fashion designer Michael Kors, with its Bridgehamptonesque deck; a very stylish maisonette decorated by Mark Hampton; and the Park Avenue apartment of that purveyor of decorating Charlotte Moss. For greenery there are rooftop gardens, and for a soupçon of titillation we provide the inside scoop on the home lives of chroniclers of society. All of this illustrates that New York, like Paris, is a city of light.



Modernism meets tradition in the entrance gallery of Thierry Despont's downtown loft.

Mary Novograd

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Thierry Despont poses in his living room, *opposite*, in front of a 19th-century pastel of an art collector and a curator. *Above:* A landscape by contemporary American artist Derek James spans the dining room doorway. The billiard tabletop flips over to provide a surface for dining.



Beaux-Arts Downtown

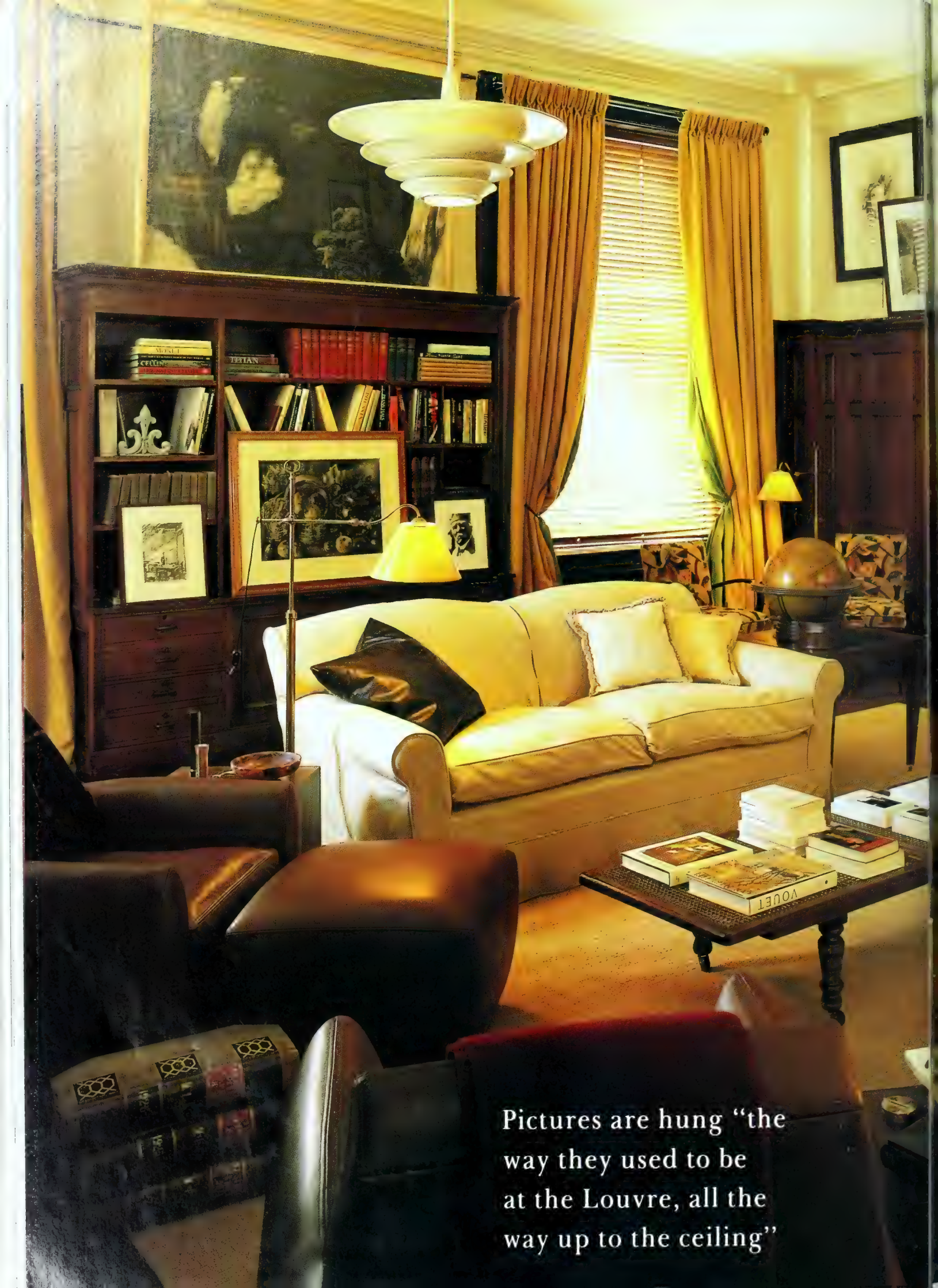
At the intersection of classical and modern architecture, Thierry Despont makes himself at home. By Roxana Robinson

Photographs by John Hall

IN THIERRY DESPONT'S ENTRANCE hall there is a struggle going on. The upper walls are covered by an abstract mural whose muted colors and constructivist forms suggest the dynamic dislocation of America in the 1930s. Below, the walls are paneled in dark wood; this sober Edwardian symmetry suggests order and tradition. The two combatants are strong and well matched, and the struggle remains unresolved—an exhilarating draw.

It's not the first time, of course, that the old has been set beside the new, but there are other dimensions to this particular struggle. For one thing, both sides are artful misrepresentations. The "thirties American" mural is in fact brand-new, and the "Edwardian" paneling dates from the thirties. More interestingly, the struggle is staged by someone who, by heritage and tradition, has no business understanding the aesthetic idioms of either America or England quite so well: the French are not famous for cultural receptivity.

But Thierry Despont's story, like his front hall, is both distinguished and unconventional. Born in 1948 in Limoges (where the "s" in his name is pronounced), Despont followed at first in his architect father's footsteps. The son's classical education and degree in architecture from the École des Beaux-Arts might simply have produced another French cultural xenophobe. But Despont, most unconventionally, went on to study at an upstart foreign institution (Harvard), where he received a master's degree in a most unclassical discipline (urban planning). After a two-year stint in the New York office of a British firm, he opened his own Manhattan office in 1980. And, to make his cultural receptivity absolute-



Pictures are hung "the way they used to be at the Louvre, all the way up to the ceiling"



ly clear, he married an American.

The mural in the Desponts' downtown apartment introduces him not only as a designer but as an artist: he designed it himself. He had done a similar installation for a client with a work by Sol LeWitt. "I couldn't afford Sol LeWitt," Despont says cheerfully, "so I did my own." Large-scale and powerful, the mural is an intersection between architecture and decoration. The idea is important, for Despont, who is both an architect and a decorator, occupies that intersection himself.

Despont's specialties are residential and museum work. His restoration projects include the Frick mansion in Pittsburgh and the Statue of Liberty; decoration projects include the Gutfreund and Oscar de la Renta apartments in New York; design projects include a neo-Georgian country house for Leslie Wexner in Ohio and the decorative arts galleries in the Getty Museum in California, in collaboration with Richard Meier. Despont is partial to house design. He likes working directly with clients, especially those who have strong ideas. And, remarkably, he is pleased to have clients take credit for his work. "I like it when a client says, 'I did this,' instead of 'Thierry Despont did this.' That's wonderful. They should feel that they did it themselves."

Despont's management approach is also unconventional. His office computers can produce three-dimensional images of every project, from every angle, but Despont says that "most of what we do must be done by hand anyway: it's lacemaking." Creative capabilities are encouraged, and on Mondays a

Old prints, 19th- and 20th-century drawings, and Despont's own work are displayed in the paneled living room. A moderne ceiling lamp hangs above one of a pair of George Smith sofas flanking the campaign bed that serves as a coffee table. Breuer armchairs face leather lounge chairs and ottomans by Dakota Jackson. Jackson side chairs are covered in Walter Gropius–inspired fabric from Clarence House. End tables from Donghia. Details see Resources.





Despont's replicas of the Statue of Liberty torch could be kitsch, but for the spareness of presentation





Barstools from a 1930s Italian yacht, *opposite*, line the kitchen counter. A Bugatti dashboard inspired the gridded brass backsplash. *Clockwise from top left:* Despont on-site in 1986 as restoration architect for the Statue of Liberty; a model of a current residential project; Catherine and Louise Despont in the entrance gallery beneath their father's mural; gilt miniatures of the Liberty flame atop bookcases in the bedroom gallery with some of Despont's portraits of French artists and writers.



drawing teacher and model arrive. Everyone, including secretaries and accountants, is encouraged to take the class. "Why can't you be an artist and a businessman at the same time?" asks Despont. "The combination of the two is exciting to me."

Despont's private life is similarly eclectic. He and his wife, Ann, and their two young daughters, Catherine and Louise, divide time between the New York apartment, a weekend house in New Jersey, and a summer cottage on a French coastal island, with Despont relatives, so the girls can live themselves back into their other language. The apartment, for all its elegance, is very much a family place: "This is where we live," says Despont. "We don't give fancy parties." (A recent exception to this was an ambitious celebration, complete with a jukebox in the living room, for Catherine's tenth birthday.)

The apartment was originally an office suite. While renovating, Despont kept the paneling, for order and a certain stateliness; he squared spaces and sealed off doorways for symmetry. The design is simple, but the proportions are good, the scale is spacious, and the materials are rich—a powerful formula.

"I like to think that in each project I do there is at least one magic space," says Despont. "Here it is the living room." Furniture is a casual mix: Marcel Breuer and Dakota Jackson chairs, neutral upholstered sofas, and an Anglo-Indian cane campaign bed used as a coffee table. Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves hold Flaubert, Rilke, and the letters of O'Keeffe; floor-to-ceiling curtains hold a subdued shimmer. Against this quiet background the art stands forth—sensuous, intellectual, and evocative. Despont collects from Paris flea markets, looking for *(Continued on page 214)*



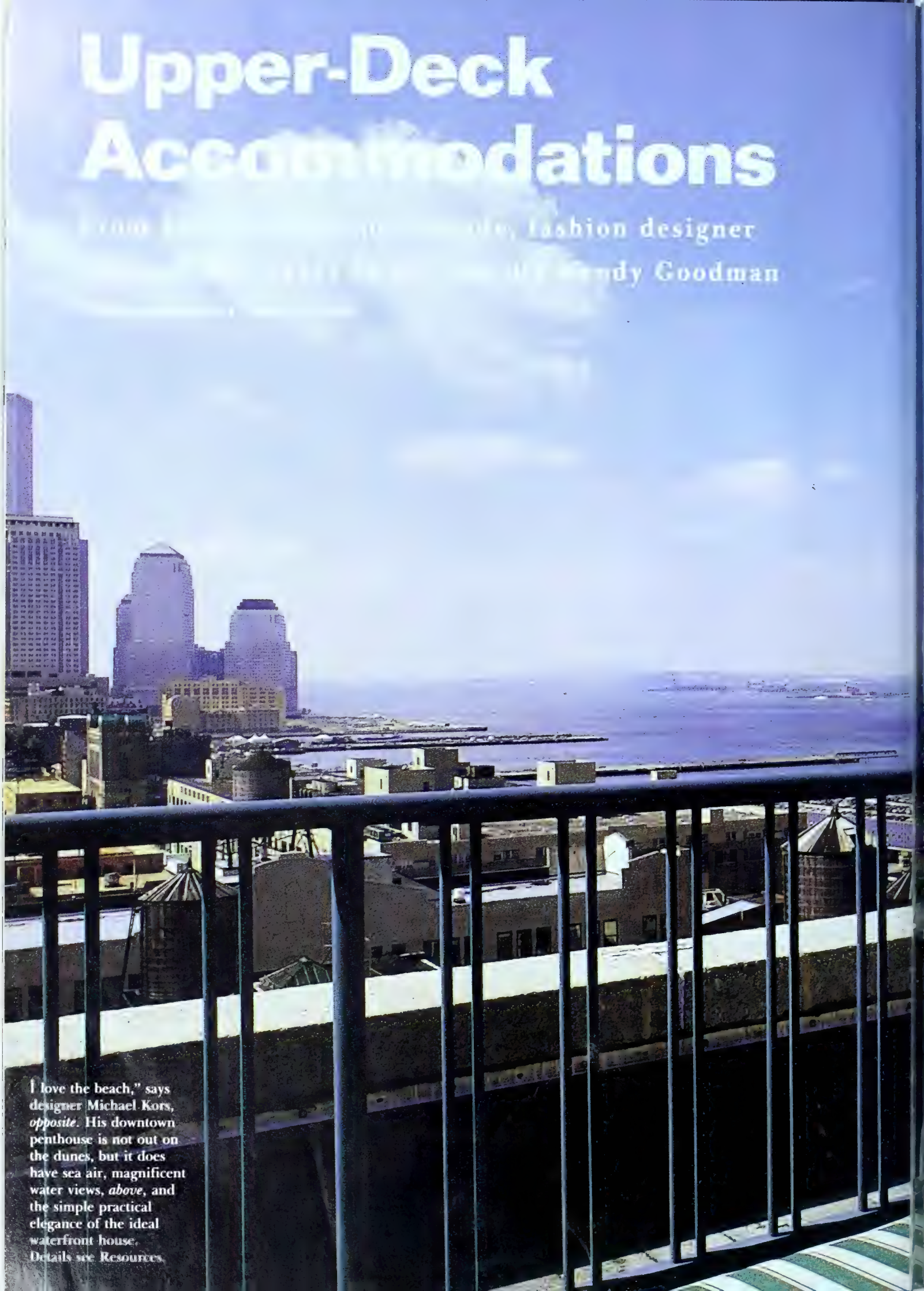
Cabinets from a homeopathic pharmacy have been remodeled for storage in the master bedroom. Shelves display drawings by Mike Glier, antique globes, and another Liberty flame beneath old ledgers which recall the apartment's original use as offices. Facing the TV is a Lutyens Napoleon chair from Arkitektura, NYC.



The struggle between old and new is unresolved—an exhilarating draw

Upper-Deck Accommodations

fashion designer
Sandy Goodman



I love the beach," says designer Michael Kors, *opposite*. His downtown penthouse is not out on the dunes, but it does have sea air, magnificent water views, *above*, and the simple practical elegance of the ideal waterfront house. Details see Resources.



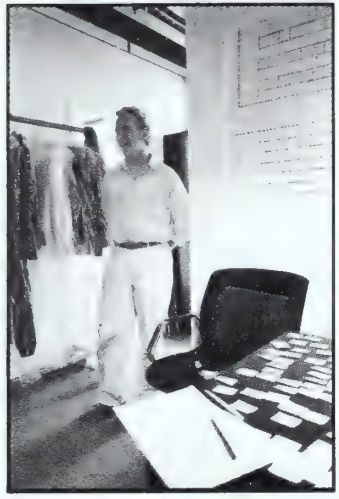






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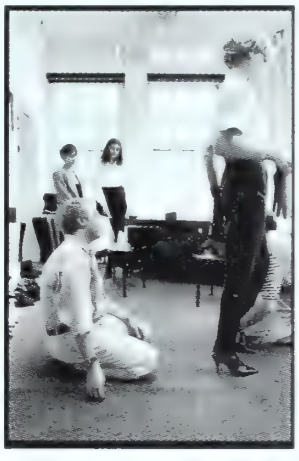


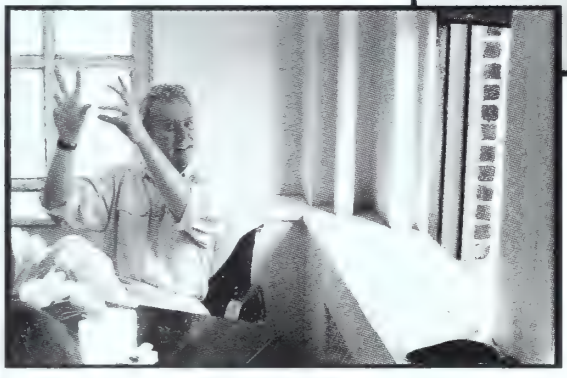




His design philosophy is pragmatic:







"I always say you should be able





to get dressed in five minutes flat"

FOR ME," SAYS MICHAEL KORS with a devilish twinkle, "there were two options: to become either a movie star or a fashion designer." In just ten years the gregarious thirty-two-year-old has indeed become a star—in the performing art of fashion design. His own label, inaugurated in 1981 with a small collection of brown and black separates, has blossomed into two women's lines favored by the likes of Lena Horne and Faye Dunaway, and a menswear collection making its debut for fall 1992.

What attracts his diverse clientele—aside from his charisma—are clothes that embody a pragmatic design philosophy. His goal: ease and low maintenance without sacrificing glamour and comfort. "I always say anyone should be able to get dressed

Kors with assistants and house model Cathy Conway, *this page*, doing the final edit on his fall collection for 1991 in the hectic days before the show. *Top center:* Elaine Irwin (in color) on the runway. *Opposite:* In the living room the sofa and Billy Baldwin–style slipper chairs are covered in ivory canvas.





There is not a trace of color in Kors's apartment. "To me cream is a color and camel is a bright," he explains



in five minutes flat," he asserts.

Kors takes the same attitude toward his house: "If someone rings your doorbell and the apartment is a mess, you should be able to clean it up in five minutes. My joke is that I've always said that I wish I could have an apartment that I could hose down—you know, a big drain in the middle of the floor and whoosh!" Kors's new penthouse in lower Manhattan has no such drain, but it does boast sea breezes, spectacular views of the Hudson River and the harbor, and the pared-down purity of a beach house. The apartment has the open airy feeling of a boat deck, with a terrace that runs the full length of the space and a horizon that dazzles in any weather, at any hour.

Kors started out in a one-bedroom apartment in Chelsea where he made his first samples and slept with clothing racks hanging above the bed. "It became a bit haywire," he recalls, "bursting at the seams." Next came a loft in the flower district big enough for him to live and work in



comfortably—which proved a mixed blessing. He found himself working around the clock, and his private life virtually evaporated. Then it was on to a quaint brownstone in Greenwich Village, which came complete with charm, vintage moldings, and constant maintenance problems.

At that point Kors decided that he wanted his house to be more like his clothes. "I wear the same clothes every day," he says. "It's all about expediency and ease. Some people treat dressing as a leisure activity. It's the same with their houses—collecting, maintaining, becomes a leisure activity. Some people like to collect. I like to throw things away. It's purging."

He enlisted Glenn Gissler, who had designed his showroom in 1987, to fulfill his latest vision of domestic bliss. "I had lived with black everything, plus some chrome and glass," Kors recalls. "Now I wanted a light, clean, spare space, but something that still had warmth."

Gissler's first challenge was the asymmetrical vaulted living room ceiling. Kors loved the height but found the lack of symmetry disorienting. Gissler, who describes his job as "assessing the client's needs and applying a logic to the way a space works," satisfied both client and logic by designing a ledge for books and photographs that runs the length of the wall opposite the windows and by restricting the window treatment to wooden venetian blinds.

Together Gissler and Kors came up with a scheme for the decorating. First, no shiny surfaces and almost no black. "I would have sandblasted the place if I could have," Kors claims. Second, no color. Not a trace. "To me," he says, "cream is a color and camel is a bright." There are no antiques or patterned fabrics and no splashy art, only black and white photographs and two monochromatic paintings on paper. And true to Gissler's view that "decorating is about developing an aesthetic from the way people's lives really work," Kors's exercise machines are in the most *(Continued on page 212)*

After living "with black everything," Kors decided that this time only the accents would be black. Among them: the Hermès throws on the Smith & Hawken deck chair in the living room, *opposite above*, and the side table by Glenn Gissler. The crystal bowl is by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. *Opposite below:* Photographs of Christy Turlington by Steven Meisel, Neth Hunter by Herb Ritts, and Madonna by Patrick Demarchelier. *Above:* In the bedroom, exercise equipment at the ready. Linens from Palais Royal. *Below:* Kors in his workroom.







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The Baker Bunch

A rented house is the perfect set for a family of six

By Linda Ellerbee

Photographs by Lizzie Himmel

"WE'RE NOT GREAT DESIGNers but we're great set designers." John Baker sits on the edge of a twig rocker, not rocking, in the ground-floor office in the house he and his wife, Martha, share with their four children and a golden retriever. The house he is describing doesn't look anything like the chintzed-and-brocaded-to-within-an-inch-of-its-life, don't-touch-a-thing kind of place one usually associates with the Upper East Side of New York. This house is dramatic and comfortable. But, as John says, illusion is their business: he's a freelance fashion photographer whose pictures are known for color and warmth; she is fashion editor of *New York* magazine.

"First of all," says Martha, "this is *our* home. I never want to have a decorator." The Bakers' move here eight years ago was a deliberate choice. "What this is about," she explains, "is raising a family in the city, making it as normal as possible. That's why it was very important to us to find a house, not an apartment. You try to make it as beautiful as you can while still making sure the house is children-friendly. Also, when you're renting, you're only willing to put so much into the place."

They did, in fact, make some big changes initially, getting two fireplaces to work and putting in a third, remodeling a pullman kitchen, and eliminating one bathroom. "We were so overwhelmed coming from a one-bathroom apartment to a six-bathroom house we figured we could afford to lose one," John recalls.

Next they set out to add some light. Houses with windows only at the two ends and gardens that back up to the







In the dining room, *above right,* the frame of an old fan window floats over a sideboard painted with pastoral scenes. *Opposite above:* When the Bakers decided that all-white rooms and children don't mix, they redecorated the living room in a deeper palette. *Right:* Emily in a Jules Leleu chair. *Far right:* Charlie and Hannah with Teddy, the family's golden retriever. *Opposite below left:* The Baker sisters in dining room. *Opposite below right:* John and Martha in their garden.





"You try to make it as beautiful as you can while still making sure the house is children-friendly," says Martha Baker





Nearly everything has a tag sale, thrift shop, or auction in its past

wall tend to darkness. ("In our garden," says John, "we can grow any plant that does not require sun. None at all.") They decided the house should be all white: white walls, white slipcovered furniture, white everything. It was a mistake. (With four children, count on it.) Eventually John discovered that paint rubbed onto a wall hides almost anything, including the smudges of childhood. He began to rub paint onto all the walls—ocher, apricot, green, blue, sunflower yellow—creating surfaces that are rich and strong and invite you to touch, the way old walls in Italy do. As for bringing light inside, the color works: every room glows. For extra light there's always the morning sunshine that bounces back into the house from the white building across the street—a very New York solution.



That same kind of ingenuity furnished the house. Just about everything came from a tag sale, a thrift shop, an auction, or what Martha calls the "lesser" antiques shows. "I really like to mix periods and types of furniture, the way you mix periods and types in fashion," she says. "It doesn't have to be expensive."

Martha and John's bedroom shows what two talented people can do with other people's leftovers. Originally the room had no closets. At a tag sale they bought a group of old fruitwood doors from armoires for a few hundred dollars. Then they had a carpenter build a set of armoire closets, staining the wood to match the doors, and turn two extra doors into a headboard and a footboard for their bed. They snapped up the curtains when a designer showhouse shut down. "They came at a very reduced price because they were all in pieces," Martha says. "We fixed that." The fireplace mantel was poured in a mold, the dresser and chairs turned up at a tag sale, and the photographs, like most of the others throughout the house, are John's.

Rummaging through sales is something anybody can do. Knowing just what to buy and how to put it to good use is tougher—and even then, accidents happen, sometimes fortuitously. The two petit point armchairs in the piano room (the piano, an 1880 Steinway, came from an auction at William Doyle Galleries) are a good example. Martha spied them at Secondhand Rose, a downtown thrift shop; she bought them, brought them home—and then discovered they are signed art deco pieces by Jules Leleu, a Parisian craftsman of the 1920s and '30s. Most of us don't get that lucky.

"I found these two crazy lamps," Martha recalls. "I did the living room all around them." The lamps, two turbaned blackamoors holding gold and red striped umbrella shades, are weird yet somehow right for a room that includes a cherub perched on the frame of a shadow box, more cherubs painted on a chest, and, hanging over the mantel, a large green shutter from a Victorian house. Resting against the shutter, just above the fish balanced on its head, is an array of fine Native American dolls the couple bought from a collector on a trip to Arizona. The bookshelves hold toys. Oh, and the ship: *(Continued on page 212)*

Fruitwood doors salvaged from armoires and lumberyard columns painted to match became the perfect bed for the niche in the master bedroom, *opposite*. The hooked rug on the wall is testimony to the family passion for boats. *Left:* One vessel in the Baker fleet rests on the office mantel. *Above left:* Pennsylvania German toy barns and a school pennant quilt in Hannah and Charlie's room.



Exploring Space



Architects Tod Williams and Billie Tsien chart their course with laserlike precision

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Scott Frances





A fiberglass and resin "diving board" supported by two Alberene plinths serves as coffee table in the ultra-modernist living room. The J-shaped sofa is upholstered in Manuel Canovas viscose/cotton. A sliding wall opens the public space to the master bedroom where chrome and leather lounge chairs provide secondary seating. The standing urn is by André Dubreuil. *Left:* Partners Tod Williams and Billie Tsien. Details see Resources.

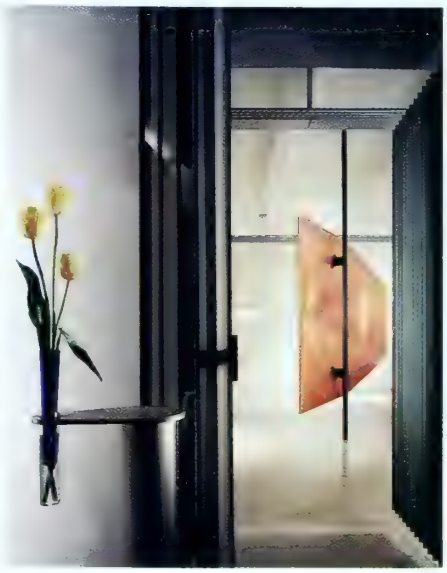
COOL. CLEAN. CRISP MODERNISM—AT least the abstract minimalist hard-edged brand of it—has never been what you would call popular. And no wonder. It requires too much discipline, too much restraint. It requires, in short, nothing less than an ascetic refusal to succumb to the two great temptations of domestic life—namely, the desire for conventional relax-and-put-your-feet-up comfort and the wholesale accumulation of bibelots, accessories, mementos, souvenirs, collections, treasures, tchotchkes, bric-a-brac, objets d'art. . . you know, stuff.

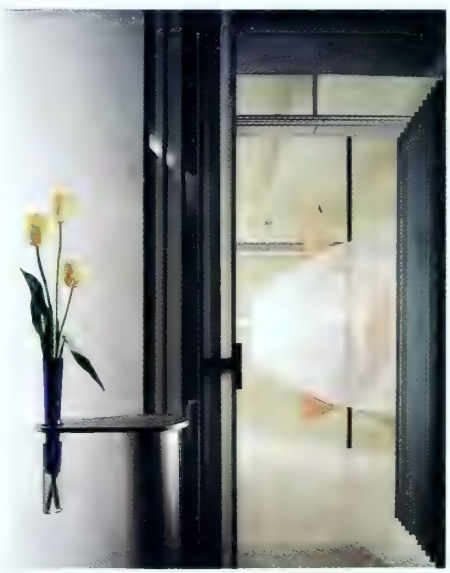
But for an elite minority who can adhere to the cult of austerity, for the few who are willing to define luxury as less, the rewards of modernism are allegedly worth the requisite rigors. Abstract minimalism allows you to escape the commonplace, to transcend the sentimental, to be transported from the familiar, the reassuring, the everyday. Or so say its advocates.

Architects Tod Williams and Billie Tsien have been mining precisely such a vein of modernism for the fourteen years they have worked together: first as employer and employee, then as partners, now as husband and wife. Among cognoscenti their reputation is for being serious, earnest, steadfast—for being committed, Bauhaus-style, to the cause. Although at times they have struggled to keep their office alive, they have never waivered from their course, which, too simply stated, is to move modernism beyond Mies, beyond Meier (for whom Williams once worked), without losing sight of the original point of departure.

To follow Williams and Tsien's progress over the years has been to follow a series of commissions more significant for prestige than for scale: interiors for the Asia Society; a small dormitory at Princeton, Williams's alma mater; a downtown Manhattan branch for the Whitney Museum; a temporary installation at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis; a conference room for *Vogue* magazine. With each successive project Williams and Tsien have widened their scope to accommodate an ever more sophisticated and seductive vision of form and space that appears to be poised between the ethereal and the real. And though there's always an edge to their work, the goal seems to be a kind of architectonic poetry written in the meter of the machine age. You recognize the words, they just don't look particularly familiar.

Closer to this ideal than any other Williams and Tsien project to date is a 5,000-square-foot Greenwich Village loft commissioned by a woman in her midtwenties who showed up at the architects' Central Park South office one day in 1988 wearing jeans. "I thought she was looking for a job," remembers Tsien. She was, in fact, a student of jewelry design at Parsons, who, as it turned out, was willing to give Williams and Tsien the closest thing to aesthetic free rein they are likely to receive in this professional lifetime—and, thanks to her family in Germany, the money necessary to make that mean something. "This project allowed us the opportunity to touch many things," confirms Tsien with characteristic discretion.





A faceted wood screen, copper-leafed on the concave side, *above*, shifts to white on the convex side as it pivots, *below*, on a steel column to welcome visitors to the 5,000-square-foot Greenwich Village loft.

Although the site Williams and Tsien were presented with was an inauspicious floor-through in an undistinguished blue-collar building ("Pretty generic stuff," recalls Williams), it seemed altogether fitting for their client's needs—a place to live and make jewelry—as well as her style, decidedly more downtown than uptown. "My first instinct was to try to retain or even enhance the loftlike quality of the existing space," says Williams, who held to that idea by keeping the core of the rectangular space open—as a sort of loft within a loft—and addressing programmatic requirements by building along the perimeter. The concept had a pragmatic side to it, too: plumbing and electrical services were already in place along the edges.

With the basic concept agreed upon, Williams and Tsien turned to their drawing board to develop the scheme with project architect David van Handel. But before the ink was dry, their client's life began to evolve dramatically. A boyfriend appeared, then transformed himself into a husband. A child was born. Followed by a second child. A live-in nanny was added to the ever-expanding list of concerns demanding attention. A housekeeper followed suit. Keeping up with those changes in design terms meant that if the original open-at-the-core idea was to survive, the perimeter must be made more and more dense—"encrusted," as Tsien puts it. The open-at-the-core idea survived.

Standing in the entry vestibule—a small eerily lit room in which "Beam me up, Scotty" might be a suitable response—the view is toward a flaglike pivoting screen that, according to the architects, "suggests movement."



e dining room Tsien Williams designed the oard, chairs, and table integral menorah), hung iridescent silk Gretchen Bellinger wo walls to add luster luxury to the hard- d space. The painting Gary Stephan. The ky gooseneck floor p is by Dez Ryan.





In other words, "Come in." Assuming you accept the invitation, you enter the terrazzo-lined loft within the loft, which is defined by pigmented and slightly mottled plaster walls (cool blue on the east, warm lavender on the west). Envision a serene oasis in outer space. At the southernmost tip of the 63-foot-long room a J-shaped seating arrangement has been installed along the window wall, where the view is across Greenwich Village down to the World Trade Center. A translucent fiberglass and resin coffee table, which Tsien and Williams refer to as a "diving board," gestures, as they see it, toward that view.

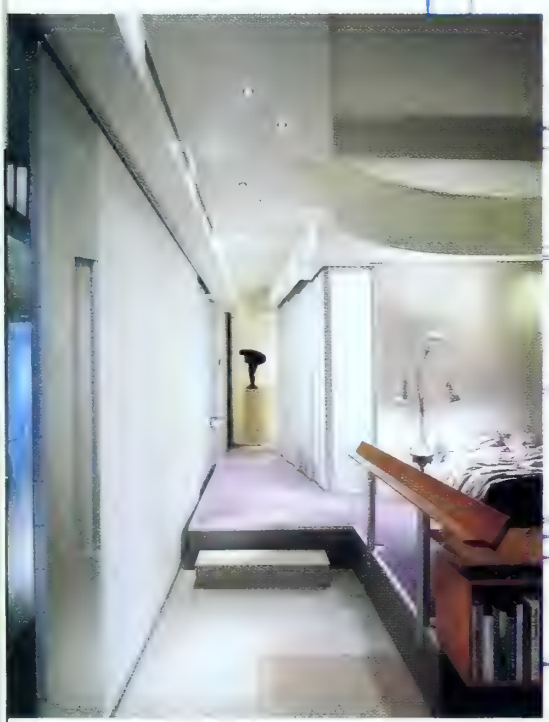
The minimalist seating area is flanked by the dining room and the master bedroom. To help redirect your visual perspective from north-south to east-west, a pair of Gary Stephan paintings draw your eye to the back wall of each room. (A sliding screen with its own integral painting by David Anderson can be closed to shield the bedroom from view.) Both rooms have been draped in shimmering silk, which conforms to more conventional notions of luxury than do the terrazzo and aluminum that Williams and Tsien appear to favor. Next door, in the granite-lined master bath, a pair of blue-glass cubicles house functional necessities while accordion milk-glass walls enclose or open the bath to the sleeping area. Suspended from the ceiling above the lozenge-shaped tub, a luminous fabric kite is intended to create the illusion of space beyond—of an endless sky. Or at least that's what it does for Williams and Tsien. For the rest of us, however, perhaps the kite's true function is to serve as a reminder that the ascetic life is not without its sybaritic side—or that even minimalists somehow manage to make room for whimsy. ▲



The owners' son, *above*, takes a break on the step leading from the core of the loft to the "back door" of the master suite. *Left:* A shoji-like screen wall between the dining room and kitchen slides open or closed relative to the desired degree of formality. On the aluminum and wood sideboard, Hilton McConnico cactus decanters from Daum.

The goal was to create a kind of architectonic poetry written in the meter of the machine age

A luminous "kite" creates the illusion of an endless sky





As the floor plan suggests, Tsien and Williams left the core of the space open to reinforce its loft origins. *Above:* In the master bedroom, terrazzo turns to Clodan carpet as you ascend from the seating area to the elevated sleeping area. *Opposite:* A luminous "kite" hovers above the futuristic master bathroom lined in Azul Macaubas granite. The candelabra is by Seattle artist Susan Plum.



EXPOSED:

TATTLETALES' SECRET LIVES

Columnists tell all (and that's not much) about their living quarters

By JENNET CONANT

Photographs by George Lange



THEY ARE NEVER HOME. THAT IT sounds glamorous is beside the point. When the columnists who track the New York social scenes say that they are "out every night," their lament is not to be confused with the vain boast of socialites at the height of the season. These cranky chroniclers of the rich and famous aren't proud of it—they get paid for it. And when they finally do slip the lock behind them and gratefully ease off their shoes, they don't loll about in the same swank surroundings as their subjects. More often than not, their houses are modest and utilitarian with a desk where the dining room table might have been. They go from black tie to bathrobe, and before nodding off to sleep, they're apt to jot down the juicy bits gathered over cocktails and canapés.

"I live my whole life in public," sighs *Newsday*'s Liz Smith, who has been home so little for ten years that



ichard Johnson
Daily News

Johnson, *left*, guards his privacy in his East Village digs. *Opposite:* In her rare moments at home, Smith hobnobs with dachshunds.



George Wayne

Paper, Allure, Interview



Wayne, *opposite*, surrounds himself with the ephemera of his life as a gadfly and a framed reminder of his younger self. *Right:* Gross, his wife, Barbara, and their dog, Messalina, actually spend enough time at home to entertain.

Black tie every night? "We can't afford to do that, either mentally or physically," says Michael Gross

she began using her living room as an office. "I spend all my time going out. I have a lot of clothes and a lot of closets, and that's about it."

It's impossible to be chez Smith without wondering what secrets are stored there and which locked cabinets contain the coded files with all the censored items."Most of the great things I know I can't write," admits Smith, her Texas twang sounding more mischievous than usual. "They're too gamey, and as they don't concern national security, I don't print them." Nor does she save them. A bulging copy of Earl Blackwell's *Celebrity Register,* crammed with clippings, is about as elaborate as her filing system gets.

This year has seen momentous changes in Smith's life. After switching newspapers (from the *Daily News* to *Newsday*) and networks (from NBC to Fox), she is slowly establishing a different routine. She turned her old apartment into an office and is in the process of making the apartment across the hall her home. So far it's sparsely furnished, except for two leather sofas that the dogs can't destroy. (She has ten show dachshunds, but only one or two are in residence at any one time.) Her new space has large picture windows that afford a stunning view of the East River. But, Smith shrugs, these days she rarely has time to enjoy it.

Smith's successor at the *Daily News,* Richard Johnson, lives in a downtown loft minutes away from the club scene he covers at night. When he's not at a party, he's at an opening or a screening. Having already lunched at the Four Seasons and Le Cirque this week, he taps his battered appointment book and says, "I am constantly trying to keep my schedule free so I can loaf."

To keep lunches with the jet set from going to his head, Johnson likes to work with his hands. He is a two-thirds owner of the gritty East Village building where he lives with his wife, Nadine, and has done all the carpentry work in the apartment himself. On weekends he's at their summer house in Bellport, Long Island, digging for weeds rather than items. Off-hours he'd clearly rather talk about tomatoes and zucchini than Pia Zadora's new baby. His most carefully guarded secret is not gossip—it's his phone number. "I try not to let it get bandied about," he says, "and if people call me at home, I tell them I don't have a pen."

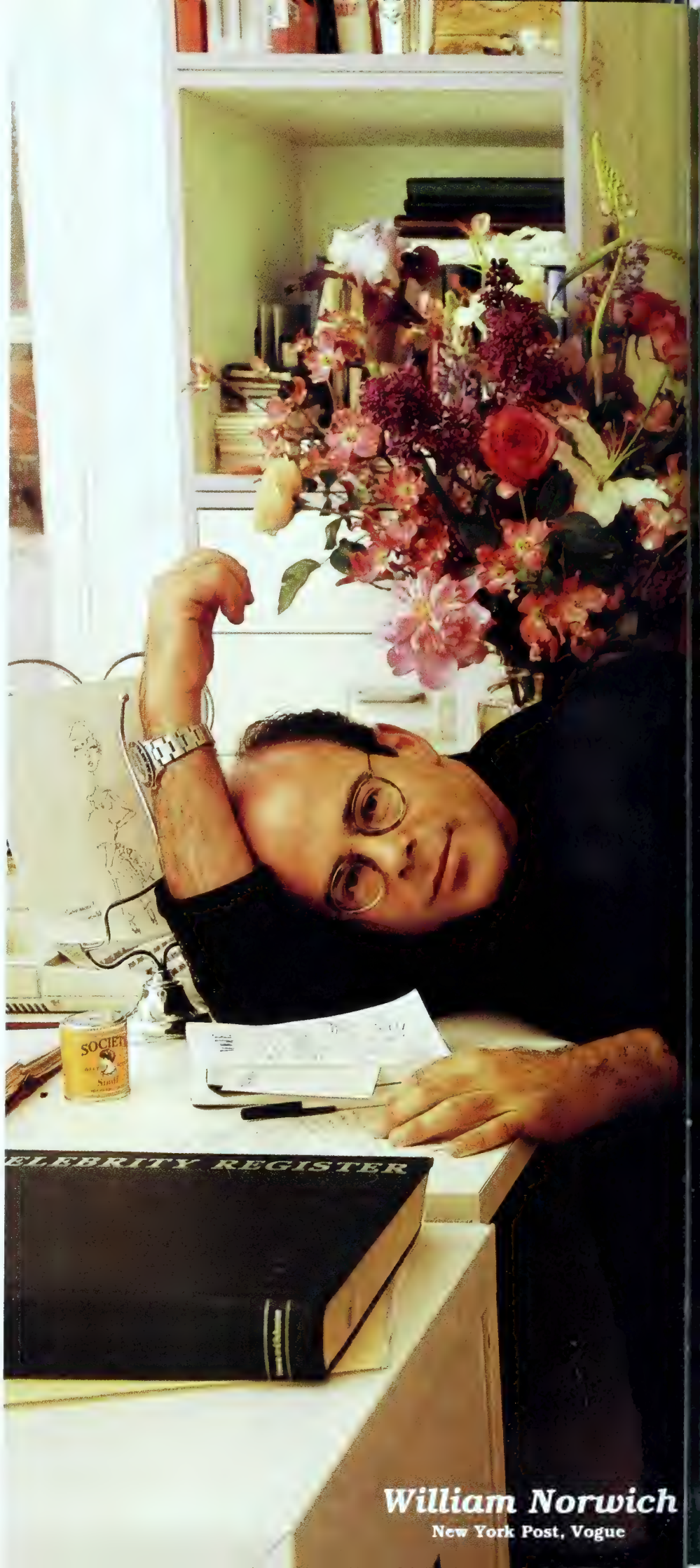
Over in Greenwich Village is the funky studio George Wayne calls home—you don't often hear the term "pad" anymore, but that's the only way to describe it. The lone chair in the place is a vintage schoolroom model with a writing arm.

A contributing editor to the downtown magazine *Paper,* the new beauty magazine *Allure,* and *Interview,* Wayne, in the tradition of all great gadflies, is inspired by going out. "Give me a room of fifty amusing well-dressed people and one or two celebrities for a little brulée, and I will pull out my pad and start writing," he says in his lilting Jamaican accent. He subscribes to the Parisian practice of writing in restaurants and spends most afternoons at the nearby Caffè Dante, sipping cappuccino and studying the crowd.

One wall of his studio is crammed with party invitations bearing the legends "Karl Lagerfeld," "Gianfranco Ferrè," and "Christian Lacroix." There are also old press passes, place cards, colored ribbons, and cutout photographs of beautiful men and women. "I want to write about all things shallow in life," says Wayne, who never tires of the fashionable swirl. "I think scandal is important, along with a little vulgarity."

Lining the wall above Michael Gross's desk in his apartment just down the street are proofs of *New York* magazine covers featuring the famous people he has profiled: John F. Kennedy Jr., Ivana Trump, Calvin Klein, and Cindy Crawford. Even Garbo—after she died, of course. All of his interviews, unedited and unexpurgated, are neatly stored on disks and filed away in a wooden box labeled with a few words clipped from a newspaper quoting Abbie Hoffman: "Sacred cows make the tastiest hamburger."

Gross and *(Continued on page 216)*



What with the tireless fax machine, the answering machine, the computer, and the modem he keeps in his minuscule East Side studio, society columnist Norwich sometimes feels himself a victim of information overload. "I have dog food companies calling me," he complains.

William Norwich
New York Post, Vogue



In this line of work
you get a lot of orchids," says Norwich.
"Either that or champagne"

Collectors' Maisonette

Mark Hampton offers an inside look at decorating for the connoisseur. Photographs by William Waldron





In the living room, turn-of-the-century gilt chairs and antique tables with papier-mâché relief and ivory inlay stand alongside slipper chairs in Cowtan & Tout silk and sofas in fabrics from Clarence House and Scalamandré. Pillows in silk from Old World Weavers. Details see Resources.



The interior had not been touched in forty years. That was both the good news and the bad

OF ALL THE IRRITATING questions decorators are regularly asked, the most annoying goes like this: "Wouldn't you love to have a client who gave you carte blanche and went away for a year, returning only when the entire job was finished?" First of all, jobs like the one described do exist—and they are nightmares. What one wants more than anything is to work with people of taste, experience, and even originality, who know what they want and are there with you to see that they get it.

This New York apartment—or, properly, maisonette—belongs to people with exactly those qualities. They found it, after years of decorating houses and apartments large and small, tucked away in one of the discreetly classical buildings designed by Rosario Candela in the late 1920s. More like a London mews house than a Manhattan flat, the interior had great charm, and it had not been touched in over forty years. That was both the good news and the bad.

Every inch of wiring had to be renewed or replaced. The antiquated kitchen simply disappeared (which, of course, was not simple at all), and a new one took its place. Where spaces were altered, original plasterwork was carefully copied. And to further complicate matters, because the building stands within the Upper East Side Historic District, any work that affected the exterior required the approval of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission. The iron and bronze windows took almost a year to restore. Fortunately, they were the worst of the problems.

From the moment you enter the front door and step into the stair hall, with its hand-blocked wallpaper specially colored in London, your eye encounters pictures and furniture lovingly assembled by two generations of devoted collectors. A federal giltwood mirror from an eighteenth-century family house on Nantucket, Anglo-Indian aquatints, and a George III penwork table combine with the custom-colored carpet to announce an attitude toward the accumulation of beautiful things that gives all the spaces beyond the stairs their individuality and appeal. We painted the woodwork three shades of gray and added plaster moldings to embellish the hall as it rises to the drawing room floor.

The drawing room itself was



Drawing room walls were stenciled against a celadon background, *above*. Stenciled rosettes derive from motifs on the elliptical mirror frame, which came from an old family house. *Opposite:* A Regency gilt bracket supports a Kangxi ginger jar. Behind the Fortuny cotton-covered chair, a Lucian Freud drawing inspired by Watteau hangs above an Italian painted chest.



George III–style chairs, *opposite*, ring a pedestal table and chinoiserie lantern designed by Hampton. A Rose Cumming rococo revival chintz on the dining room walls is the backdrop for a grisaille panel in the manner of Jean Pillement. Faux marbre brightens the floor. *Above:* The hall's Clarence House wallpaper and Stark carpet were custom colored.

stripped of forty-year-old brown paint, given new molded panels, and stenciled in a delicate design against a pale green background inspired by the owners' affection for Chinese celadon porcelain. About the room we arranged a mixture of large-scale upholstered furniture, small gilt turn-of-the-century chairs, and tables from different periods. Italian cut velvet, printed Fortuny cotton, English chintz, and French ikat silk are played off against linen damask at the windows and sea grass matting on the floor. The pictures include eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, mostly English and French. Above a sofa hangs an oil study of a dog which reminds the owners of Oudry—with authentic Oudry drawings on either side. There is also a haunting Lucian Freud sketch after Watteau—an example of the collectors' intriguingly unpredictable taste.

True to its name, the maisonette is laid out like a miniature house, with different levels and steps leading off in all directions. From the drawing room, a short flight ascends to the dining room where a Victorian rococo chintz on the walls mixes happily with a chinoiserie lantern, curtains and a grisaille panel in the same whimsical oriental vein, and George III–style white elbow chairs. We had the wood floor painted in a pattern of marbleized squares, a light finish the owners requested: their chief desire was a fresh airy feeling, free of anything ponderous or gloomy.

Down a few more steps is a study lined with a fabric in cream and green stripes. The woodwork has been painted to resemble tiger maple (in a visual pun, a George III chair is covered in tiger-pattern silk velvet). Like every other room, the study is filled with collections of all sorts, though here the bibliophile's passion for books is given free rein.

The master bedroom was conceived as a somewhat Edwardian exercise in chintz and painted furniture, ruffles and flowers. We took the color scheme from a Fernanda Niven chintz selected for its muted tones. Made into curtains trimmed with silk taffeta, the fabric is a foil for the brilliant south light that pours into the room through one of those landmark windows.

Every time I visit the apartment there is a new picture or object. Something has always been added or changed, nothing is ever static. And sometimes I feel a little jealous, because, as with all jobs that are so much fun to do, it is sad to think that my part has ended. ♠

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet







Tiger-maple faux bois and tiger-pattern velvet create a visual pun



Behind a Regency desk and chair in the library, *opposite*, woodwork is grained to suggest tiger maple. A Zimmer Rohde striped fabric lines the walls. Carpet is from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges. *Above right:* Tiger-pattern velvet available from Brunschwig covers a George III armchair. The daybed is Hampton's adaptation of a Syrie Maugham sleigh bed. Above the Louis XVI–style chest is a 19th-century English dog portrait. *Right:* A curtain of Cowtan & Tout's Fernanda chintz in the bedroom is tied back between a George I dressing table mirror and a penwork whatnot.



Seeing Red

Doyenne of late-night New York, Susanne Bartsch indulges her domestic fantasies.

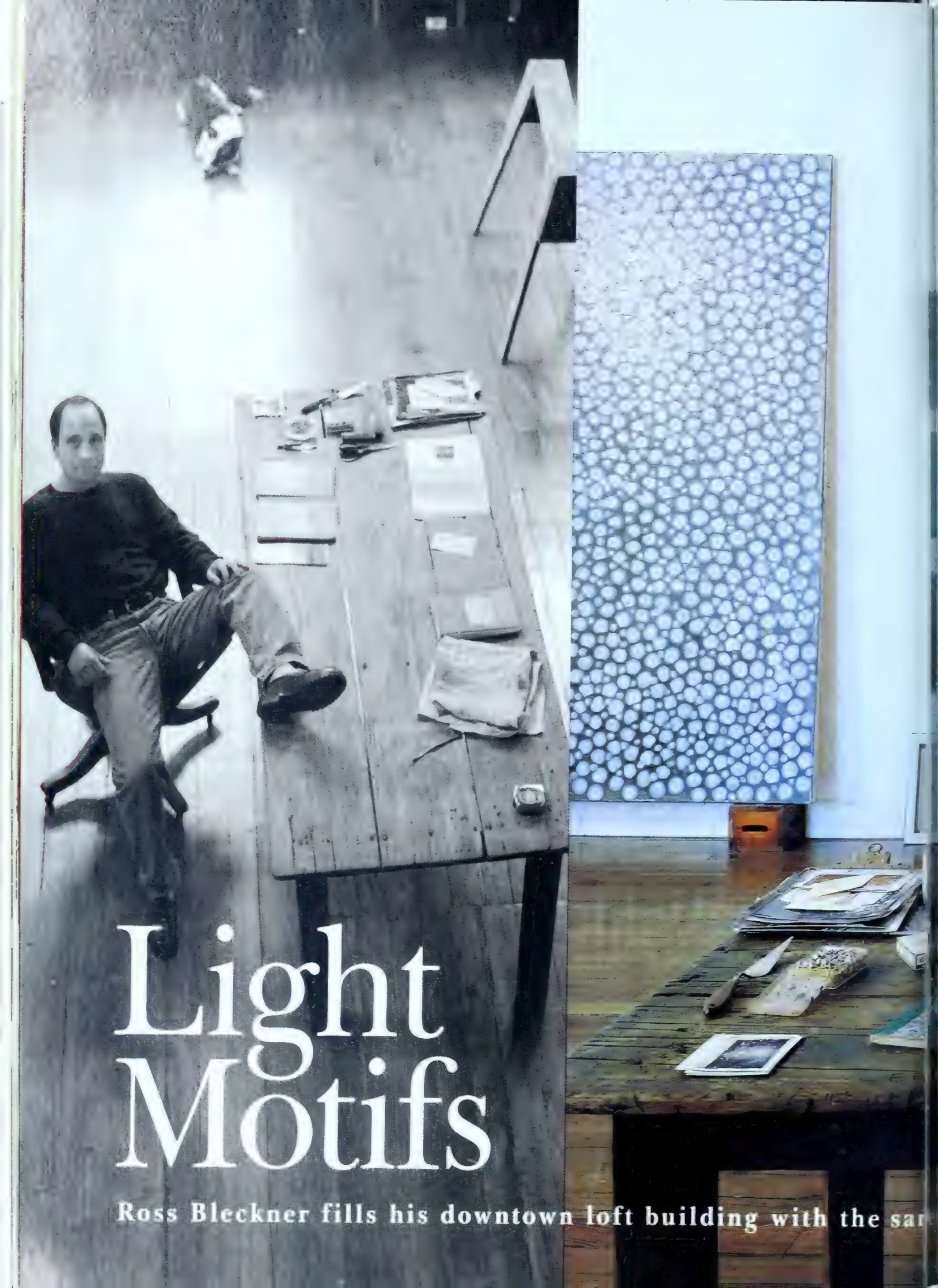
By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Michael O'Brien

"I find it soothing and sexy," says Susanne Bartsch of the all-red bedroom in the apartment she shares with her husband, Ty Bascetti, in the Chelsea Hotel. Swiss-born Bartsch, New York's reigning nightclub diva, has made late-night legends with her Thursday evenings at the Copacabana. Her most recent triumph was conceiving and executing Love Ball 2, which raised nearly $1 million for people with AIDS. Bartsch inherited the Chelsea apartment from a former boyfriend in 1982. Together with Ty and artist Joey Horatio, she has transformed the once minimal decor into what Ty calls "our fantasy, an escape from the harshness of the city." Furnished with flea market finds and a Chinese bed Bartsch found at an auction—"my dream bed at a dream price," she says—the apartment is part psychedelic, part Gothic romantic. Joey Horatio painted the curved hallway with stained glass–style star medallions as a surprise birthday gift from her husband. Says Horatio, explaining his celestial theme, "When you think of Susanne, you think, 'Star!'"



Fabulous fancy dress is the signature style of Chelsea Hotel dweller and nightclub diva Susanne Bartsch, *right*, in her starry hallway. *Left:* Thrift shop treasures and a Chinese bed in her red-on-red bedroom. Artist Joey Horatio painted both rooms. Details see Resources.



Light Motifs

Ross Bleckner fills his downtown loft building with the sar

Bleckner, *opposite*, and
og, Renny, at ease in his
tory studio, downstairs
his recently renovated
g quarters in a lower
hattan loft building.
e: Three large works
ogress lean against
vall. The artist says his
ases are "very clean and
," a description that
fits his decorating style.



diance that pervades his canvases. By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Michael Mundy



IN THEORY, IF YOU ARE AN ARTIST, IT IS easier to concentrate on your work when you do not have to worry about the conditions under which you are living. Painter Ross Bleckner's enviable problem is that he likes his recently renovated living quarters so much that he's finding it difficult to get to the studio. And he only has to walk down a few flights of stairs.

Bleckner bought the six-story lower Manhattan property in 1974. But he has the enthusiasm of a new homeowner when he talks about "my first house" and how lucky he was to be initiated into the client-architect relationship by Ines Elskop, David Piscuskas, and Juergen Riehm of the firm 1100 Architect. Having admired their work on fellow artists' places, Bleckner says he was "already predisposed to hiring them" before the four of them got together to talk about the project. Firsthand experience revealed that they had a talent even more valuable to him than a shared aesthetic: "They respect your needs and wants and really listen."

What the architects heard from Bleckner was a desire for rooms that evoked places to which the artist had traveled as well as places he likes and frequents in New York City—rooms that harbored a particular atmosphere. "I wasn't thinking about my home in conventional ways, like how I would entertain," says Bleckner. He cared more about the way rooms felt than the way they worked. He wanted generous spaces with different qualities of light, varied ceiling shapes, and distinctly unloftlike proportions. He wanted squares. "I was tired of bowling alley dimensions and liked the gracious rooms of town houses," he explains, "but I couldn't picture moving and commuting to the studio." Nor could he picture giving up the amount of room he had—two floors of studio space and two floors for living. "Eventually, I realized I had something great right here, but it needed a new feeling."

The architects listened, then looked through the fat file of clippings, photos, and notes their client had assembled. "Things can't be too plain for me," says Bleckner, who is attracted to a simplicity he describes as "part New England, part Bauhaus"—a perfect prescription to be filled by Piscuskas and Riehm, natives of Massachusetts and Germany, respectively. Books illustrating Shaker meeting rooms became the point of reference for a skylit living and dining room with a barrel vault ceiling on the top floor. Its spaciousness and brightness encouraged Bleckner to open up more of his third-floor studio space to double height; when this latest renovation is finished, the fourth floor will



In the library, *opposite*, a lamp and a metal dog's head adorn the lacquer art deco desk by Jacques Quinet. Against the wall are Richmond Burton's *Persistence of Vision* and a photogram by Adam Fuss. *Left:* A wood shelf holds a painting by Sean Scherer and a photograph by the Starn Twins. *Above:* When part of the fourth floor was removed to enlarge the studio, the beams were recycled into worktables. Details see Resources.


CAVAFY



be little more than a balcony overlooking the work area. The bathrooms of great hotels inspired a bath and dressing area of limestone, frosted glass, steel, and mahogany that is plain in the most elevated sense. The artist's bedroom, with its shuttered French windows, smooth beech wall opposite the bed, and whitewashed wood pyramidal ceiling is part European, part Caribbean, and part Egyptian in feeling. Bleckner, who had recently visited the Great Pyramids, dictated the shape of the ceiling, claiming, "It's very good for sexual energy."

His fondness for sunny Mediterranean places prompted the architects to create an open courtyard by excising a chunk of space from the middle of the top floor. "It happened to have been a space that always made me unhappy," recalls the artist. "I was happy to see it go"—especially since losing interior floor area meant gaining nicely proportioned, well-lit rooms.

Bleckner's concern with the presence and manipulation of light is every bit as evident in his

"Things can't be too plain for me"



View across the kitchen table into the library, *opposite*, focuses on a 1990 painting on wood by Scott Lifshutz from Bleckner's collection of work by younger artists. He bought the French art deco armchair and table in Zürich. *Above:* Studies lined up on the wainscot in the studio. *Left:* A portion of the top floor was transformed into a courtyard like those the artist enjoyed on visits to the Mediterranean.

house as in his paintings. In the bedroom and upper hallway, velvet curtains and exterior shutters modeled on ones he saw in the Caribbean modulate the light entering from the courtyard. Glass blocks set into the slate floor of the courtyard admit shafts of light during the day to the kitchen below and glow in the evening when the kitchen is illuminated. An automated shade beneath a skylight tempers the sun filling the sixth-floor hallway with its discreet pullman kitchen. The living room, with windows on two sides, glass doors to the courtyard, and its own skylights, is bright all day long.

Although critics tend to talk about his work in terms of light, Bleckner says composition carries just as much weight. His description of his paintings—"economic in their use of images, very clean and plain with occasional decorative flourishes"—fits his approach to decorating. In his bedroom two silver-leaf armchairs upholstered in fake zebra skin and a pair of simple wood nightstands flank a *(Continued on page 212)*

The living and dining room at one end of the courtyard, *above*, is furnished with a Stickley dining table and chairs and with sofas and an armchair inspired by Jean-Michel Frank which the artist had made in SoHo. Bleckner's *Wind*, 1991, stands against the wall. *Below:* The wainscot board stairwell is the last vestige of the old loft building interior on the top floor; the new woodwork is mahogany. *Opposite:* From the iron bedstead he calls his "sanitarium bed," the artist can look out on the courtyard, furnished and planted by Pure Mädderlake. Curtains of Brunschwig & Fils velvet allow him to control the light. Bleckner designed the copper wall light from a 1940s desk lamp and found the 1930s aluminum night table lamp at a flea market.



Bleckner's interest in manipulating light is as evident in his house as in his paintings





Up on the Roof

Four terrace gardens display the rewards of horticulture on high

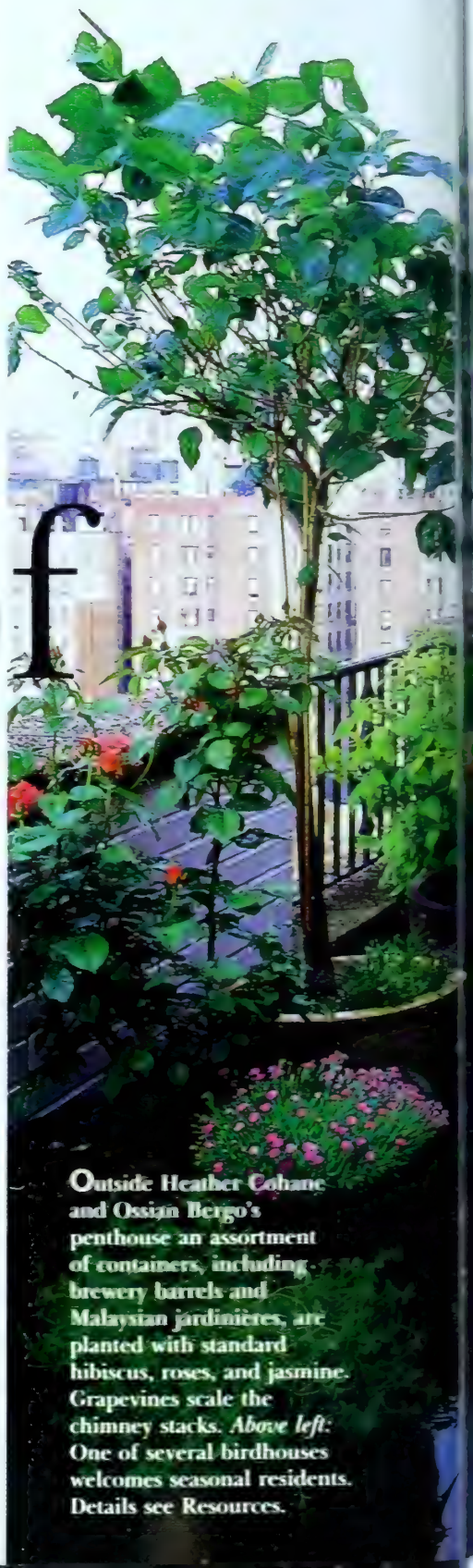
By Linda Yang

AS SHE CASUALLY TOSSED FADED HIbiscus blossoms over the side of her sixteenth-floor penthouse wall, Heather Cohane smiled furtively. "You saw me. I guess I shouldn't," she admitted, "but then I can't be out here without deadheading my flowers. And I have to do *something* with what I take off."

Breathes there a gardener who would fail to agree with such logic? Besides, what are a few withered petals compared with the sooty fallout that normally rains onto innocents strolling the streets below? This is, after all, rooftop gardening in New York. And this is, after all, the place to dismiss skeptics who insist that "city gardener" is an oxymoron.

No, Virginia, rooftop gardening did not originate in Manhattan. Back in the sixth century B.C. there were Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Those multiple levels of plantings, spread over three acres, were designed to console a wife who missed the green mountains of her youth. New York rooftops are merely a modern version of that ancient oasis. Some may well be designed to console city folk who miss the landscapes of their youth. But in any case, the problems—and pleasures—are similar. It's a minor detail that the twentieth-century Babylon to be greened is of concrete, brick, and steel.

It's been five years since Heather



Outside Heather Cohane and Ossian Bergo's penthouse an assortment of containers, including brewery barrels and Malaysian jardinières, are planted with standard hibiscus, roses, and jasmine. Grapevines scale the chimney stacks. *Above left:* One of several birdhouses welcomes seasonal residents. Details see Resources.



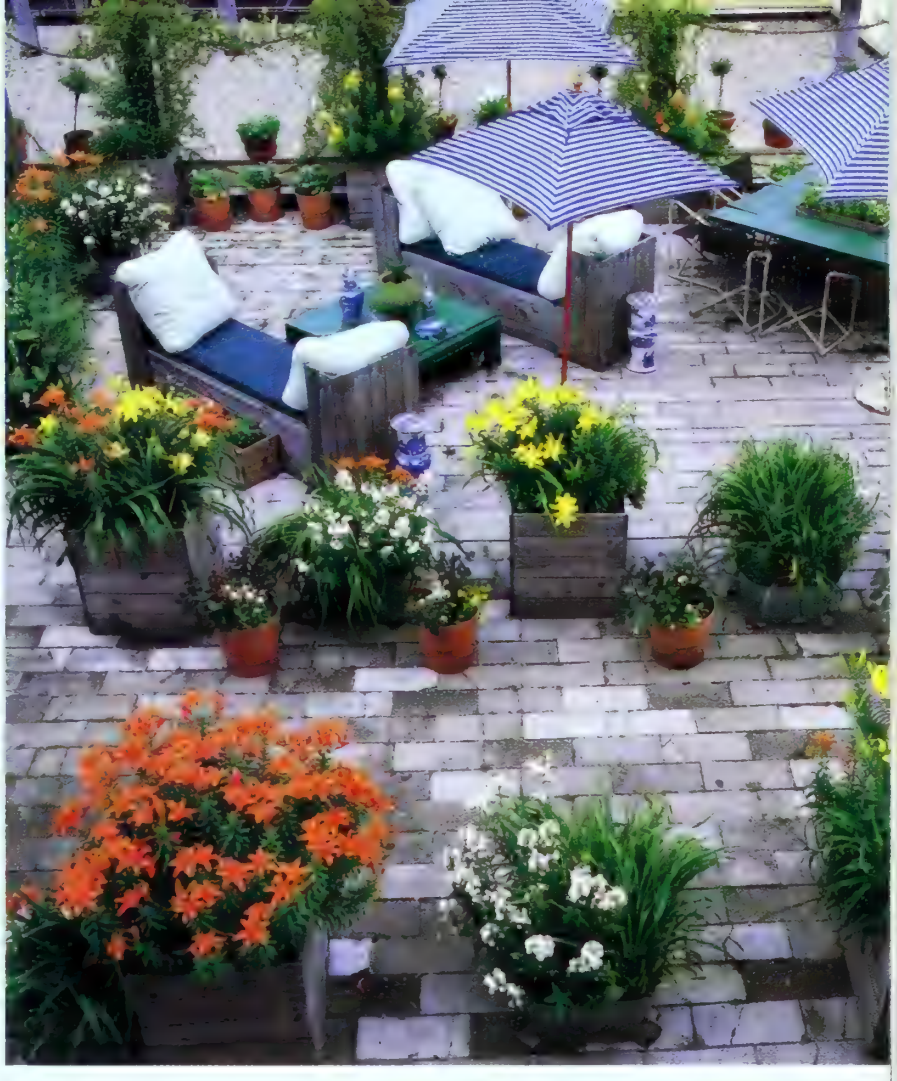
Vines frame the river view, and at sunset "New Jersey looks like Venice











Cohane, a transplant from England, began planting a city rooftop with her husband, Ossian K. Bergo, the cofounder of *Quest* magazine, which she edits and publishes. Now, topiary hibiscus and roses stand sentinel against a parapet wall that overlooks Manhattan's Upper East Side. Recently added are raspberries, wild alpine strawberries, and nasturtiums and of course salvia, basil, and mint—"the things I use in the kitchen," she said.

Her seasonal efforts outdoors include enriching various large containers with peat moss and cow manure and the water-soluble fertilizer that keeps jasmine, pansies, and ageratum faithfully in bloom. Her seasonal efforts also include preventing swirls of treasured grapevines from suffocating rooftop chimneys or overwhelming her awning. "I learned to garden here by trial and error," Cohane said of an on-the-job education that included maneuvering small trees and shrubs up the steep stairs that separate her aerie from the last elevator stop.

Less than a block away, a venerable wisteria has wrapped itself around the steel frame of a long-vanished awning, bringing dappled shade to a sunny penthouse. The owner, a psychologist, grew up on a farm. But now her life is all city and this is her country home, said Maggy Geiger, a gardener with the Window Box, who for six years has helped plan and plant the rooftop.

Each window's garden vista is different. A "vegetable patch"—tomatoes, lettuce, blueberries, and parsley—is seen from the kitchen where window box lobelia and alyssum echo that room's blue and white color scheme. Outside a bedroom, rooftop gusts change a pendulous birch into a shivering screen. And beyond the living room, yews hold dustings of snow in winter and are a green backbone in summer for billowing clusters of astilbe, heuchera, peony, and lavender.

The wraparound terrace has masonry planters that date from a time when planting soil was placed directly on penthouse floors and not in containers. But as with most such prewar rooftops, inadequate waterproofing resulted in leaks, and these in turn were followed by tortuous lengthy repairs. (No records confirm the efficacy of the bundles of reeds and lead layers that waterproofed Babylon.) The walls of those old masonry planters remain, but their only

Silver-lace vine twines along chains, *opposite above,* to form graceful swags in the downtown aerie of Richard Callahan and Edward Zajac. High winds off the Hudson River lead to rapid plant dehydration, which necessitates frequent watering. "It's like being on Fire Island or in East Hampton," says Callahan. *Above left:* Lilies grow in plastic trash cans concealed behind wooden enclosures. *Above right:* Planters and umbrellas help define open-air rooms. *Opposite below left:* A canopy of wisteria shades an Upper East Side terrace designed by the owner, a psychologist, in collaboration with Maggy Geiger of the Window Box. *Opposite center right:* A golden chain tree, *Laburnum* × *watereri,* overhangs tulips in one of many window boxes lining the inner ledges. *Opposite below right:* A Japanese maple and snowball bush are combined with other trees and shrubs as a backdrop to masonry planters massed with annuals and perennials.

raison d'être at present is providing a façade for the metal tubs that now hold the plants.

"We're people who hate the country," said Richard Callahan, co-owner with Edward Zajac of a rooftop garden in the meat-packing district in the West Village. "It's a lot better to live in New York, have a cocktail party here in our city garden, and then go right to the theater," Callahan added. Swags of silver-lace vine define the limits of their 50-by-50-foot space and frame their panoramic Hudson River views. "People forget that Manhattan is an island," Zajac said. "There's a different sunset every night. But best of all, New Jersey looks like Venice."

Partners in the decorating firm that bears their name, the two men moved to this triplex to live and work in 1985 and immediately launched their landscape. The goal was to convert the amorphous rooftop into a large "outdoor apartment" with the equivalents of living and dining areas. Now dividing and organizing the space are 30-inch cubes of treated pine planks, their custom-made containers—which in fact are not containers at all. They are only square enclosures slipped over the plastic trash cans that actually hold the plants and soil.

The result: installation costs were reduced, the weight of plantings is minimal—always a critical rooftop goal—and the designers retain absolute flexibility; it's much easier to move a plant-filled plastic can than a plant-filled wooden tub. "There's a rhythm to the *(Continued on page 212)*

A green wall of shrubs and trees muffles Park Avenue traffic noise



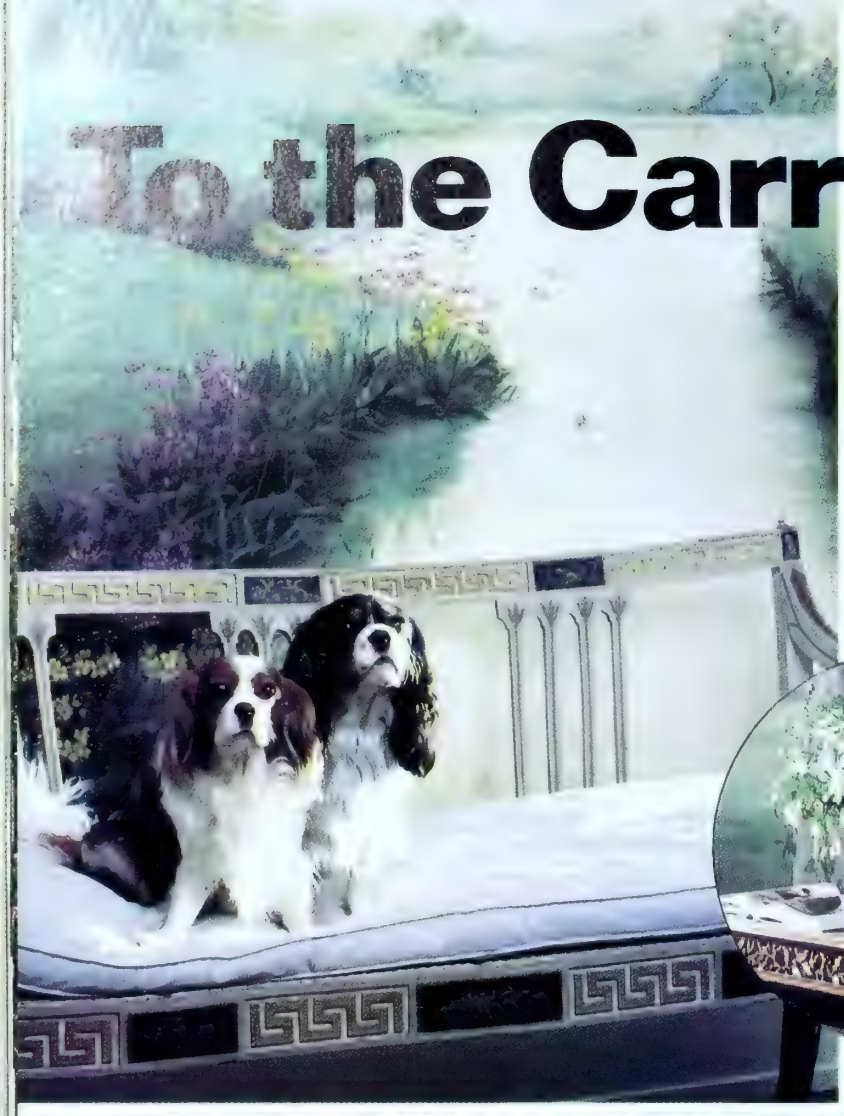




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To the Carriage Trade

By Amy Fine Collins





Virginian Charlotte Moss possesses in abundance all the "bright and fierce" qualities Tennyson ascribed to a southern temperament. Attempting to account for her meteoric success in two professions over the course of one decade, she drawls, "I never



In her office, *opposite*, with its Colefax & Fowler chintz, Charlotte Moss combines southern graciousness with a fervid Anglophilia that carries over into her Manhattan shop and apartment. *Above left:* Anne Gray Harris mural behind spaniels on an English bench. *Above:* A lush bouquet on an English table. *Right:* A Beauvais pillow and a Clare Potter teacup and rose. *Below:* Moss outside her shop. *Left:* Her sitting room with a sofa in the same Bennison linen as the walls. Details see Resources.







have time to think about failing. Southern women may not be tough, but we're thick-skinned." New to Manhattan, she took a secretarial job at a brokerage house and a few years later was pulling in a "six-figure income marketing tax shelters" for the firm. Eventually she quit her job, married an investment banker, and "ten days after the wedding" opened her eponymous store, modeled after English decorating shops, where the staples range from custom-smocked lampshades to tole coasters. Now a whole Charlotte Moss cottage industry is sprouting. She's currently designing accessories and furniture



which will be licensed through New York's Hamilton Projects. She's also working on decorating jobs for private clients and is awaiting the publication of her decorating book, *A Passion for Detail*, the first in a series, due this month from Doubleday.

Moss's business wizardry—"really just common sense; I got a D in my college business class"—comes paired with a hearty fervor for decorating. Her emotional approach—"Guts are important!"—makes for rooms that are sensually gratifying: no cool intellectual ironies in her house. Moss's taste wells up from deep strong feelings about color ("I'm on an aqua kick, it's in my

KAREN RADKAI



A sofa in Lee Jofa green velvet and tufted armchairs of Brunschwig & Fils chintz encircle a well-used fireplace in the living room, *right*. Moss found the c. 1815 Swedish sconces at Joseph Rondina, NYC. Carpet from Rosecore. *Above:* Moss's collection of porcelain vegetables by Anne Gordon lines the top of a Regency bowfront bookcase.

The Charlotte Moss approach makes for roo



t are sensually gratifying—no cool intellectual ironies in her house



)lood, I can't stop") and pattern ("I'm crazy for florals; in botany class loved dissecting flowers").

As Moss surveys her living room, which she describes as "her favorite oom, a real mishmash," a thought suddenly seizes her. "If I had to walk)ut of here today, I would leave with ny Cecil Beaton watercolors and the Robert Adam bookcase." She hastens to two of the pictures in question, paired views of Beaton's beloved Reddish House, executed by the flamboyant style-maker in the seventies when a stroke forced him to draw with his left hand. The outlines are lively and elastic, the palette electric fauve. "Look at the passion in these!" she exclaims. As for the bookcase, built to double as a planter and painted with Pompeian motifs, it was discovered by private dealer Gerald Bland, whom Moss calls the "grand acquisitor." Evidently, Moss is partial to the Adam aesthetic. Over the mantelpiece, a neoclassical gilt mirror shimmers, its clean architectural lines contrasting pleasantly with the plump curves of the upholstered ottoman, armchairs, and sofa. Across the room another bookcase is a point of equal, if quirkier, interest. In this Regency piece she exhibits her "vegetable garden"—a delectable collection of porcelain cabbages, asparagus, and artichokes.

Just beyond this witty display lies her husband Barry Friedberg's study, a book- and picture-lined





A wall of plates and platters leads the way to an eating area, *above* and *left*, where the walls are duck-egg blue and the chairs and banquette are in a Cowtan & Tout chintz. A 19th-century English tole chandelier hangs in front of a group of 19th-century English and German animal paintings. *Opposite:* Walls stenciled by Lucretia Moroni after a Japanese textile and a Russian chandelier, c. 1780, set a more formal tone in the dining room.



KAREN RADKAI

A canopy bed with clouds of rose and "dirty aqua" chi



esides over the master bedroom



businessman's precinct separated from the living room by sliding glass doors and a pheasant-print chintz curtain. "It's always a mess in there," says Moss. "So I close the curtain when I don't want to see it." Opening from the opposite side of the living room, the dining room is dominated by a magnificent late eighteenth century Russian chandelier that shoots out crystal sprays like frozen jets of water. Heightening the room's exotic glamour, the walls are stenciled in deep reds and greens to resemble a Japanese Edo period textile. They provide a rich backdrop for Regency dining chairs and a large circa 1800 portrait of a boy and his dog. "I feel sorry for him," says Moss. "Compared with that alert dog, he looks so dim-witted."

A more relaxed but no less carefully planned spot is the cozy breakfast room, constructed by taking out the maids' eating area, formerly adjoining the kitchen. Anyone buttering his toast here can easily be transported to a pastoral state of mind. Chintz-covered tie-on cushions sag invitingly on the banquettes; the well-used surface of the English table glows warmly; and looking down from the duck-egg blue walls are herds of *(Continued on page 214)*

At home, *left*, and in her shop, *above*, Moss indulges her passion for four-posters. The 18th-century English reproduction beds and the rose-patterned fabrics are from Beaudesert, London.



Sills and Huniford, *opposite*, looked to Europe for inspiration for their East Side penthouse. For example, in the living room, *right*, a Louis XVI–style armchair and a parchment table, both by Jean-Michel Frank, join a Directoire steel daybed and mahogany side table on a 17th-century Karabagh carpet. Behind the daybed, Christian Bérard acrobats cavort next to a Gothic-inspired screen. Details see Resources.

Above and Beyond the City



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Within their East Side penthouse, Stephen Sills and James Huniford survey a world of refinement

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Michael Mundy

HIGH ABOVE PARK AVENUE, A STREET they know quite intimately, decorators Stephen Sills and James Huniford live in splendid isolation from the hurly-burly rat race of the city below. Here, fifteen stories up, the worries and the woes of high-stakes style making for Ian Schrager, Nan Swid, Anna Wintour, Vera Wang, and Jonathan and Laura Tisch, among a roster of high-profile others, are but a distant and muffled memory. "It's a retreat," says Sills, who credits the illusion of escape to the terrace that envelops the light-filled aerie on three sides. Although the greenbelt buffer zone is Huniford's domain, it nonetheless enabled Sills to indulge his domestic fantasy: "I wanted to be transported, to feel as if I were living in India under the Raj or in Paris in the thirties or in Tuscany. . ."

Such grand illusions weren't easy to conjure. "Needs work," euphemistically suggested the ad for what three years ago was a ramshackle tar paper hut on the roof, which Huniford discovered one Saturday night in an early edition of the Sunday *New York Times* real estate section. "It just sounded right," recalls Huniford, then an enthusiastic gardener-in-the-making who warmed to the idea of a small apartment with a large terrace. Sills agreed, not a bit bothered by the apartment's diminutive size: "I look at it as a sort of hotel room. You can just go there and sleep, put on your clothes, take a shower, and leave. That's all I want in Manhattan." (The explanation for Sills's modest aspirations is revealed when he pulls out snapshots of the 12-acre getaway he and Huniford own in Bedford, New York.) So the partners bought their dilapidated pied-à-terre, gutted it, then proceeded to do what they do best, not merely installing furniture and specifying fabric but instilling atmosphere, character, style—exhibiting a certain, shall we say, sensibility.

That process, as anyone who has spent time with Sills and Huniford will attest, always breaks down neatly into two distinct parts. Sills has the vision; Huniford turns that vision into reality. That's their way. In other words, Sills is the kind of guy who can actually picture what life in India during the Raj or Paris in the thirties might have looked like. Huniford, on the other hand, is the kind of guy for whom finding a crane (on twenty-four hours' notice) that can lift a Louis XVI gilt tester bed fifteen stories in the air, over a stone parapet, and through an open window—after workmen had carried that same bed up fourteen flights of stairs and down again when it failed to make the final narrow turn to the penthouse—is just another day at the office.

While it seems clear that Huniford honed his skills for organization and management as a business student at Syracuse University, it seems less clear how Sills came by his vision, since it's not the sort of thing you tend to learn in the interior design department at North Texas State University. Or in any interior design department at any university, for that matter. For his part, Sills credits his evocative aesthetic to a dreamy adolescence ("When I was fifteen I just swooned every time I saw a Francis Bacon"), to "very progressive" parents (an ophthalmologist and a pianist), and to world travel that took him far from his hometown, Durant, Oklahoma. "For me the experiences of life, of going to exotic places, of seeing other people's environments, have had a lot of impact."

"I wanted to feel as if I were living in India during the Raj," says Sills



Perhaps the trip that made the greatest impact, that made Stephen Sills the decorator he is today, is the three-year-long trip to Paris his parents treated him to after college. Thinking back to his first impression of the City of Light, stepping off the train at the Gare de Lyon in 1977, Sills still seems bedazzled: "It was magical, I knew it would change my life forever—and it did." That transformation began when the young American rang up an old friend from home who was working in Paris as a dec-

In the apple-green dining room, *opposite*, a 19th-century cadet looks down on royal-blue patterned carpet from Madeleine Castaing, Paris. The parchment screen is by Jean-Michel Frank. *Left:* The living room's stenciled canvas walls act as an ornamental backdrop for a Sills-designed banquette in velour from Clarence House. A George III watercolor stand displays a collection of photographs. The cube chair, in its original ivory chenille, is also by Frank, as is the Louis XVI–style armchair.




Oliver Messel
DAVID



orative painter for Renzo Mongiardino. The connection—Sills offered to assist his friend on the job—gave him access to the Italian master's work. "He was decorating the Brandolini apartment, and I got to experience all that." Before it was over, Sills also got to experience an impressive list of legendary houses and apartments—including Guy de Rothschild's Hôtel Lambert. Whether he entered through the back door or the front, Sills saw what he went to see, saw what he had only dreamed about back in Durant. And he didn't forget it.

The plaster crown molding encircling the living room, *above* and *opposite*, was inspired by a cast Sills and Huniford uncovered in an upstate New York antiques shop. The Louis XVI limestone fireplace was found in Paris along with the 18th-century chenets. A pair of early 19th century cabinets support two globes from the same period. A Viennese lantern is suspended above a trestle table said to have belonged to Alexandre Gustave Eiffel.

"Borrowing from what you've seen, distilling it into something that becomes your own" is a familiar refrain of decorators. And it's Sills's refrain too. But it takes on added resonance in his and Huniford's penthouse, a virtual echo chamber of rooms past—some of

Sills has come a long way since the days when he bought creamware at secondhand stores in Durant, Oklahoma

which you remember, some of which you've never seen, some of which never actually existed. Strains of Mongiardino, of Jacques Grange, of a host of other legendary decorators appear—sometimes soft and faint, sometimes clear and emphatic—throughout rooms that have been carefully "layered," as Sills says, with ornament, pattern, and texture to evoke a kind of visual sedimentation. For example, canvased walls, delicately stenciled to suggest tilework from the Middle Ages, are capped with a "classic Hellenistic" cast-plaster crown molding that alludes to yet another time, another place. The suggestion is of antiquity, of gradual and effortless evolution, of a patina that only time could produce. The message is



clear. Nothing new, nothing ostentatious, nothing conspicuous, nothing vulgar here. These are rooms for gentlemen—the kind of gentlemen who wear John Lobb shoes, Anderson & Sheppard suits, Charvet shirts, and vintage Patek Philippe watches with crocodile bands. In other words, argues the apartment, these are rooms for gentlemen of style and taste and culture. Relaxed. Accustomed. Comfortable. Perhaps a bit bohemian, even, hints a proudly-on-display collection of photographs that stretches from fifties fashion divas by Horst to two young boys wearing horns on their heads and feathers on their bodies by Michael Roberts.

But if Sills used the apartment to showcase his and Huniford's talent and taste, he also used it to showcase the collection of furniture and objects he has been assembling for thirty years. "As a child I used to go down to the secondhand stores in Durant and buy old creamware," recalls the decorator, who, even before joining forces with the gimlet-eyed Huniford, quickly moved on from such humble beginnings to amass, among other treasures, a collection of Jean-Michel Frank pieces that Frank aficionado Giorgio Armani might envy. But, not surprisingly, Sills and Huniford's collection is not limited to one style, one period. "I like a million different things," says Sills. "I like everything. I like every period. I love modern things, and I love sixteenth-century things. I love antiquities, and I love Louis XVI. I love art deco, and . . ." Huniford is comparably free-thinking in his loves.

"It's an escape from 14-hour workdays," says Huniford



Proof of the partners' diverse affections isn't difficult to find, as the eye veers from oversize gilt chenets made for Versailles to a bulbous silk and brass lantern made by the Wiener Werkstätte, from an intricate seventeenth-century Karabagh carpet to a simple eighteenth-century mahogany and brass Russian stand, from a utilitarian architect's trestle table to an ornate mirror designed by Emilio Terry for Frank. The only consistent theme is that everything has a story, a history, a provenance. And Sills and Huniford know it. "This piece came from Alexandre Gustave Eiffel's atelier." "That piece came from Billy Baldwin." "This piece is important." "That piece is *very* important." Though Sills and Huniford derive obvious pleasure from their collection and a kind of exquisite joy from the telling of the tales, their greatest coup is not the capture of this or that but rather the creation of an apartment in which all their treasures, as they call them, appear perfectly at home. ♠

In the bedroom, *left* and *opposite*, treasures from Sills and Huniford's never-ending hunt include a Louis XVI gilt tester bed, two Jean-Michel Frank lamps ("with original mica shades," notes Sills), an Italian inlaid table flanked by Indian inlaid chairs, and a Frank white leather club chair. The scrubbed-oak cabinets were custom designed to conceal books, stereo, and a television. The striped bed fabric is from Jack Lenor Larsen. *Above left:* The terrace is planted exclusively with white flowers. The iron furniture is from the twenties.



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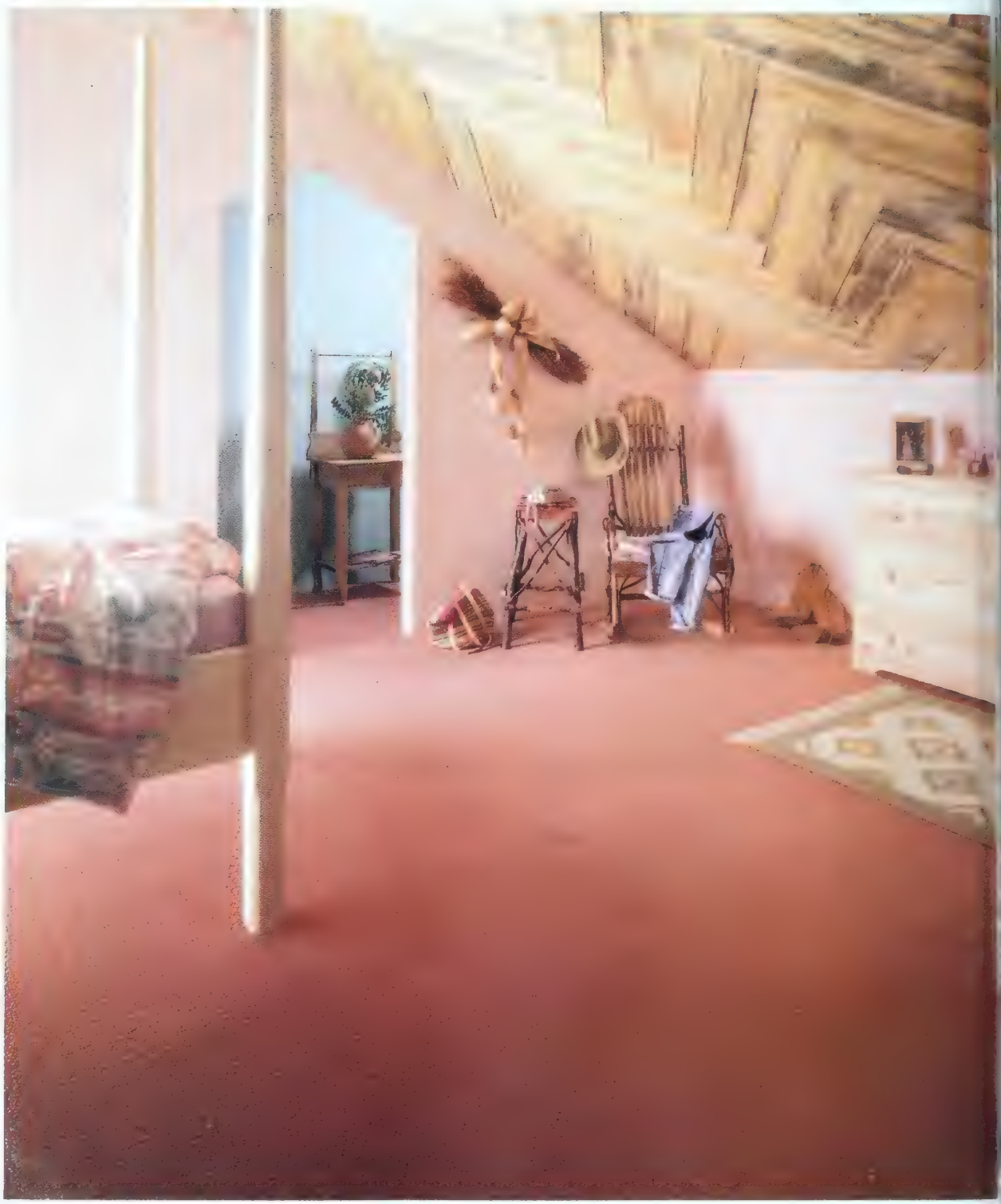
In a quiet town house on a quiet Upper East Side Manhattan street, the riotously colorful office of decorators Richard Keith Langham and Greg Jordan occupies two formerly very quiet rooms. When they first saw the space, a pied-à-terre





Richard Keith Langham and Greg Jordan, *above,* in their office, which doubles as a design lab. A harlequin skirted chair and a velvet sofa, *right,* stand before trompe l'oeil curtains that face real curtains, *top right,* each treated differently. Carpet from Stark. Details see Resources.

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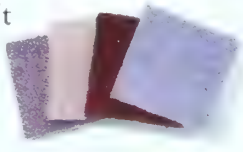


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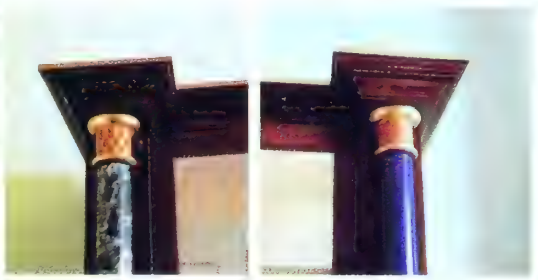
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great ideas

An office as decorative folly allows two young designers to strut their stuff





An orange silk curtain with a scalloped satin border, *top left*, is finished with a knotted and tasseled rope valance. *Top right:* A trompe l'oeil curtain with a ball fringe. *Above:* The columns of a pair of armoires are painted in four faux finishes to alert clients to different possibilities. *Right:* A worktable is draped with an antique crewelwork panel from Afghanistan.



painted a depressing brown, the decorators spotted only two promising details—a marble mantel and 11½-foot-tall windows. They contemplated decorating the rooms in several variations of the English and French country look. But many swatches of flowered chintz, stripes, and toile later, they abandoned convention and let their imaginations run wild. The result is a kaleidoscopic display of color schemes and design solutions intended to keep clients amused and informed.

Purple, orange, and Kelly green curtains—variously smocked, beaded, fringed, and corded—hang over French windows on one side of the main room. Yellow and pink trompe l'oeil curtains framing faux windows embellish the opposite wall. And in between there's a seating arrangement aglow with emerald velvet sofas, bright yellow silk chair cushions sporting harlequin skirts, and a purple and magenta moiré-patterned rug. Practical things like paint chips are relegated to the small second room. "This is a design lab," says Langham. "It allows us to release all our pent-up creativity and show clients a few of the millions of things we can do." **Alexandra de Rochefort**


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Upper-Deck

(Continued from page 143) convenient spot, a stone's throw from the bed.

Kors's taste for contradictions—"I find the concept of a ball gown in gray flannel provocative and exciting"—also found expression in the apartment. A teak deck chair stands in the living room, while the chaises are arranged on the terrace in a perfect formal row. And the leather chairs are slipcovered in ivory canvas. "I'm probably the only person who would put canvas slipcovers over leather," Kors says. "It's kind of backwards. It's like a sable-lined jeans jacket." Now he is musing about gray flannel slipcovers with camel cashmere throws.

Both in his house and in his collection Kors likes to play on the familiar, but his wit is grounded in workaday reality. In a fashion season awash with nostalgia and themes, Kors sounds a note of common sense: "I am concerned with the present, how to design what is beautiful, and what works for modern life. How can she fit it into a duffel bag? What validates any designer is, does it work? My biggest influence?" He answers without hesitation, "The women I know." ♠

Up on the Roof

(Continued from page 186) placing of these planters in our lily festival," said Zajac, referring to the monoculture of perennials that gives the garden its unity. "It's symmetrical near the center and asymmetrical around the edges."

On Park Avenue, some fifty blocks away, closely spaced junipers, yews, arborvitae, and euonymus create an evergreen screen on a penthouse terrace whose owner works for an international fashion company. This fourteenth-floor haven is the work of Perry Guillot, a landscape architect who has spent four years developing this play of emerald tones and contrasting textures. What Guillot calls his "green wall" of shrubs and trees also muffles traffic sounds and shields the garden from a ring of skyscrapers.

For splashes of seasonal color and to leave the plank deck free for people and chairs, there are the flowering vines Guillot favors—fragrant honeysuckle whose blooms are graceful golden tubes, trumpet creeper with its orange cigar-shaped flowers, climbing 'New Dawn' roses that are clusters of palest pink, and sweet autumn clematis for a frothy white floral haze. Pots of annuals also add their summer hues: blue-flowered browallia, pink verbena and cleome, and white and blue nierembergia.

Nature's allotment of moisture for rooftops has always been unreliable. In Babylon water was pumped to the top level where it was stored in a cistern for distribution later to thirsty plants below. In New York the secret is polyvinyl plumbing lines. On this rooftop a discreetly installed system is electronically timed to ensure the daily dose of water which Guillot said "keeps the garden going between my visits."

Every month he comes to prune and groom the green wall and tend his pride and joy: two towering English ivy topiaries, each with a cap of pink-flowered clematis. These green pyramids, which rise from cream-painted tubs, flank a glass door, one of several that open onto the 15-by-38-foot terrace. This too is a landscaped outdoor room and a gracious extension of the apartment. In a city where leafy bowers are rare, the ultimate oasis is a hanging garden to call your own—a piece of the country without leaving town. ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

The Baker Bunch

(Continued from page 148) there's a model ship in the living room. In fact, there are boats throughout the house. Ten years ago Martha gave John, an enthusiastic fisherman, a model of an old fishing boat. Now they have a fleet of sailboats, ocean liners, even a boat made from old tin cans. "What can I say?" says Martha. "It grew."

"We wanted a house filled with objects the kids can love too," she continues. "We wanted a house they'd want to be in, and they do. Our kids love our house. They love a fire in the fireplace, the way it makes the house look. So do we. When we're all at home, we don't entertain formally. I have to go to too many functions in my work. We just invite a few people over and cook something. It's a way of seeing friends without having to leave the family."

From the large shedding dog sitting in a Leleu chair to the quilt pieced together from school pennants and the painted walls, painted furniture, painted toys, boats, goofy lamps, and secondhand curtains, this house is about being a family—and about being down home in uptown Manhattan. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Light Motifs

(Continued from page 180) painted iron bed. A many-leaved mission table and chairs and a grouping of two sofas and an armchair near the fireplace define the living and dining areas of the big room. There is a mirror here, a candelabra there, interesting light fixtures throughout, but for the most part, he hates what he calls "the sentiment of objects" and collects little, other than the work of younger artists. A 110-foot wood ledge that runs along two sides of the building beneath the windows of the guest room, kitchen, and library on the fifth floor helps him keep those things he does have just the way he likes them—in plain sight and in perfect order.

Bleckner talks about artists' need for a sense of place. And, again, about how content he is with his, now that light and air and order have been drawn out of an old loft building on a dark alley. "I used to be very interior or very exterior," he relates. "If I wasn't in the studio I was out—at restaurants or at friends' places. This place has mediated the extremes." Bleckner seems, finally, very much at home. ♠

Editor: Ruth Ansel


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Beaux-Arts

(Continued from page 136) beautiful unknowns and personally significant images. A favorite is a late nineteenth century pastel, a life-size double portrait of a shabby picture curator and an imperious collector—the professional and the patron. Despont delights in explaining its iconography, which he researched himself. Above is an agreeably cluttered wall of pictures "hung the way they used to be at the Louvre, crammed together, all the way up to the ceiling." Elsewhere are drawings by the contemporary French artist Philippe Segeral: deep romantic images, like windows into dreams. Despont's own drawings, too, are on view—large bold portraits in a slashing nineteenth-century style.

The rooms flow into one another, each with its own revelations. The decorous dining room table has a secret life: after dinner its top swivels to offer a game of pool. On the dining room mantelpiece stands a model of Despont's restoration project for the Statue of Liberty, and gold-leafed replicas of its flaming torch appear throughout the apartment. This could be kitsch but for the spareness of presentation and the exquisite craftsmanship. (Despont is known for detail, much of which is meticulously executed in his own workrooms in France.)

The kitchen is an architect's dream. The upper walls are gold-leafed, the counter is stone, and the patterned brass backsplash inspired by a Bugatti dashboard. The dream is not necessarily a cook's, however. "I designed the kitchen when Ann was away," Despont admits. The oven is hidden inside a cupboard, and the meager counter space suggests a dyspeptic bachelor, not a live-in family of four. "But," Despont points out smiling, "it is very beautiful." And this is true.

In the bedroom there are banks of cabinets from an old homeopathic pharmacy. When asked what the diminutive drawers should now hold, Despont suggests affably, "Lots of socks?" (Dressing rooms beyond hold a somewhat wider range of objects.)

If you ask Despont what he is trying to achieve in his work, he will reply, "Harmony and order." This isn't surprising from someone whose heroes are neoclassicists—Palladio, Ledoux, and Jefferson—nor from someone who was decorated with the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. What is surprising is Despont's use of such bumptious elements to achieve a classical ideal. The fact that he succeeds is due partly to a deep understanding of both the past and the present—and, of course, to his exuberant delight in the struggle between them. ♠

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

The Carriage Trade

(Continued from page 195) sheep and cattle—livestock paintings Moss collects on her buying trips to England.

In the hallway leading to the master bedroom—a comforting sanctuary presided over by a canopy bed with clouds of rose and "dirty aqua" chintz—Moss pauses before another painting, a Friedberg-Moss family portrait commissioned from Scottish artist Harry Moore Gordon. "He paints truly eccentric portraits," she points out. "My husband is shown reading a Merrill Lynch report because he would not sit still unless he was working."

If Moss has a passion for detail, she also understands that, accumulated, they can add up to some dramatic effects. A case in point is the foyer where all four walls are painted with enveloping vistas of a manor house, rolling hills, classical follies, streams, grazing sheep, and walled gardens. "Since there's no outdoor space in this apartment, Anne Gray Harris created an imaginary low-maintenance park for me," beams Moss. Like most dreams, the mural is a pastiche of disparate times and places: views of Stourhead, Derbyshire, and the south of France meld into one paradisiacal panorama.

A decorator's work is never done, so Moss has just converted a guest room into her sitting room, which she uses as an office, and is finishing the interior and gardens of her new country house in East Hampton. Though the settings vary, Moss brings to each "humor, comfort, and passion—in my mind essential to all good decorating." ♠

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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Exposed: Tattletales

(Continued from page 162) his wife, sweater designer Barbara Hodes, try to balance their hectic social life by doing a lot of entertaining at home. Their cozy apartment on the parlor floor of a classic Greek revival row house reflects their fashionable interests, including photographs by Norman Parkinson and William Claxton and a collection of signed sketches by such designers as Lacroix, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Issey Miyake, and Marc Jacobs. "For a lot of people I cover, life is getting into black tie every night," says Gross. "We can't afford to do that, either mentally or physically."

Uptown, society columnist William Norwich, who left the *Daily News* in July to replace the redoubtable Suzy at the *New York Post*, is just back from Rome, and once again all of his orchids have died. "In this line of work you get a lot of orchids—either that or champagne," he says, gesturing to the many magnums by his desk. "I'm always giving the stuff away."

Norwich, who is also an editor at large of *Vogue*, resides, appropriately enough, in a charming little town house off Park Avenue. He can even peer into the windows of one nameless socialite if he cared to, which he doesn't. His tiny studio has almost no furniture, but it's a testimony to high-tech communications: there's a computer, a modem, an answering machine, and a fax going at all times—a communication from *Vogue* inches out as we speak.

People never leave Norwich alone. He complains that he is hounded day and night by publicists desperate to get their clients some ink. "I have dog food companies calling me," says Norwich in disgust. "There were over two hundred messages on my machine while I was in Rome—and none of them were from friends."

By week's end all these weary scribes want is a little privacy and peace. Halfway through the most glittering galas, "I'm just dying to get home, watch a little television, and eat a candy bar," says Smith. "That's my idea of a great time." ♠ *Editor: Wendy Goodman*

Resources

DESIGN
Page 70 Floor and table lamps with copper shades and painted maple bases, $650 and $360, both by Claire Dishman, at Surprise Furniture, NYC (212) 518-3059 by appt. Four lamps, all steel rods wrapped in rice paper, Eye $600, Dome $550, Wave $500 ea, all by Gaston Marticorena, at Modern Age Furniture Gallery, NYC (212) 674-5603 Tzarina ceramic/wood/brass/crystal lamp with sandblasted bent-glass shade, $650, Court Jester glass ball/aluminum/wood lamp with sandblasted bent-glass shade, 75" high, $1,500, both by Dez Ryan, at Archetype Gallery, NYC (212) 334-0100; Archon, NYC (212) 581-1909 by appt; Gibraltar, Charleston (803) 723-9394. Upside David ceramic lamp, $1,600, Orbit copper tubing lamp with ceramic center, $1,800, both by Warren Muller, at Archetype Gallery (see above)

PEOPLE
Page 104 Sequined silk evening dress, by Maria Snyder Studio, at Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Henri Bendel, NYC. **106** Patchwork oak/bronze console table, by Bonetti and Garouste, to order from BGH, Paris (1) 64-33-10-32. Hirohito oak/gold-leaf chairs, by Bonetti and Garouste, to order from Fourniture, Paris (1) 48-33-99-10

ENVIRONMENT
Page 112 Architect for building: Croxton Collaborative, 1122 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028, (212) 794-2285

BEAUX-ARTS DOWNTOWN
Pages 130–37 Architecture and design, by Office of Thierry W. Despont, NYC (212) 334-9444. **132–33** Triple-disc aluminum ceiling light, similar at Lost City Arts, NYC (212) 941-8025. Two-seat scroll arm sofas, from George Smith Sofas & Chairs, NYC (212) 226-4747. Wassily leather/steel/chrome chairs, by Marcel Breuer, to the trade at KnollStudio, division of Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354 Ke-'zu leather club chairs and ottoman PFM cherrywood arm/side chairs, to the trade at Dakota Jackson, NYC (212) 838-9444. Gropius linen on arm/side chairs, Cashmere wool/cashmere/polyamide for curtains, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Bahia Taffetas viscose/acetate for curtain lining, to the trade at André Bon, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta Leonard B Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Southard, Dania; Nielsen-Mayne, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; J. W. Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Mattoon & Assocs., Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Maple/birch/brass end tables, to the trade at Donghia Furniture/Textiles, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Raffia matting, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C., Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix **136–37** Antique globes, similar at Lost City Arts (see above). Lutyens Napoleon chair, at Arkitektura, NYC (212) 334-5570

UPPER-DECK ACCOMMODATIONS
Pages 138–43 Design, by Glenn Gissler of Glenn Gissler Design, NYC (212) 727-3220. **138–39** Acrylic canvas (#P37975) on chaises, to the trade at Peter Schneider, division of Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Borland's, Honolulu, Hampton Row, Minneapolis; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. **140** Custom sofa, to order from Classic Sofa, NYC (212) 620-0485. Slip-



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er chairs, to the trade to order from Furniture Mas rs, Brooklyn (718) 599-0771. Slipcovers, similar order from Yolanda Custom Interiors & Accesso- es, NYC (212) 475-3767. Indantone cotton can- s for slipcovers, to the trade at John Boyle & Co., r showrooms (800) 438-1061. Isamu Noguchi amboo/cast-iron floor lamp (#BB3) with mulber- -bark paper shade (#X3), from Akari-Gemini, for ealers (805) 966-9557. Wool/sisal carpet with rib- on border, to the trade at Designer Flooring Ser- ces, for showrooms (212) 679-0310. Paintings on aper by Gary Gissler, at art advisory firm of Ly- ian-Heizer, Chicago (312) 751-2985; Christopher rimes, Santa Monica (213) 450-5962 **141** Cable- nit sweater, sequined leggings, from Michael ors 1991 fall collection, at Adaria, Birmingham, lenri Bendel, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Los An- eles; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **142** Cashmere/ ool throws, from Hermès, for stores (800) 441- 488 Teak steamer chaise, from Smith & Hawken, or stores (415) 383-2000. Crystal bowl/ashtray, by lsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co., for stores (800) 526- 649 Feather spun-fiberglass lamp, by Robert onneman for George Kovacs, NYC (212) 838- 400. Bone crystal candlesticks, by Elsa Peretti for iffany & Co. (see above). **143** Solid Collection cot- on bed linens, from Palais Royal, for stores (804) 79-3911. Lesser mirror, by Becker for D. F Sand- rs & Co., NYC (212) 925-9040

THE BAKER BUNCH

Page 146 Petit point armchairs, by Jules Leleu, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673

EXPLORING SPACE

Pages 150–57 Architecture and design, by Tod Williams/Billie Tsien & Assocs., Architects, NYC 212) 582-2385 **150–51** Babilonia sofa, by Dema, t Design Showroom, Venice (213) 452-5313. On- line viscose/cotton on sofa, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles, Travis-Irvin, Atlanta, Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chi- cago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washing- ton D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston, Egg & Dart, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia. Chantilly wrought-iron/crystal urn, by André Dubreuil, at Daum Boutique, NYC (212) 355-2060 **153** Jose- phine silk on walls, to the trade at Gretchen Bel- linger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828 Custom gooseneck aluminum/brass/glass/crystal floor lamp, by Dez Ryan, similar to order from Archetype Gallery, NYC (212) 334-0100 **154–55** Hilton McConnico pâte de verre/crystal decanters, at Daum Boutique (see above) Gaggenau stainless- steel hob units, for dealers (617) 255-1766 Sub- Zero refrigerator/freezer (#532), for dealers (800) 222-7820 **156** Super Compact wool carpet, to the trade at Clodan Carpet, NYC (212) 966-9440 **157** Custom glass candelabra, by Susan Plum, Seattle (206) 682-4661

COLLECTORS' MAISONETTE

Pages 164–71 Tiger maple graining in library, glazing of woodwork and ceilings throughout, by Pat Cutaneo, Bernardsville (908) 953-9003 **164–65** Hammered Silk silk/cotton ottoman on slipper chairs, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis- Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania, Egg & Dart, Denver; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toron- to. Castello Aragonese cotton/Bemberg velvet on far sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33). Iles d'Or cotton/silk moiré (#1938A-4) on foreground sofa, Louis XV rayon/ silk lampas (#277OM-2) on round-back chair, bul- lion fringe (#FB1067-9) on sofa, to the trade at Sca- lamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Phil- adelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver, Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Design- ers Showroom, Seattle. Cachemire silk taffeta (#RL-02082) on pillows, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC, Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis, Hargett, Dallas, Houston, Todd Wiggins, Dania, J Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Rist Corp., Washington, D.C. Kimble chintz on low-back chair, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta, Webster & Co., Boston, Rozmallin, Chicago, Min- neapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston, Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles, Duncan Huggins Perez, Phila- delphia, Washington, D.C., Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco Sea grass matting, to the trade at Pat- terson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago, F Schumacher & Co., Atlanta, Boston, Dania, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Form III, Dallas, Regency House, Denver, San Francisco, Denton Jones, Houston, Delk & Morrison, New Or- leans, Thomas & Co., Phoenix, Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach **166–67** Stenciling, by Lucretia Moroni of Mocart, Milan (2) 68-64-84, NYC (212) 982-5447 Spagnolo cotton on armchair, at For- tuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153 Jaco- bean Linen Damask for curtain, to the trade from Lee Behren, division of Decorators Walk (see above for pgs 138–39) **168** Pembroke Damask wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33) Custom-colored Garbo Wilton-weave wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 132–33) **169** Wilton chintz on walls, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above) Velours Cauchois cotton/linen strié velvet on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33) Regency carved giltwood mirror, similar at Geoffrey Bennison, London (71) 730-3370 **170–71** Achat viscose/cotton on walls and daybed, by Zimmer Rohde, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania, Fee-McLaran, Honolulu, Holly Hunt, Minneapolis, Duncan Hug- gins Perez, Philadelphia, McNamara & Harris, Phoenix, Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle, Ran- dolph & Hein, San Diego, Primavera, Toronto, Zeis- ing, Troy Cardinal Louis XIII Wilton-weave wool carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges (see above). Tiger Velvet silk/linen/cotton (same as on armchair), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. **171** Fernanda chintz, from Fernanda Niven Collection, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above) Silk taffeta (#5900-53) for curtain trim, Shirred Stripe silk taffeta/rep (#121-2) on chair, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above)

SEEING RED

Pages 172–73 Custom-painted walls and ceiling, by Joey Horatio, NYC (212) 505-7541 **173** Corset- based costume, similar to order from Pearl, NYC (212) 505-2245

LIGHT MOTIFS

Pages 174–81 Architecture, by 1100 Architect, 225 Lafayette St. Suite 1100, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-5833 Construction, by Clark Construc- tion Corp., 117 Hudson St., New York, NY 10013, (212) 219-1783 **174–76** Worktable, pine recycled from building's beams, custom made by New Am- sterdam Woodworking, Brooklyn (718) 349-3608 **177** Dog's head ornament, similar at Crescent An- tiques, Bridgehampton (516) 537-3100, (212) 627- 2935 **179** Courtyard furnishings and plants, similar at Pure Madderlake, NYC (212) 941-7770 **180** Gustav Stickley dining table and chairs, similar at Peter-Roberts Antiques, NYC (212) 226-4777. So- fas and armchair, custom made by George Smith Sofas & Chairs, NYC (212) 226-4747 Custom-col- ored Puck handwoven linen chenille on sofas and armchair, to the trade at Rogers & Goffigon, Green- wich (203) 531-0105 Fortuny reproduction light fixtures with silk shades, $1,950 ea. from Distant Origin, NYC (212) 941-0024 Antique Egyptian fab-



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ric on cushions, Moroccan vase, similar at Crescent Antiques (see above). Candelabra on floor, similar at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Sconce on landing, similar at Urban Archaeology (see above). **181** Carnot cotton velvet for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170–71). Reproduction iron bed, $1,147, from the Second Coming, NYC (212) 431-4424. Bedside table, pine recycled from building's beams, custom made by New Amsterdam Woodworking (see above). Copper wall light, redesigned by Ross Bleckner, similar at Alan Moss Gallery, NYC (212) 219-1663. Fake zebra upholstered chair, similar at Urban Archaeology (see above).

UP ON THE ROOF

Page 182 Cypress birdhouse with cedar-shingled roof, stained or painted, $330, from Devonshire the English Garden Shop, Bridgehampton, Greenwich, Middleburg, Newport, Palm Beach. **184** Maggy Geiger, at the Window Box, NYC (212) 686-5382. **186–87** Perry Guillot, landscape architect, NYC (212) 496-0496.

TO THE CARRIAGE TRADE

Pages 188–95 Decorative items and custom furniture, from Charlotte Moss & Co., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-3320. Decoration, by Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-6244. Foyer mural and living room glazing, by decorative painter Anne Gray Harris, NYC (212) 861-0118. Selected antiques, from Gerald Bland, NYC (212) 722-1225 by appt. **188** 19th-century English giltwood table with carved apron, similar at Karen Warshaw, NYC (212) 439-7870. Rosevine linen/cotton for walls and sofa, 52" wide, $110 m, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747. Taffeta Quadrille Virginie rayon for curtain and pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33). Bullion fringe on curtain, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Aubusson-style Chinese petit point carpet, to the trade at Saxony Carpet, for showrooms (212) 755-7100. French-style chairs, similar at G. R. Durenberger, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Katia Matelassé cotton on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170–71). Upholstery and window treatments, to the trade from Palm Interiors, NYC (212) 753-5402. **189** Lilacs chintz for curtains, by Colefax & Fowler, Marlborough Stripe wallpaper, Brilliantina woven cotton on shell chair, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 164–65). Watercolor renderings of furniture, by Stephen Freeburg, NYC (212) 982-5220. **190** Porcelain fruit and vegetables, by Anne Gordon, at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320; Alexandra Stoddard, NYC (212) 289-5509 by appt, pieces also to order at Mrs. Monro, London (71) 235-0326. Regency bowfront bookcase, similar at Slatkin & Co., NYC (212) 794-1661. **190–91** Bragance linen velvet for sofa, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above). Campanula chintz for armchairs, Chinese Blossoms Glazed Chintz (same pattern as silk fabric on ottoman), to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170–71). Swedish sconces, c. 1815, similar at Joseph Rondina, NYC (212) 758-2182. Le Treillage Wilton-weave wool carpet with Feuilles border, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Phillips-Crawford, Beachwood; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Overseas Rug, Cincinnati, Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford Showroom, Denver, Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles, McNamara & Harris, Phoenix; Pacific Showrooms West, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; H & I Carpet, Toronto, Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Early 19th century chinoiserie cabinet, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. **192** Stenciling, designed and executed by Lucretia Moroni of Mocart, Milan (2) 68-64-84, NYC (212) 982-5447. Russian chandelier, c. 1780, at Joseph Rondina (see above). Sea grass matting, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). Capri crystal stemware, by Baccarat, for stores (212) 826-4100. **193** Warwick chintz on chairs and banquette, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 164–65). Antique English tole chandelier, similar to the trade at John Rosselli International, NYC (212) 772-2137. **194–95** Ribbon Post mahogany bed, Halton mahogany bed, both from $15,000, to custom order from Beaudesert, London (71) 730-5102. Wyndham chintz in bedroom, 54" wide, $79 yd, Anastasia chintz in shop, 54" wide, $75 yd, at Beaudesert Bedford (914) 234-6017. Antique pillow shams in bedroom, similar at Françoise Nunnalle, NYC (212) 246-4281 by appt.

ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CITY

Pages 196–203 Decoration, by Stephen Sills & Assocs., NYC (212) 289-8180. **198** Velours Gasgogne cotton/linen, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33). **199** Custom carpet, similar to order at Madeleine Castaing, Paris (1) 43-54-91-71. **203** Kansu silk on bed, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above for pgs 170–71). Courtisane Silk Stripe on pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170–71).

GREAT IDEAS

Pages 207, 210 Decoration, decorative effects, and accessories, by Greg Jordan/Richard Keith Langham, NYC (212) 744-1110. Trompe l'oeil curtains, executed by decorative painter Jean Roman Seyfried, NYC (212) 966-6965. **207** Angora Mohair mohair velvet on sofas, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33). Moiré custom-color Wilton-weave wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 132–33). Serpentine gilded rope overmantel mirror, Tassel iron/silk cord/wood standing lamp with silk shade, Exhibition gilded-iron/lacquered-wood cocktail table, to order from Jordan/Langham (see above). Sun and Moon gilt cast-resin tiebacks, $75 ea, at Katie Ridder Home Furnishings, NYC (212) 861-2345. **210** Regency-style faux rosewood armoires, with mirrors and brass wire panels, to order from Jordan/Langham (see above).

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Gandee AT LARGE

Sister Joan Kirby in Hell's Kitchen

She could be any sixty-five-year-old woman from Anywhere, USA, who favors simple clothes, sensible shoes, and a practical haircut. She has a no-frills attitude toward life, a no-nonsense approach to conversation, and her sole regret seems to be a fluency in French rather than in Spanish. If it weren't for the beatific smile on her face and, of course, the telling talent for getting people to reveal somewhat more about themselves than they normally would, you might never suspect she was a nun. Especially since she and many of her sisters in the Religious Society of the Sacred Heart gave up their Sally Fields–style habits in the sixties. Especially since, as she told me when I asked, "everybody calls me Joan." (In other words, skip the Sister.)

For the past thirteen years home has been a tenement building in a midtown Manhattan neighborhood best known as Hell's Kitchen. "The chichi people call it that," she chided, somewhat uncharitably. The correct name is Clinton, and Joan has been committed to its hurly-burly streets since 1980, when she resigned as headmistress of the Convent of the Sacred Heart school on East 91st Street to work in a storefront housing advocacy organization on Tenth Avenue. "Our goal was to retard gentrification, to preserve Clinton as a multiethnic, multiracial, low-income neighborhood." Joan's specific task was to organize fifty-seven units in eight suddenly-up-for-sale buildings on West 50th Street. "The way to anchor a neighborhood is home ownership," explained the woman who knocked on fifty-seven doors and tried to persuade fifty-seven families to come up with $2,000 each—"That was a lot"—



"Homelessness is a human problem. It has a human face"

for low-income co-ops. At a certain point, very late in the low-stakes real-estate game, however, Joan's assistance was no longer required by the tenants group she had mobilized. "They kicked me out," she said. "They said, 'Look, thank you very much. We don't need you anymore.' Maybe I'm a bit too bossy, or maybe I was too clear in what I thought the resale restrictions should be. But the whole concept of a low-income co-op is that you can't sell it for a killing. Still, it's the best thing they could have done. They wanted to do it their own way."

So Joan moved on to legislative advocacy work, trying to rally city, state, and federal support for low-income housing. But in the eighties "there was so little government response that when the opportunity came to do direct service, I took it." Joan's venue was the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine where, with $20 million worth of loan guarantees from tycoon-turned-philanthropist Leonard Stern, she worked as director of an interfaith organization called Homes for the Homeless. The goal is to get people off the street, into transitional housing, and "to create a situation in which people can help themselves—the buzzword is 'empowerment.'"

In 1987, Joan was once again given the boot. This time, however, she was "kicked upstairs"—to become president of Homes for the Homeless. More recently, Joan, whose commitment to direct service is absolute, found a new spot for herself at Victim Services—as director of housing services in the Domestic Violence Division. "Somewhere between twenty and forty percent of homeless families are homeless because of domestic violence," she reported, adding that the "official number of homeless families in New York City is 4,000." And it's getting worse. Exponentially worse, if Joan is correct in her estimate that there are currently 100,000 families "doubled and tripled up in apartments," which is one of the better-traveled paths to the street.

Since homelessness is a reality that seems to confound even New Yorkers, I asked Joan to offer whatever insight or perspective either her vocation or her experience—not to mention her graduate degree in philosophy—might provide. "We're always going to have the poor," she said. "I think that the mistake of the War on Poverty was that they thought they were going to win. But the quality of life that we're now tolerating for the poor is the worst I've ever seen. In the past ten years we have redefined the suffering of the poor. I think the worst thing in the world to do is harden your heart and say, 'There's nothing I can do.' There is something you can do. Have a more humane attitude when you see homeless people. Don't think, 'It's all your own fault, buddy. Don't put your cup out to me.' And don't think that it's out of the question to try to help one person. Homelessness is a human problem. It has a human face. And in many many instances these people are simply down on their luck. They're like you and me. You know, a lot of people are one paycheck away from homelessness." I had always heard it was three.

Charles Gandee

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An American Decorator's Garden

Bathrooms: Update on Style

On the Set with the Addams Family

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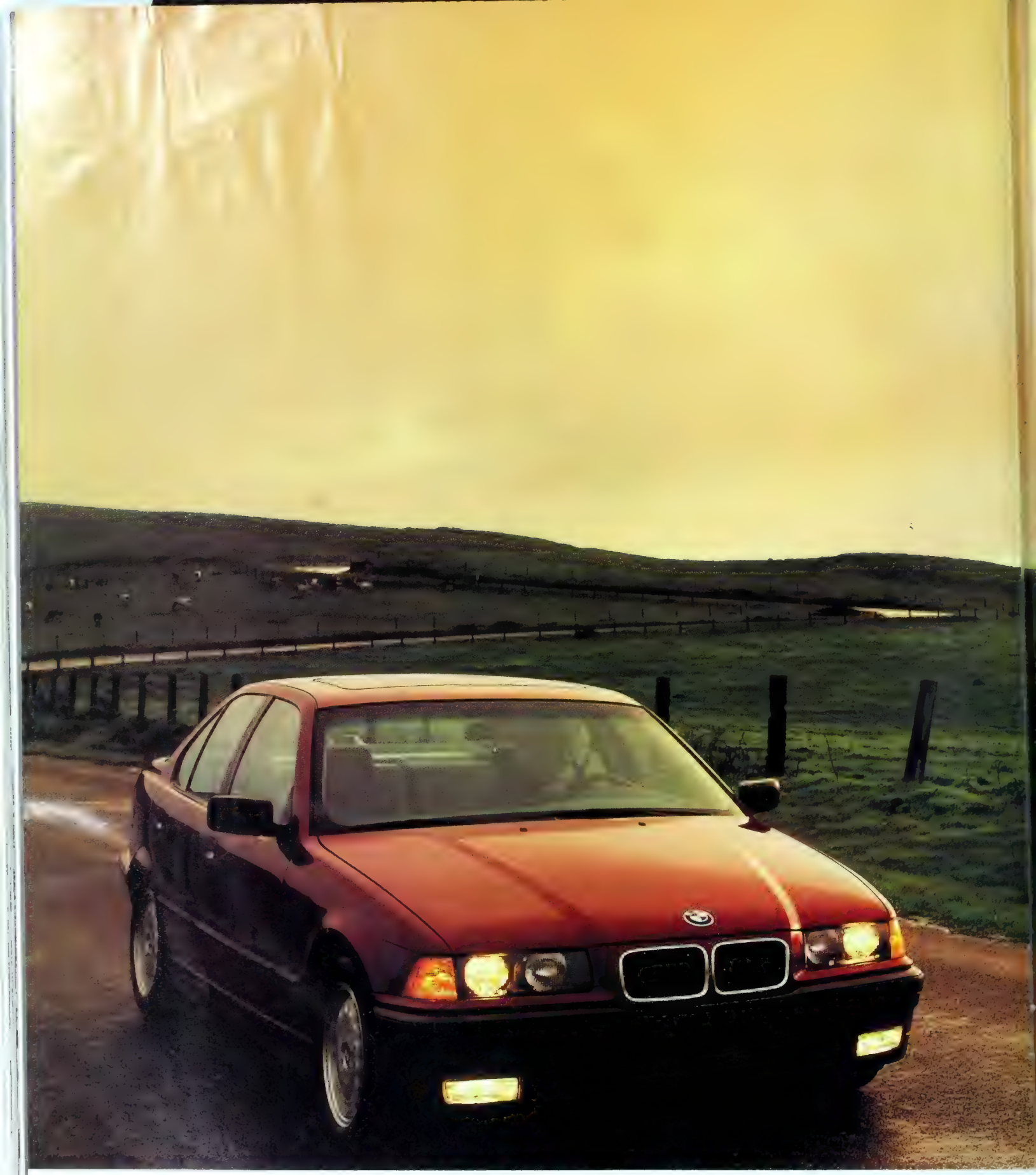
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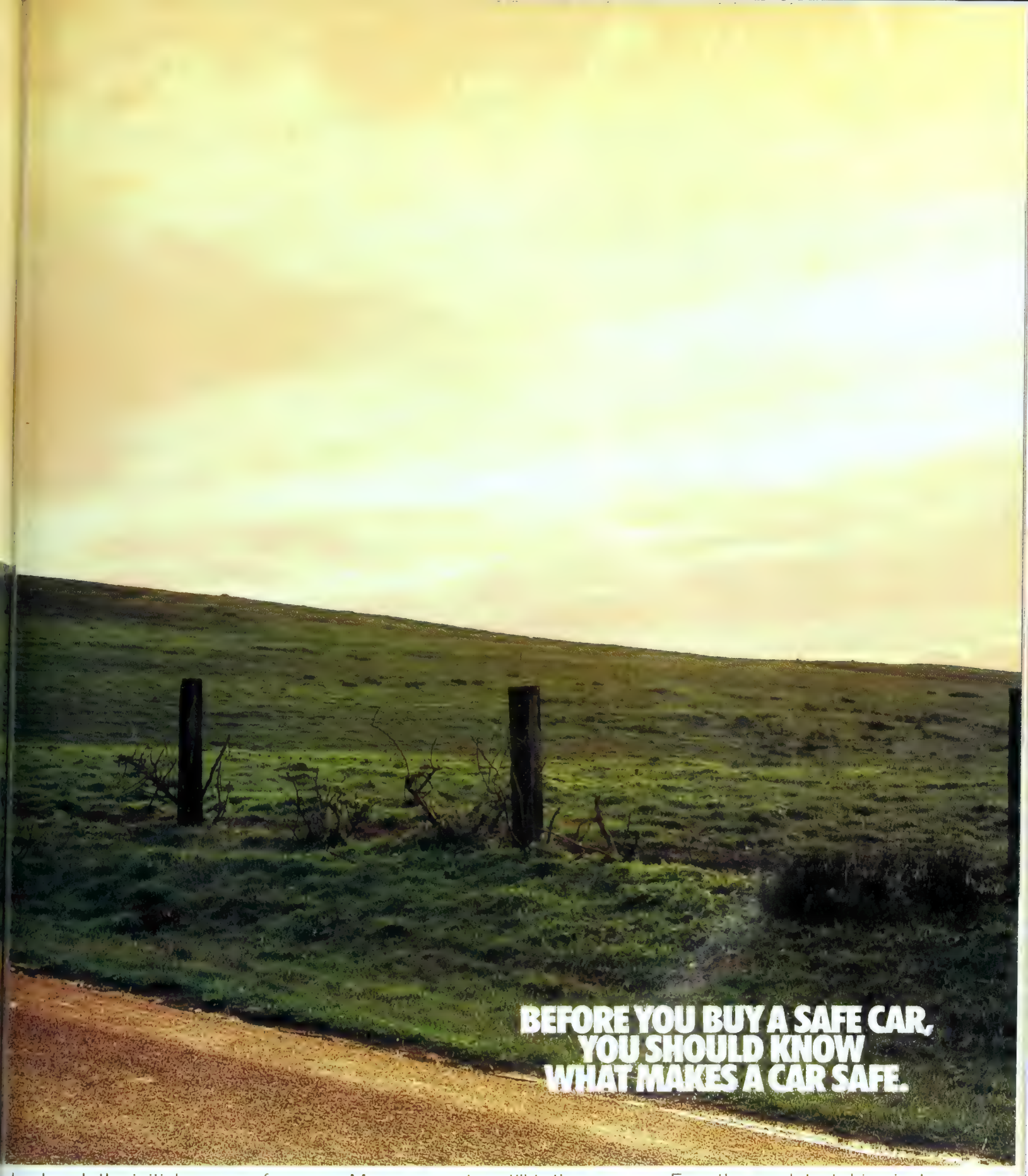


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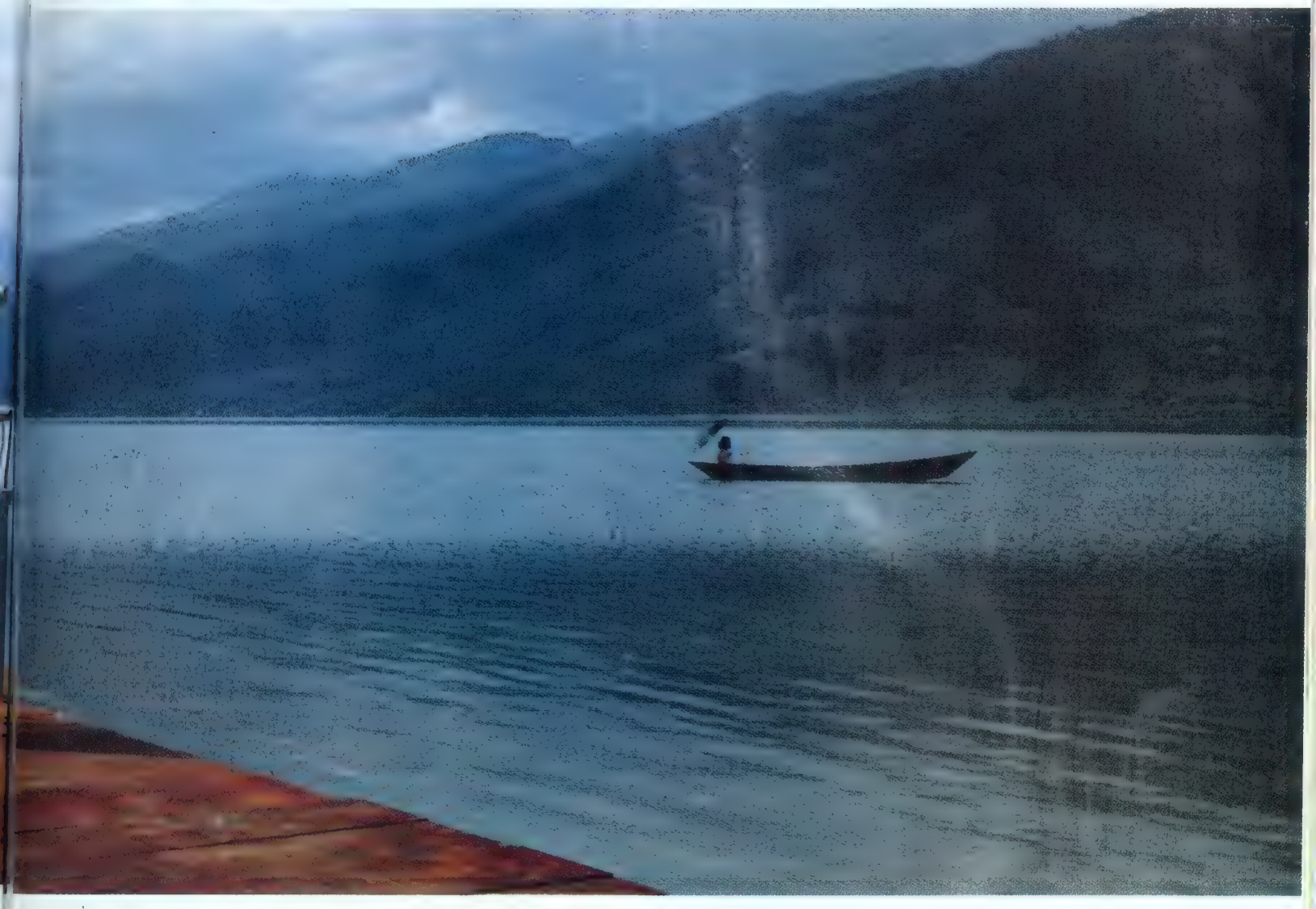
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NOVEMBER



Actor Peter Weller, above, strikes a domestic note. Page 192. Right: Cindy Sherman as Madame de Pompadour in her teacup for Artes Magnus. Page 198.

COVER *Robert Currie's farmhouse kitchen for a converted barn. Page 202. Photograph by William Waldron.*







Potted plants and old brick paving, left, in Bunny Williams's Connecticut garden. Page 164. Far left: View to the living room in a Hollywood executive's East Coast house. Page 156.

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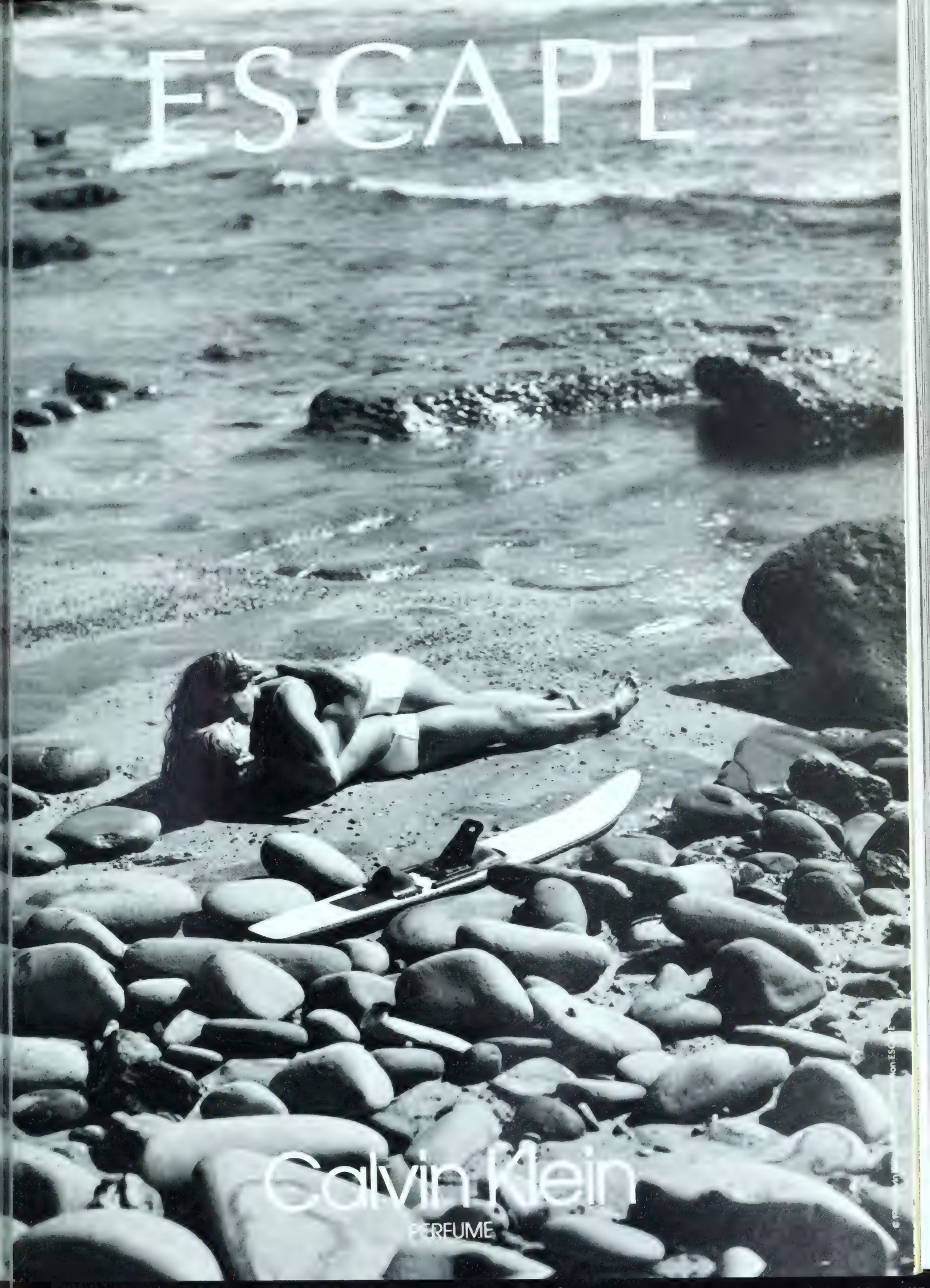
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HG

An American writer's 16th-century Tuscan estate, above. Page 106. Below: Spotlight on decorative mantels. Page 219.



Lalique's art nouveau serpent pin, above. Page 138.



NOVEMBER



Restaurateur Jean-Michel Diot, left, at New York's Park Bistro. Page 82. Below: Border from Owen Jones's The Grammar of Ornament. *Page 100.*

CENTER LEFT, MUSEU CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN LISBON PHOTO REINALDO VIEGAS



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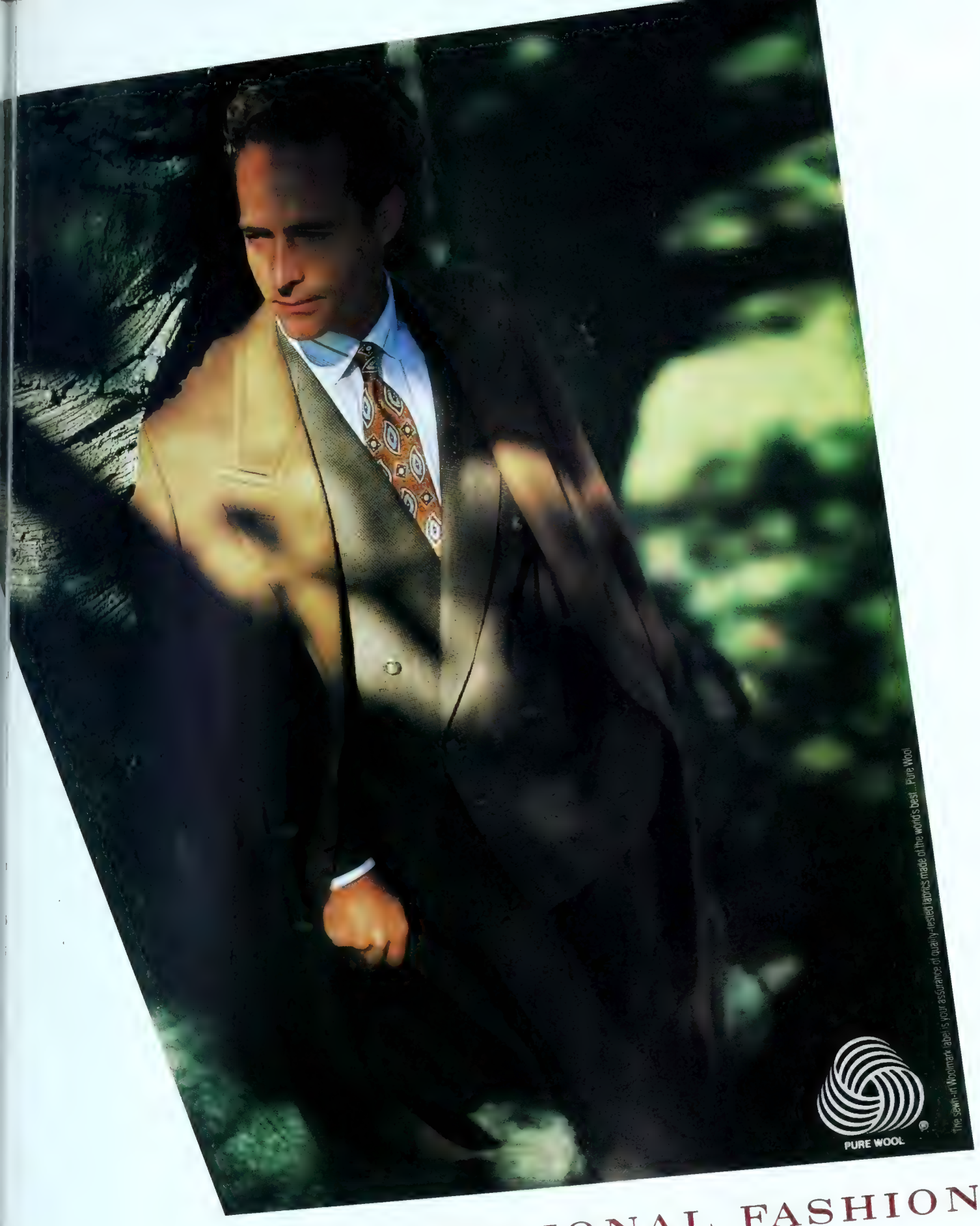
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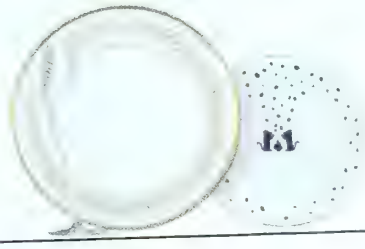
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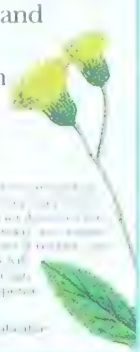
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FRANÇOIS HALARD

Françoise Labro comes to her dual post as HG's European editor and editor in chief of *Vogue Décoration* after three years as editor in chief of French *Elle Décoration*. This month she produced the story about antiques dealer Christian Sapet and his "rustic" row house at the Marché aux Puces. "Christian puts things together like no one else. Everyone in Paris wants a chic hideaway like his."



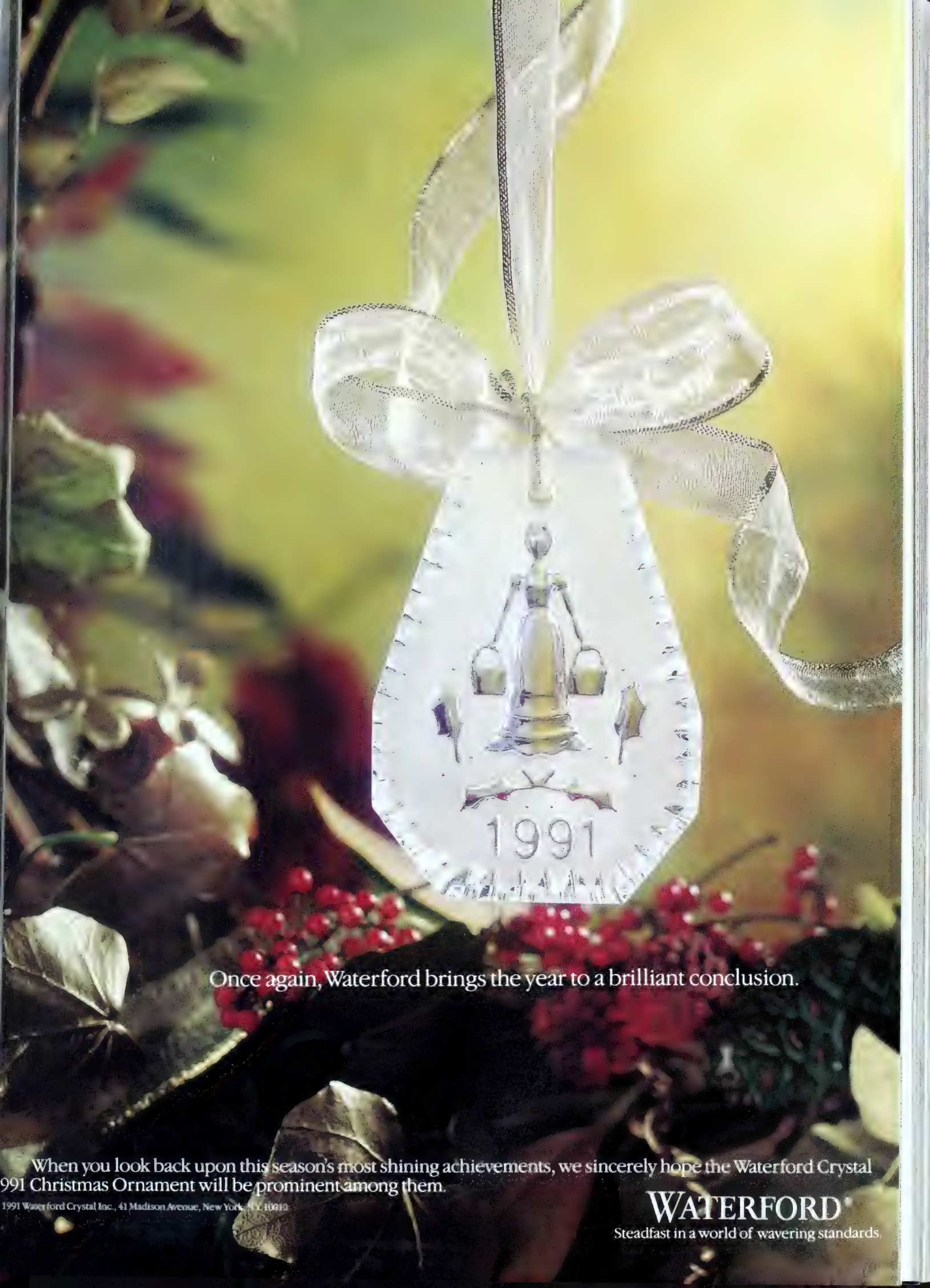
SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

Frank Rose reports on efforts to save Poplar Forest, Thomas Jefferson's lesser-known neoclassical retreat. Rose, a native Virginian, says the "American cult of personality traces its origins to Jefferson. During his retirement Monticello was thronged with fans; Poplar Forest was his escape." Author of *West of Eden*, a profile of the Apple Computer company, Rose writes for *Fortune* and *Premiere*. His next book will be about the William Morris Agency.



MICHAEL WHITEWAY

Charlotte Gere is a British decorative arts historian and the author of *Nineteenth-Century Decoration*. For HG she reappraises architect, designer, writer, illustrator, and Victorian trendsetter Owen Jones: "Jones was hugely influential in the development and documentation of decorating as we know it." Gere is curating a show of nineteenth-century interior renderings which opens at New York's Frick Collection in May.



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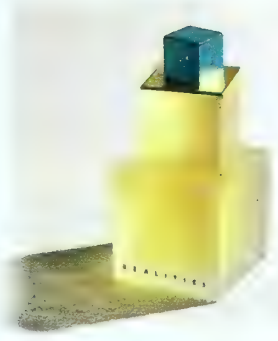
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MELINDA SUE GORDON

Melinda Sue Gordon captures the gloomy splendor of Paramount Pictures' sets for the new movie *The Addams Family*, aiming her lens at everything from the cobwebby kitchen to the skull and bone trimmed Christmas tree. Trained as a cinematographer, Gordon now works as a production still photographer for Hollywood studios. Her next project is *Sneakers* with Robert Redford.



PAOLO DE STEFANIS

Paul Gervais, this month's writer in residence, reflects on his life in a sixteenth-century Tuscan villa on sixty acres. Gervais's first novel, *Extraordinary People,* out this month from Harper Collins, features a protagonist who is a professional winemaker. Gervais, a Massachusetts native, is himself an amateur vintner. He also produces the "best olive oil in the world."



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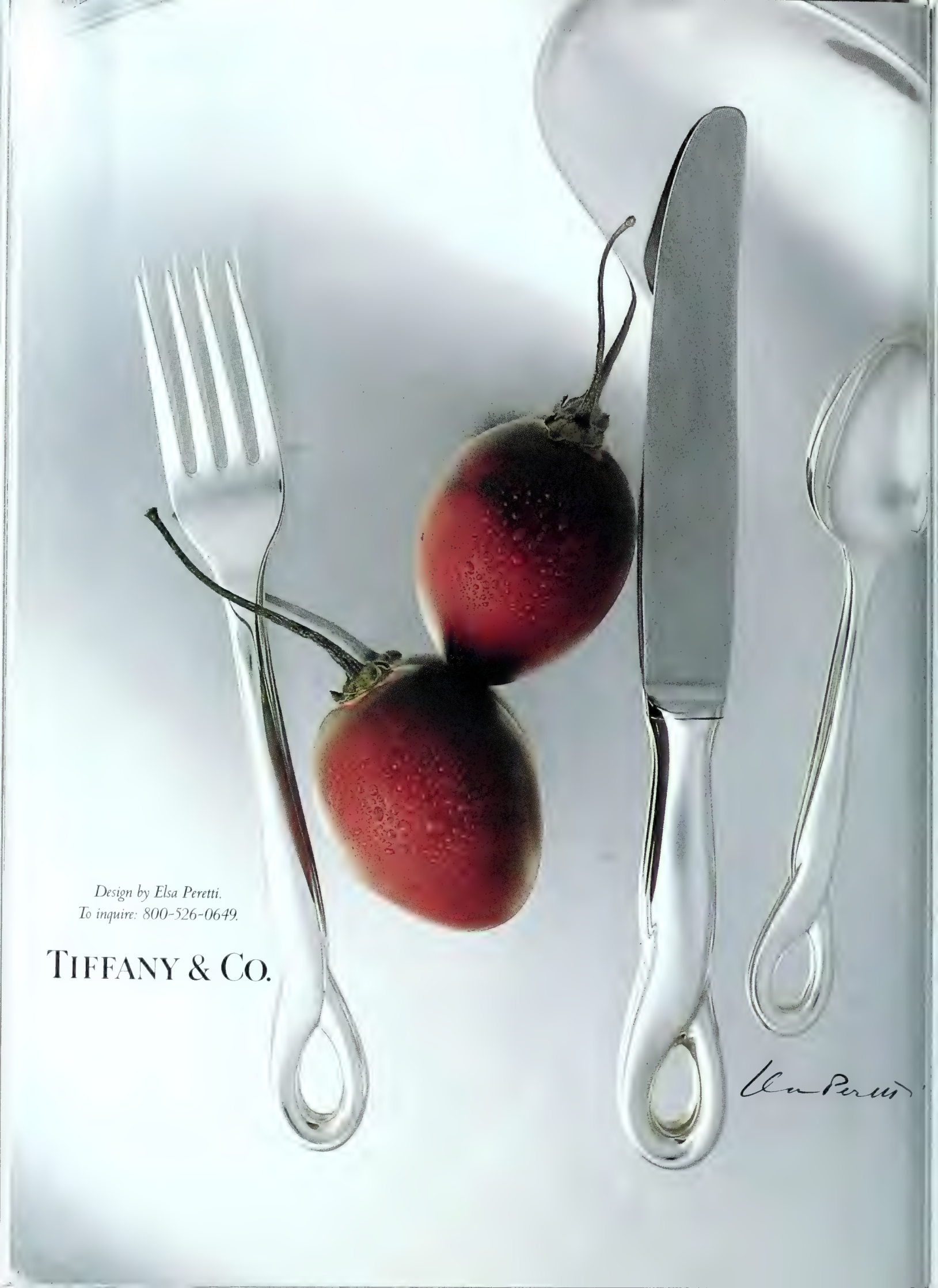
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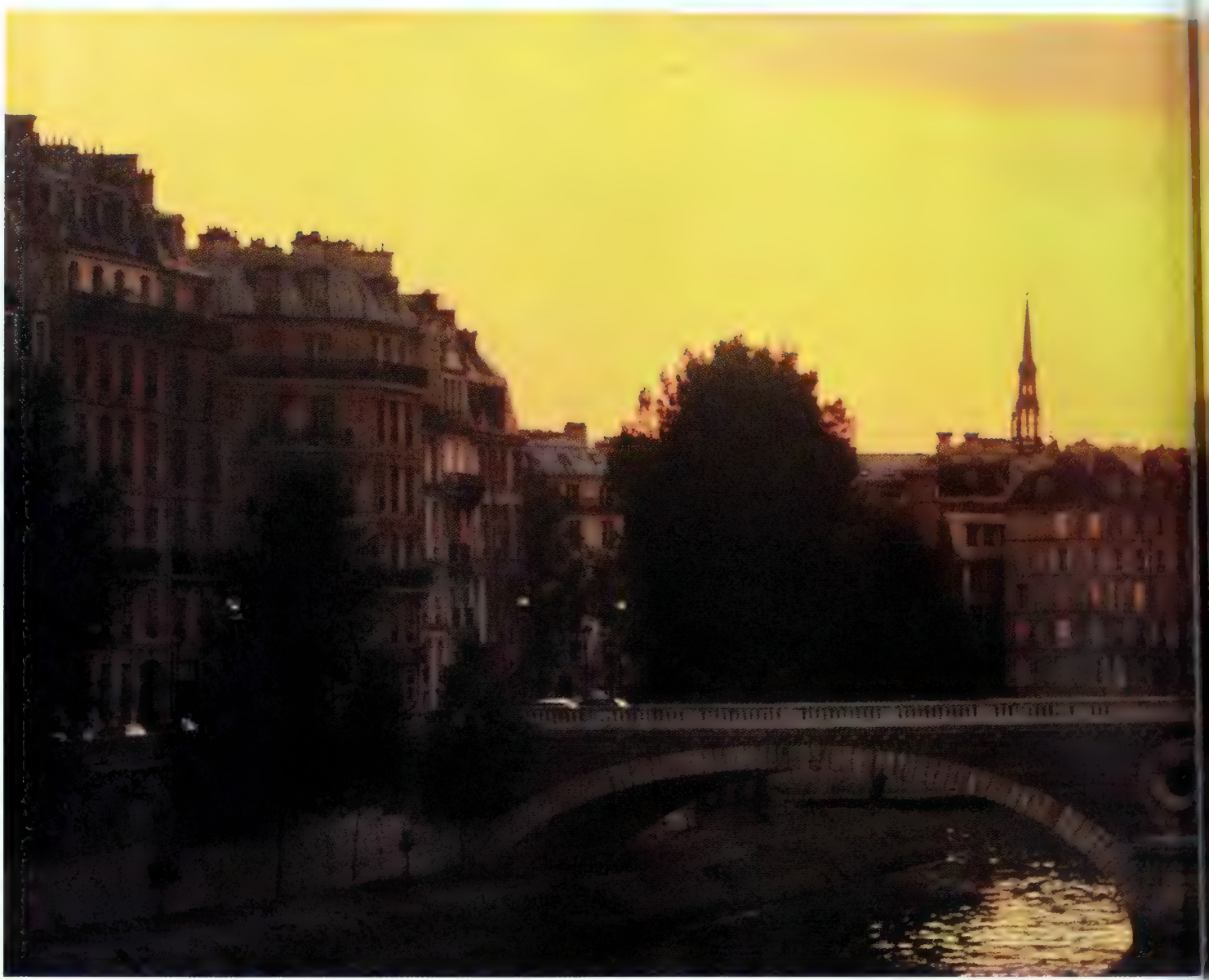
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



The stars of decorative painting in San Francisco, Charley Brown and Mark Evans, have gone Hollywood with a 45-by-25-foot behind-the-scenes view of Tinseltown for the Los Angeles lobby of an entertainment company. "We wanted it to evoke the glamour of the studios of the thirties and forties," says Evans. On a more intimate scale is their raccoon (*top*) for a dressing room. (Evans & Brown, 3450 3rd St. Unit 1F, San Francisco, CA 94124; 415-648-0430)

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Last Chance Game table, c. 1800, at the International Antique Dealers Show, Oct. 19–24, Seventh Regiment Armory, NYC. Call (212) 382-0969.

From the Hearth Mexican hand-wrought andirons (*above*), $122 a pair, come in several finishes from XOXO, 336 Hayes St., San Francisco, or call (415) 252-8163.



The Niña, the Pinta, and the Painters Art from the age of exploration, including *View of an Ideal City* by an anonymous Italian artist (*above*), makes up "Circa 1492" at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., through Jan. 12. Call (202) 842-6684.



After Dinner at Tiffany's Sterling coffee set (*above*) from Tiffany & Co. Call (800) 526-0649.

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The Trianon table (*above*) in cherry, $1,295, from Roche-Bobois. Call (800) 225-2050.



Out of the Woods
The Katonah Museum's "Forever Wild" showcases art and design of the Adirondacks, Nov. 17–Jan. 26. Call (914) 232-9555.



Off the Floor
Caravan, a kilim-inspired cotton, covers a David Salomon chaise (*above*), to the trade at Quadrille, NYC (212) 753-2995.



Twiggy Michael Aram's silverplate flatware (*above*) is available at Neiman Marcus. For stores that carry his metal coat hook (*above left*), call (914) 232-7465.

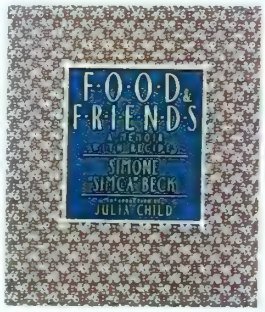
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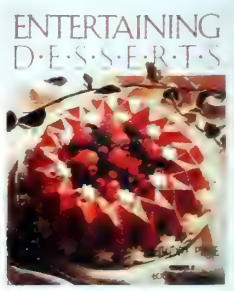


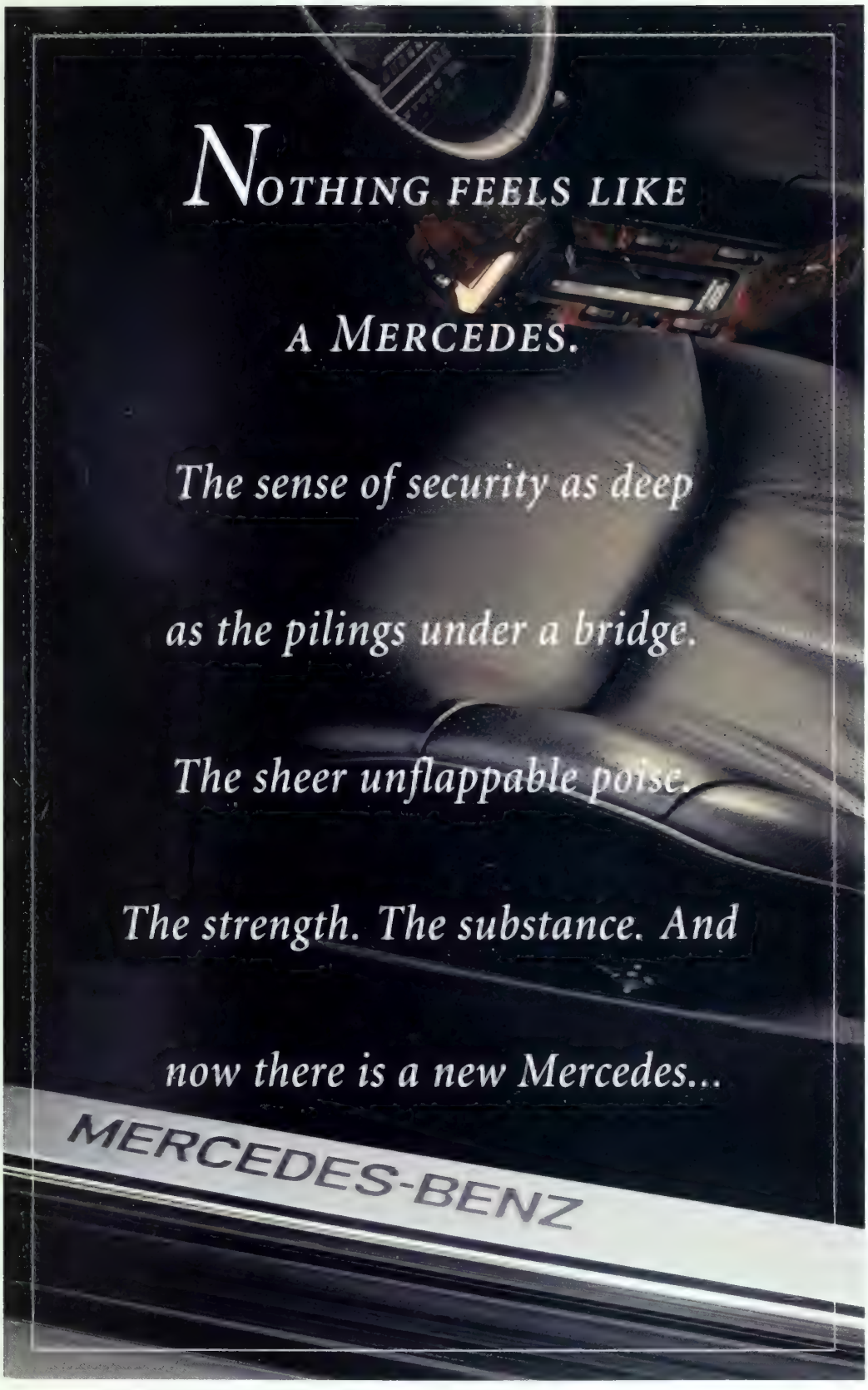




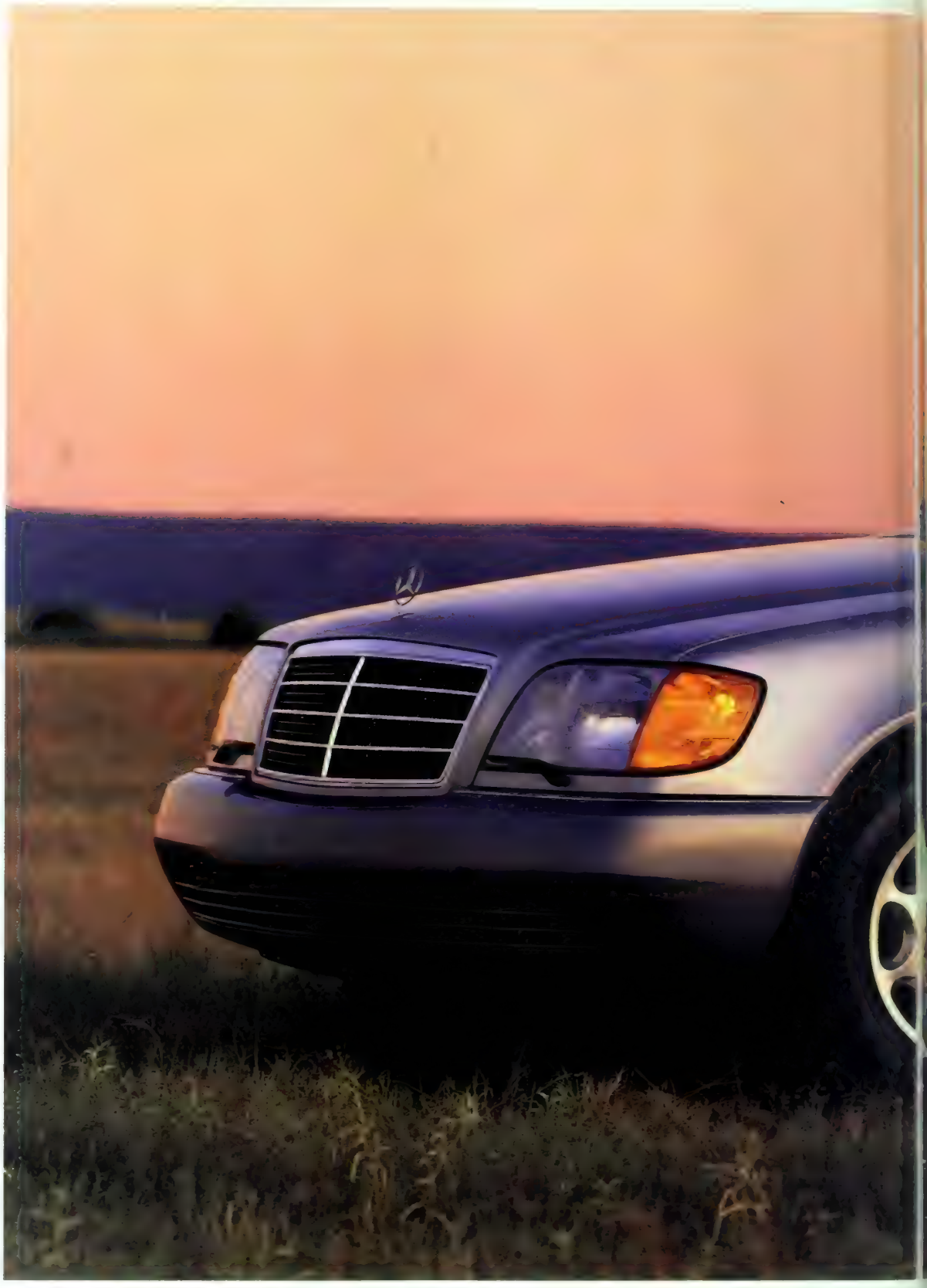
Fall Fare Cook along with (*from far left*) Marcia Adams's *Heartland* (Clarkson Potter, $30); *Jenifer Lang Cooks for Kids* (Harmony, $22.50); Beverly Cox's *Spirit of the Harvest* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $35); Simone Beck's *Food and Friends* (Viking, $25); and Deirdre Pirie's *Entertaining Desserts* (Houghton Mifflin, $30).






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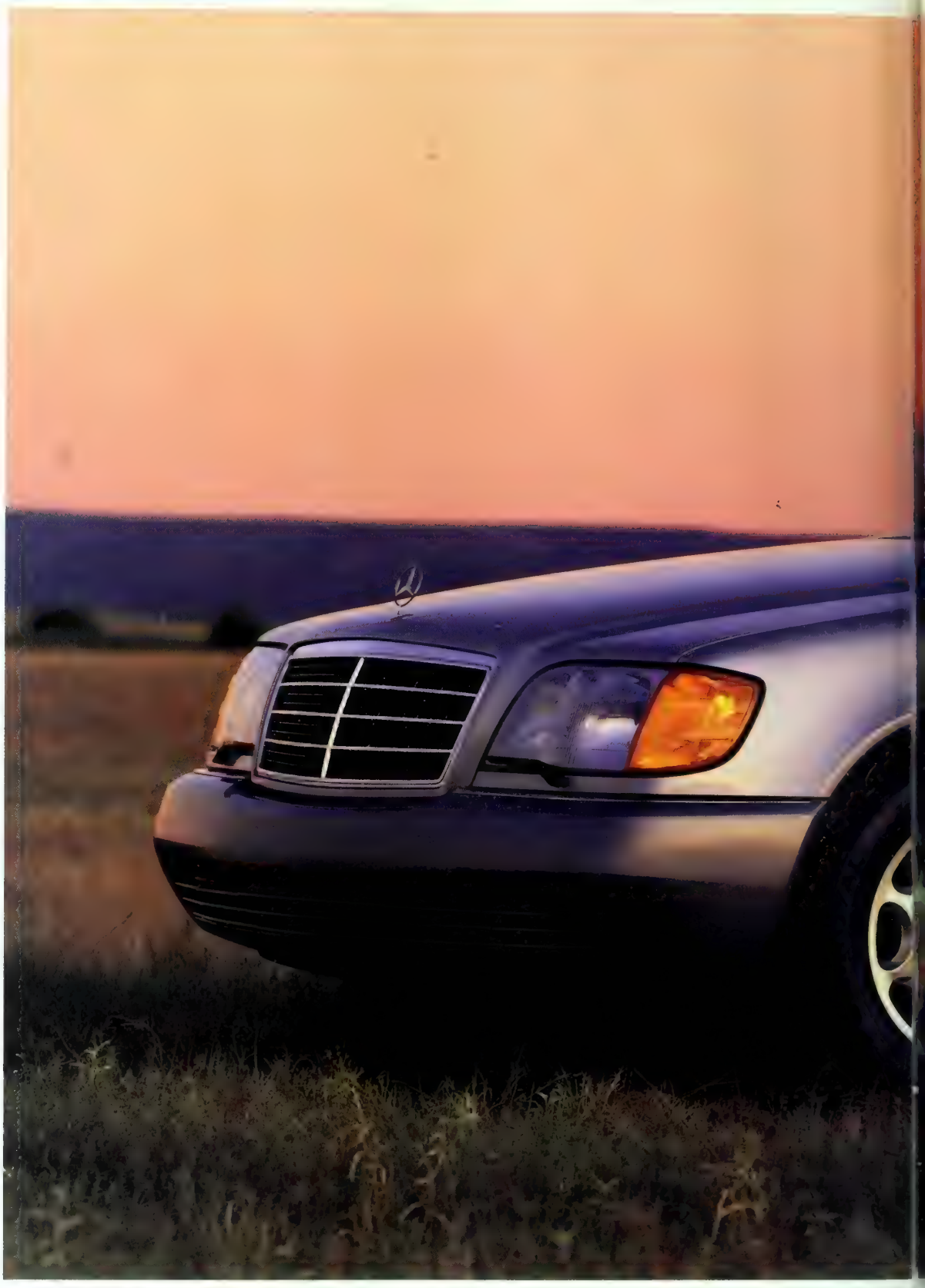
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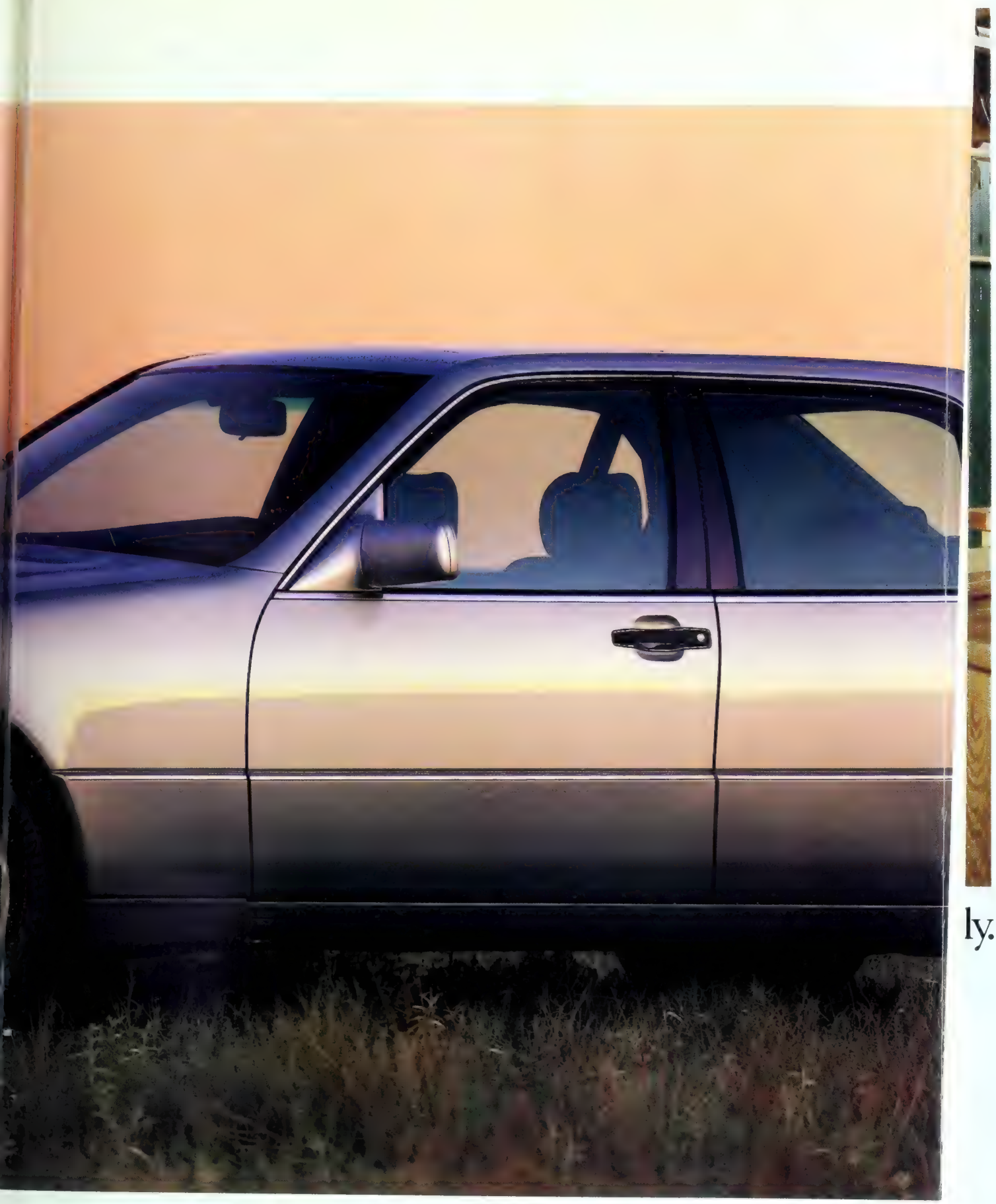
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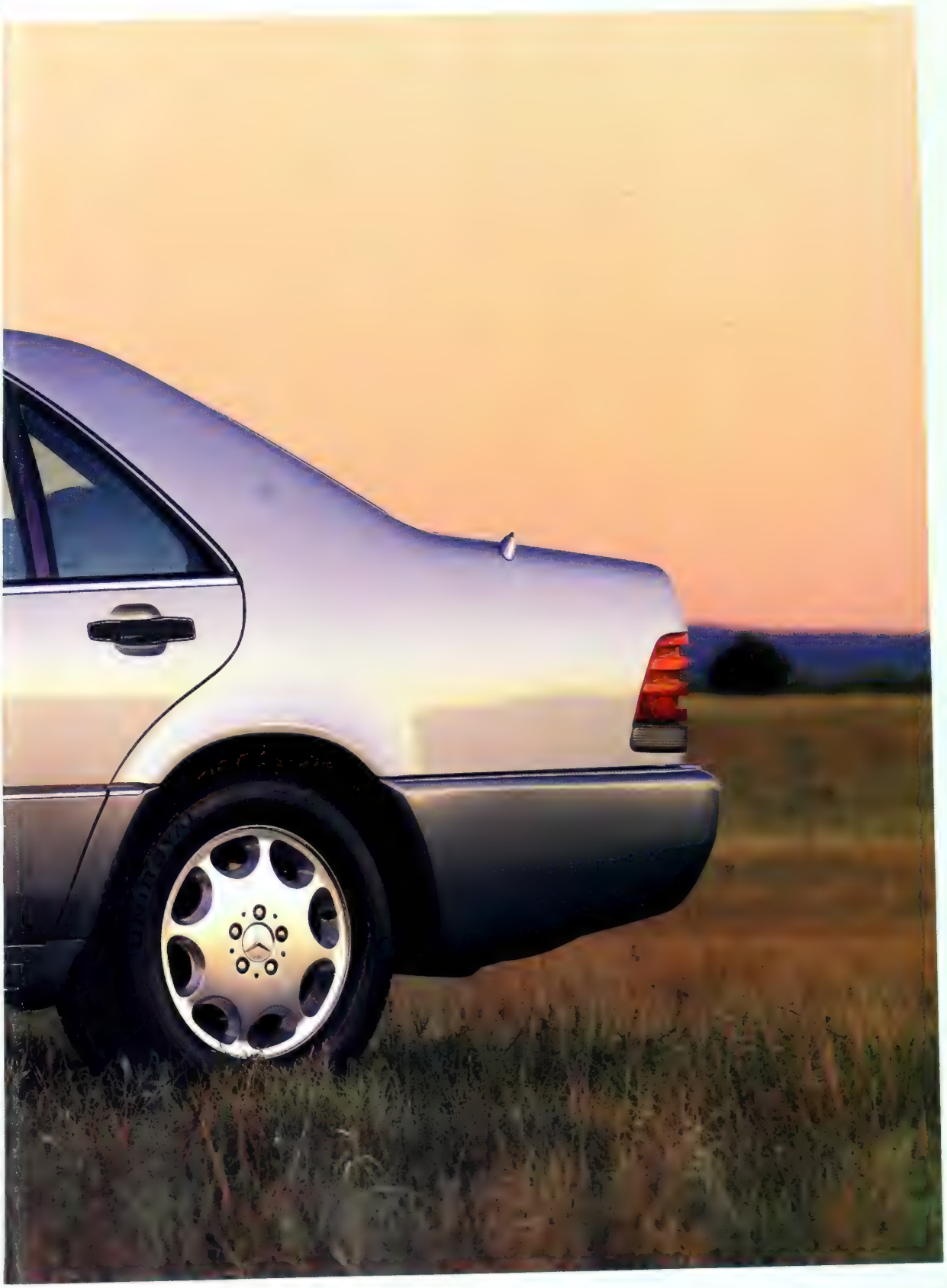
Long-wheelbase 600 SEL
and 500 SEL versions of
the new S-Class furnish
near-limousine dimensions
of rear seat living space.

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Meanwhile, standard-wheelbase 400 SE, 300 SE and 300 SD* Sedans almost match the interior space of previous long-wheelbase models.

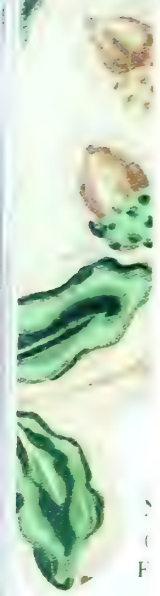
The extensive no-charge service provisions of the new Maintenance Plus program are standard with every 1992 S-Class.

*Diesel models not available in California





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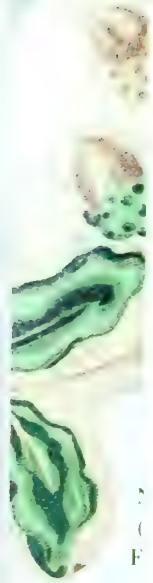
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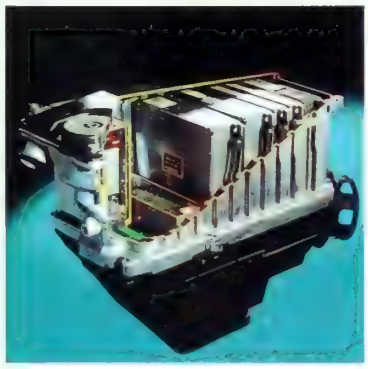


The climate control system can filter out dust, pollen and even spores of five microns in size.

Generosity of space should delight current S-Class owners and astonish everyone else.



The 322-hp 32-valve 500 SEL V-8, one of a new range of high-performance V-12, V-8, and gasoline and turbodiesel sixes.



This control module is the heart of one of the most sophisticated electronic systems ever built into an automobile.



Side windows sandwich dehumidified air between two sheets of glass to seal out summer heat, winter cold and noise the year round.



The new S-Class makes slamming doors obsolete: an electro-pneumatic device pulls the door shut when it touches the lock.

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Thigh length varies among different drivers – so drivers can vary the length of the seat cushion for custom-fit support.



The Bose® Beta audio system premieres in the new S-Class: 240 watts, 11 speakers, concert-hall sound for every occupant.





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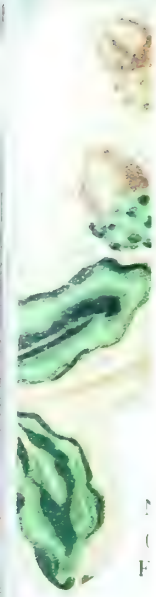
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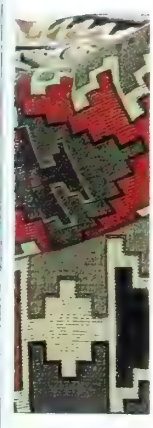
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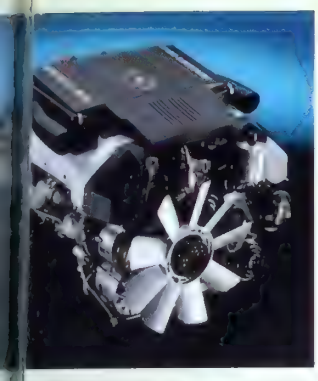
Occupant safety advancements rank among the most significant achievements of the new S-Class. Once again, Mercedes-Benz has used technological innovation not to make headlines but to make progress.



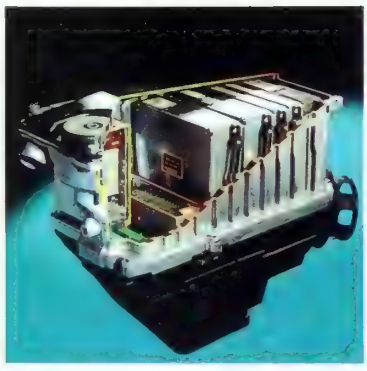
Offset crash simulation of the 500 SEL.

The new S-Class sedan includes driver and front passenger air bags as part of its Supplemental Restraint System.

An even stronger central body structure improved front and re "crumple zones," and enhanced side-impact protection measures.



The 322-hp 32-valve 500 SEL V-8, one of a new range of high-performance V-12, V-8, and gasoline and turbodiesel sixes.



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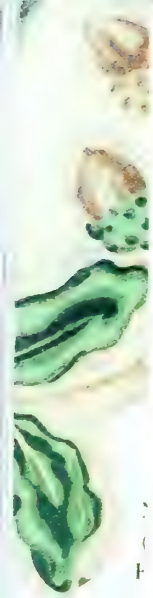
Thigh length varies among different drivers – so drivers can vary the length of the seat cushion for custom-fit support.



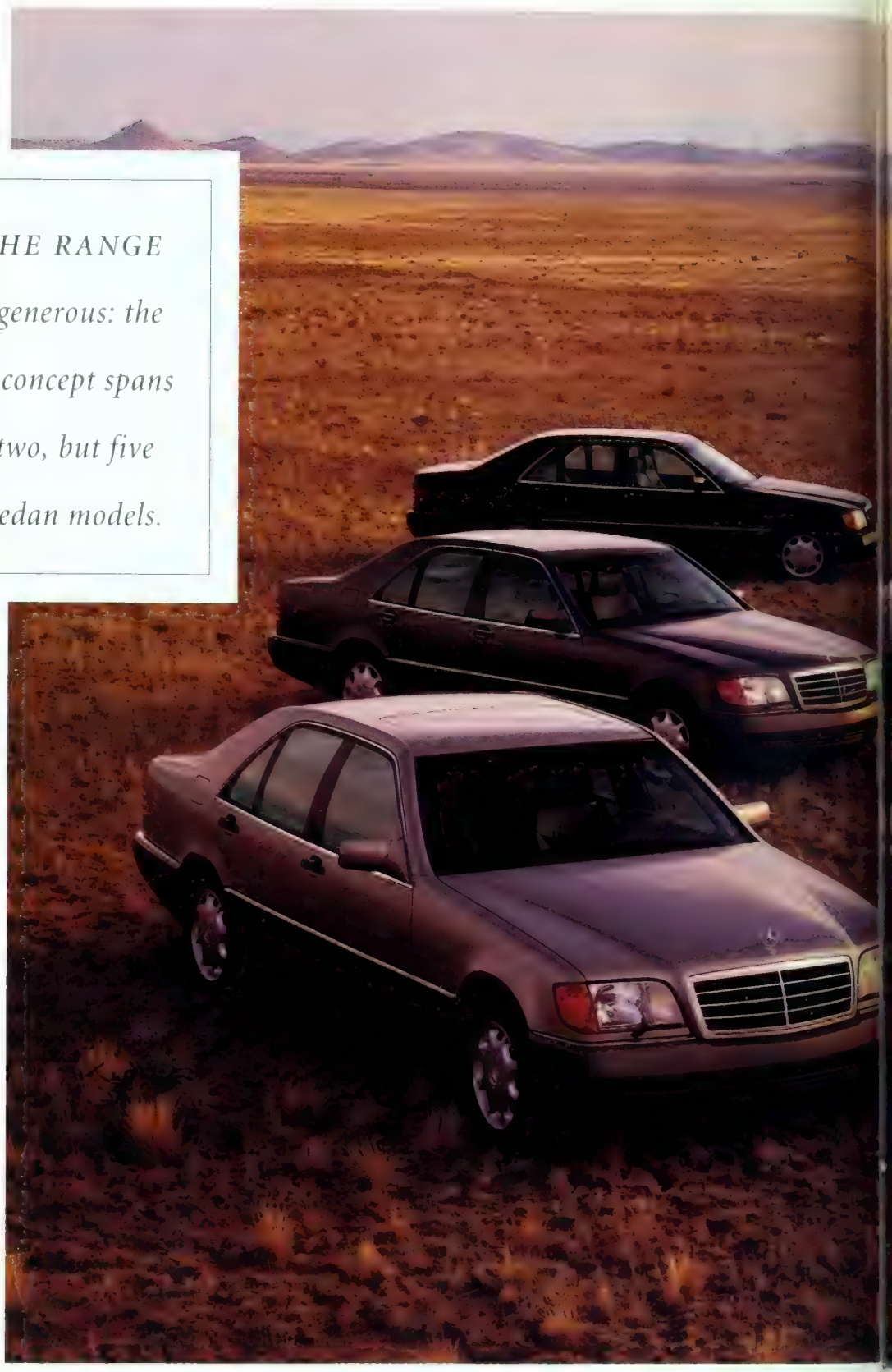
The Bose® Beta audio system premieres in the new S-Class: 240 watts, 11 speakers, concert-hall sound for every occupant.



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EVEN THE RANGE of choice is generous: the new S-Class concept spans not one or two, but five distinctive sedan models.

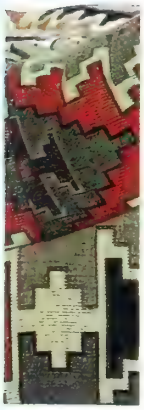


Top: the 300SD* Turbodiesel Sedan. Turbocharged 148-hp six-cylinder engine.

Middle: the 300SE Sedan. 228-hp 24-valve six-cylinder engine.

Bottom: the 400SE Sedan. 282-hp 32-valve V-8 engine.

*Diesel models not available in California.



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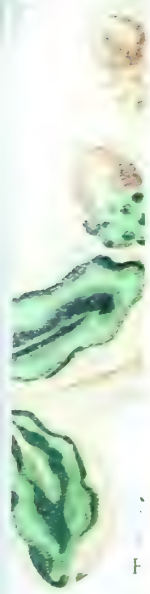




Top: the 500 SEL
Sedan. 322-hp
32-valve V-8 engine,
long wheelbase.

Bottom: the 600 SEL
Sedan. 402-hp
48-valve V-12 engine,
long wheelbase.

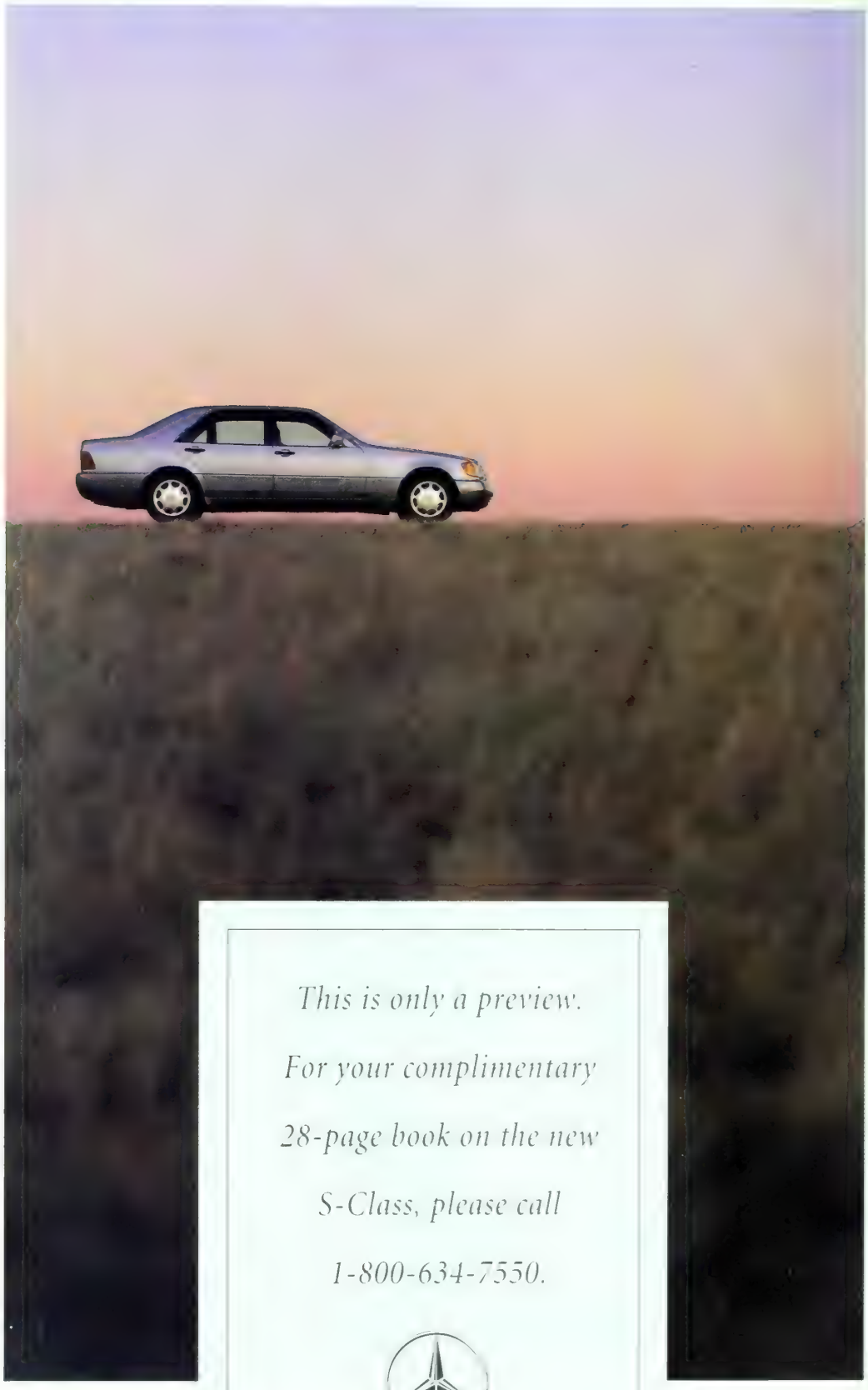
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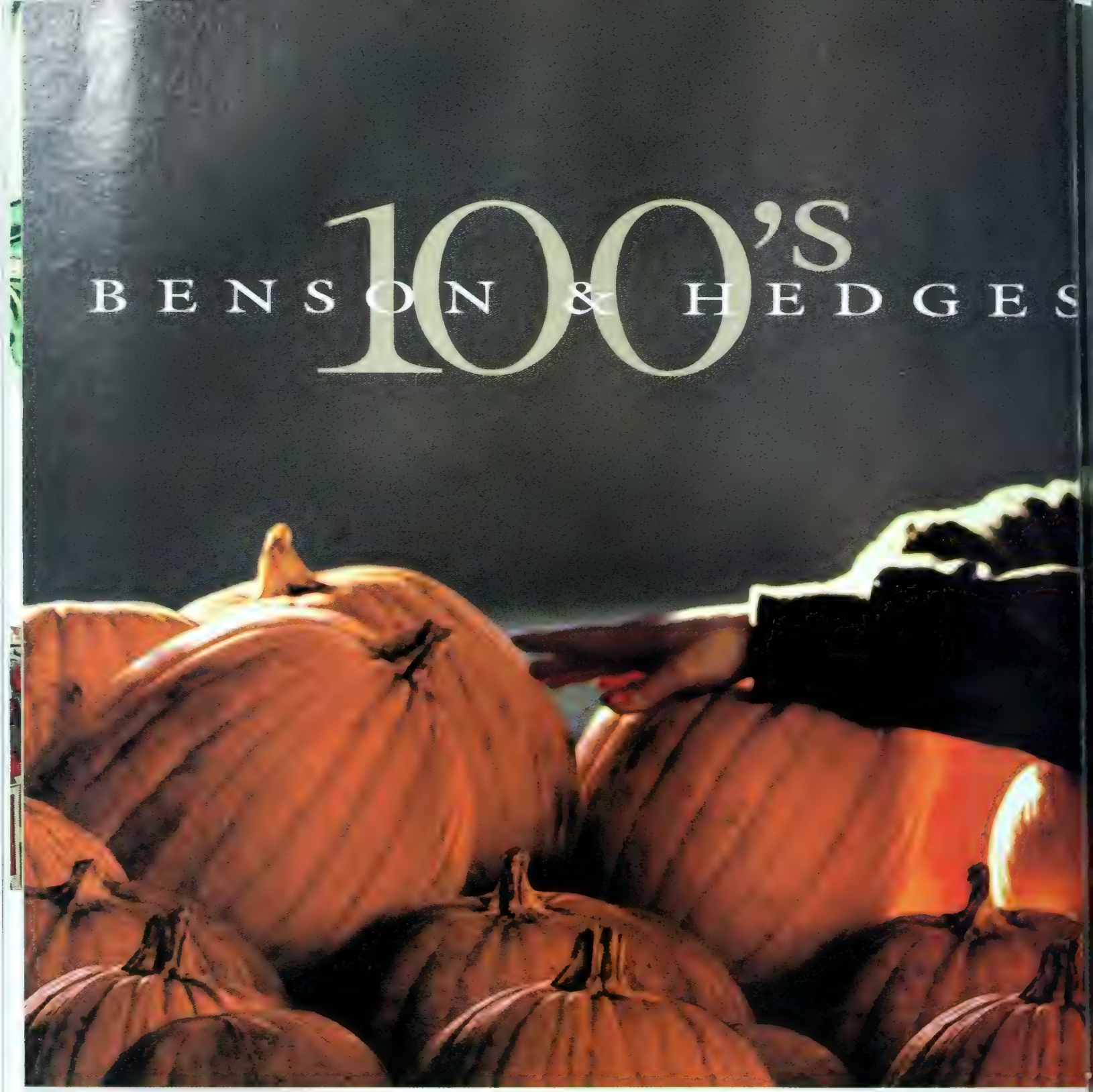
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The Hermitage at Selborne, Hampshire, above, by Samuel Hieronymus Grimm, 1777. Right: Cascade for West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, attributed to Giovanni Niccolò Servandoni, c. 1748.



world not through what man can do to it but what it can do for man. Contrast the undulating asymmetries of Lancelot "Capability" Brown's designs of the 1760s with, say, the exquisite but essentially constricted gardens of seventeenth-century France and Japan, and the English garden seems nothing short of revolutionary. The imposition of obvious artifice gives way to a gentle and tactful improvement of what was already there, coaxing the land into an ideal version of itself.

For all its offhand grace, the English garden was the domain of human intelligence

None of the works on display better illustrates that than Humphry Repton's delightful fold-away rendering of the prospect from Wimpole Hall, a country house in Cambridgeshire, in which an obtrusive stand of trees disappears to open an unobstructed view of a Gothic tower on a nearby hilltop. Needless to say, it took considerable sums to move hills, dig lakes, and otherwise remind Mother Nature of what she had forgotten to do the first time around. Thus the history of English landscape design also intersects with economics and politics. At the very moment that the industrial revolution and the expansion of Britain's colonies spurred a nostalgic awareness of the beauty of the rural heart of the nation, those new sources of income helped finance the costly labor-intensive indulgence of sculpting the landscape on a comprehensive scale.

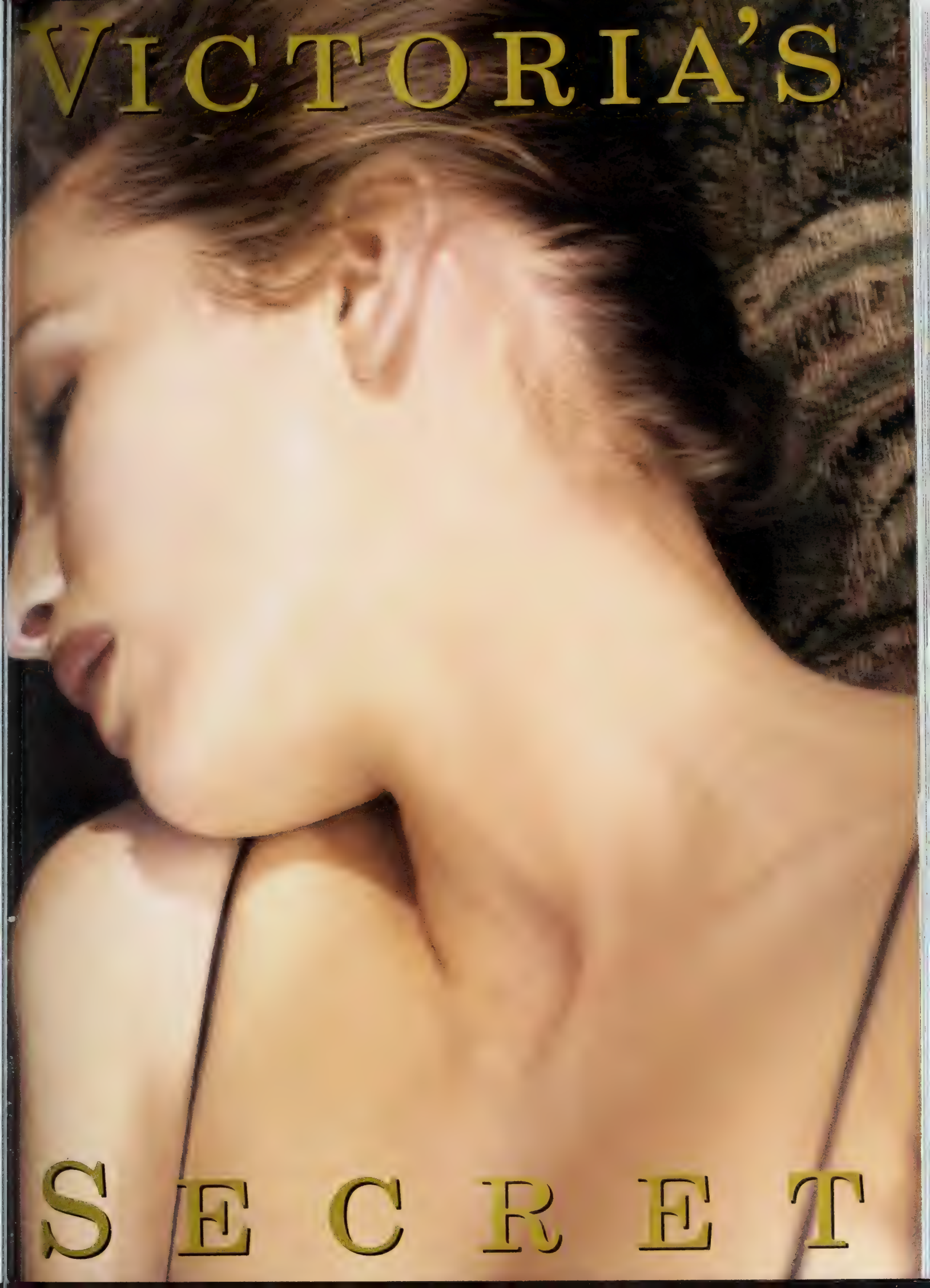
That was epitomized by Stourhead in Wiltshire and Stowe in Buckinghamshire, also England's greatest collections of garden follies. But as the less ambitious schemes emphasize, the urge to make a demi-paradise in one's own backyard was not limited to magnates. Even country squires of relatively modest means could erect an obelisk or trellis that caught the eye and acted as a reminder that for all its offhand grace the English garden was still the domain of human intelligence.

Modernism made one of its first appearances in the English garden. The standard histories of modern architecture begin with the marvelous iron and glass greenhouses and conservatories of the early nineteenth century, and in no other country have distinguished architects worked more closely with their counterparts in the garden, exemplified by the famous collaborations of Gertrude Jekyll and Sir Edwin Lutyens (whose remarkable garden for Castle Drogo in Devon, designed during and just after World War I, is one of the show's highlights).

When Shakespeare wrote of England as "this blessed plot," he might well have been referring to the ideal conjunction of topography and climate that has been one of the most necessary components of his country's flourishing garden culture. Yet as "An English Arcadia" suggests, there is much more to this centuries-old phenomenon than merely taking advantage of a good hand dealt by nature. Isolated from the turmoils of the Continent and later the center of a worldwide empire, England carefully cultivated its collective identity not in its churches or palaces (few of which approached foreign splendors) but in its gardens. It was a nationalism of a most subtle variety, reinforcing the message that there is no place like home. Even for those of us whose homes are elsewhere, that is a compelling commentary on the deeply emotional appeal of the enlivening art of gardening. ♠



Moses Griffith's Tower of the Winds at Shugborough, Staffordshire, c. 1780.


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Baron of Bistros

Jean-Michel Diot delivers the lusty cooking of Provence to New York diners

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS

At a time of year when Manhattan is shrugging off its cotton cardigan and thinking about wrapping up in a good woolen coat, Jean-Michel Diot is dreaming about the sun. "My cuisine is always an expression of my mood, of my response to the day," says the lanky thirty-two-year-old French chef. "When I woke up this morning and felt the drop in temperature, it gave me the desire to use sunny ingredients—basil with rigatoni, lemon with guinea fowl—to give my customers a little warmth."

Tossing a mountain of roasted vegetables and beef bones for stock, Diot outlines his "cuisine de tempérament" from the red and cream tiled kitchen at Park Bistro (414 Park Avenue South; 212-689-1360), the restaurant he joined (and rescued) in the winter of 1989. Today his establishment remains perhaps this country's most sincere exponent of French bistro cooking—lusty, satisfying, and the precise opposite of cerebral. But while respecting the democratic assumptions of the bistro tradition, Diot's comfort food is also more evolved, less humble than most, the volume turned up high on its bright Mediterranean flavors and combinations. In one of his early signature dishes, which filled Park Bistro's banquettes with patrons, he layered fillet of cod with mashed potatoes over a base of oven-dried tomatoes and crowned the whole with a tangle of deep-fried leeks. In the heat and hysteria of the so-called New York bistro explosion—fueled by Diot's opening late last year of Les Halles (411 Park Avenue South; 212-679-4111), where the food is simpler, the prices kinder, and the pace faster—his was the standard against which so many others were judged.

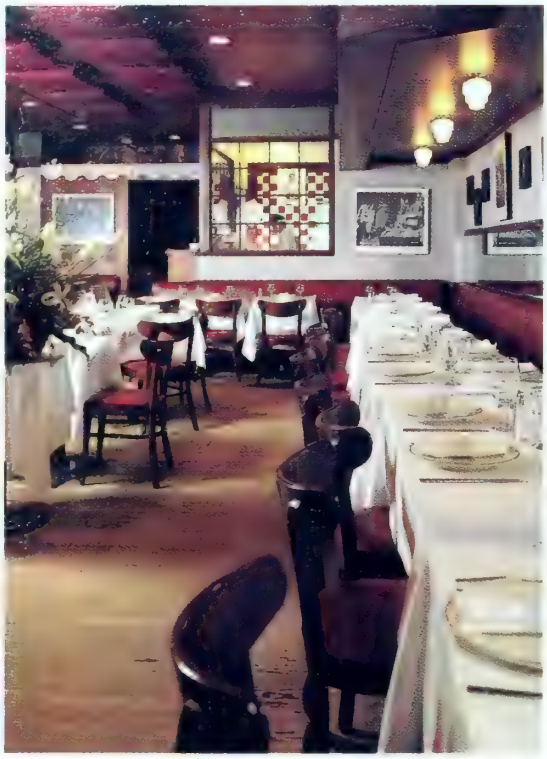


Born in Vichy and raised in Vienne outside Lyons, Diot received his most important training in coastal Provence. He had already put in time in the celebrated kitchen of Michel Guérard at Eugénie-les-Bains in southwest France when, in 1984, he joined Jacques Chibois at the Royal Gray in Cannes. There Diot recognized the muscular freehanded cuisine of Provence as the style that would shape his own cooking. Later, as executive chef at Maxim's de Paris in New York, he met Max Bernard, the maître d'hôtel with whom he would revive Park Bistro; Philippe Lajaunie, a mutual French friend,

Diot, above left, at Les Halles. Above: Hochepot de boeuf enriched with duck legs en confit and truffles. Left: Tarte sablée au chocolat served with orange compote.


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Diot's cooking is lusty, satisfying, and the precise opposite of cerebral





Like all good bistros, Park Bistro, above, is colorful and crowded with tables. Above right: At Les Halles, a retail butcher specializes in French cuts and preparations. Below right: Diot's version of a pissaladière, a classic tart from the Riviera, calls for tuna, onion, and fennel.

was partner number three. The team hung Park Bistro's walls with photographs of Simone Signoret and Jean Cocteau, lined jars of preserved vegetables above a banner of scalloped lace, and slipped a cassette of French pop singer Patricia Kaas into the tape player. With Diot at the oven, success blew through the velvet draft curtain at the entrance within weeks.

Les Halles, where Diot installed the Portuguese chef José de Meirelles, was the same quick success. Furnished with vintage counters and a marble-topped cashier's desk shipped over from a butcher's shop in France, the restaurant has a ceiling painted to suggest decades of accumulated Gauloises smoke. Just inside the front door, Bruno Guibert, a Nantes native, runs a retail butcher's counter specializing in French cuts and preparations such as ratatouille-stuffed shoulder of lamb.

"I bring a young interpretation to cuisine de bistro—ameliorating, transforming, recomposing," says Diot, whose free-range chickens, milk-fed lamb, pork, herbs, and mesclun come from North Country Natural Meats and Lucky Duck Farms in upstate New York. "I take a pissaladière, the onion and anchovy tart of the Riviera, and do it with fennel and thinly sliced tuna to give it a lighter note. My version of a pan-bagnat, a kind of salade niçoise sandwich, is spread with a purée of olives and anchovies and layered with sardines. And in addition to the expected cuts of meat, my hochepot is enriched with duck confit and truffles."

Having also created Park Avenue Gourmandises, a café and specialty food shop, and Park Avenue Townhouse, a catering business, the baron of New York bistros is thinking about launching another kind of restaurant in the French vernacular. "What this town needs," says Diot, hungry eyes dancing, "is a good brasserie."



HOCHEPOT DE BOEUF LES HALLES

Les Halles Stew

- 1 pound beef rib bones
- 2 pounds beef shin
- 1 pound beef shank
- 2 pounds oxtail, cut into 8 pieces
- 1 veal shank
- Coarse sea salt
- 3 black peppercorns
- ½ pound leeks, green part removed and reserved
- 1 head savoy cabbage
- 1 bunch parsley
- 4 sprigs fresh thyme
- ½ pound onions
- 4 cloves
- ½ pound carrots
- 8 pieces marrow bone, 1½ inch each
- ½ pound turnips
- 1 pound celery stalks
- 1 fennel bulb
- 1 truffle
- 3 cloves garlic
- 4 duck legs en confit
- 6 tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon horseradish
- Pinch of dried thyme
- Pickles (optional)

Place first 5 ingredients in a large pot and add enough water to cover completely. Cook 20 minutes, uncovered, over very high heat. Skim fat from top. Reduce flame and add sea salt (about ¾ teaspoon per quart of water) and peppercorns. Cook another 20 minutes, skimming fat occasionally.

While stock is cooking, tie the leeks in a bunch. Core the cabbage head and cut into 4 pieces. Make a bouquet garni of the parsley, thyme sprigs, and the green part of the leeks. Cut the onions



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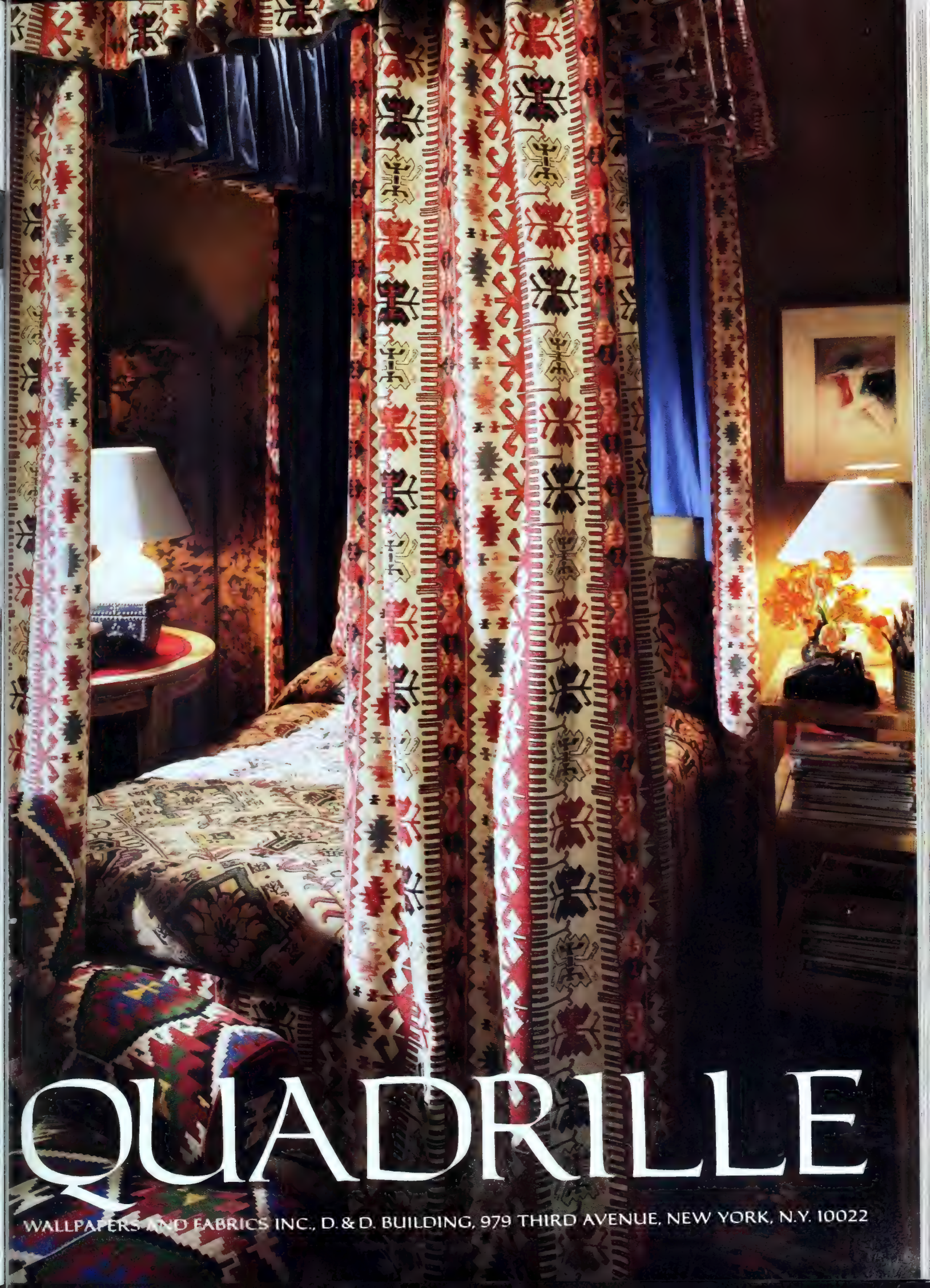


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f and stick the cloves into them. slice of carrot to each end of mar- pieces. Add leeks, cabbage, on- remaining carrots, turnips, celery, fennel, truffle, 1 garlic clove, and bouquet garni and cook 15 minutes. Remove turnips and cook 25 minutes, removing vegetables to a bowl with a little broth as they are done. Add the duck legs en confit, 2 tomatoes, and the marrow bone pieces. Cook another 30 minutes and skim a final time.

To make tomato sauce, chop remaining 4 tomatoes and 2 garlic cloves. Combine with horseradish, dried thyme, and 2 ladles broth. Cook 20–30 minutes over low heat. Moisten meat and vegetables with a little broth. Serve tomato sauce separately and garnish with the pickles. Serves 8.

PISSALADIÈRE DE THON FRAIS

Tuna, Onion, and Fennel Tart

½ pound packaged puff pastry
2 large onions
2 bulbs fennel
¾ cup plus 3 tablespoons olive oil
2 cloves garlic, crushed
4 sprigs fresh thyme
1 bay leaf
Salt and freshly ground pepper
4 fresh tuna steaks, about 6 ounces each
1 medium carrot
1 yellow pepper
1 red pepper
1 medium zucchini
2 tomatoes
1 tablespoon soy sauce
5 tablespoons lemon juice
1 small bunch chives
3 sprigs fresh basil
25 pitted olives

Roll out pastry to 10 inches in diameter and ⅓ inch thick. Prick with a fork, then place on a lightly greased baking sheet and refrigerate. Cut onions in half lengthwise and slice thinly. Repeat with 1 bulb fennel. In a heavy bottomed casserole, warm 5 tablespoons of the olive oil over low heat. Add onion and fennel slices, crushed garlic cloves, 1 sprig thyme, and bay leaf. Sauté 15–20 minutes over low heat, stirring often; do not allow onion to brown. Season with salt and pepper and set aside.

Place each tuna steak between two sheets of plastic wrap and flatten to about ⅔ inch thick.

To make vegetable vinaigrette, dice carrot, peppers, remaining fennel bulb, zucchini, and tomatoes. Warm 2 tablespoons olive oil in a frying pan and sauté vegetables 2 minutes until tender. Put the mixture in a salad bowl and add soy sauce, lemon juice, and remaining olive oil. Stir and set aside.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Chop chives, julienne basil, strip remaining thyme sprigs, and chop olives. Bake pastry about 12 minutes until golden. Remove crust from oven and spread onion mixture on top. Place tuna steaks on top of onion, covering surface of the tart. Bake 5 minutes until tuna is just cooked. Before serving, top with vegetable vinaigrette and sprinkle with herbs and olives. Serves 8.

TARTE SABLÉE AU CHOCOLAT

Chocolate Tart with Shortbread Crust

1 pound butter, at room temperature
1¾ cups sugar
2 pinches salt
6 eggs
2½ cups sifted flour
2 egg yolks
7 ounces bitter chocolate
¼ cup corn starch
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Combine 7 ounces of the butter, ¾ cup of the sugar, salt, and 2 eggs. Slowly add flour, mixing only until incorporated. Form a ball with the dough, wrap in a damp cloth, and refrigerate 2 hours. Roll out dough to 10 inches in diameter and ⅔ inch thick and place in a pie tin. Line with aluminum foil, weigh down, and bake 10 minutes.

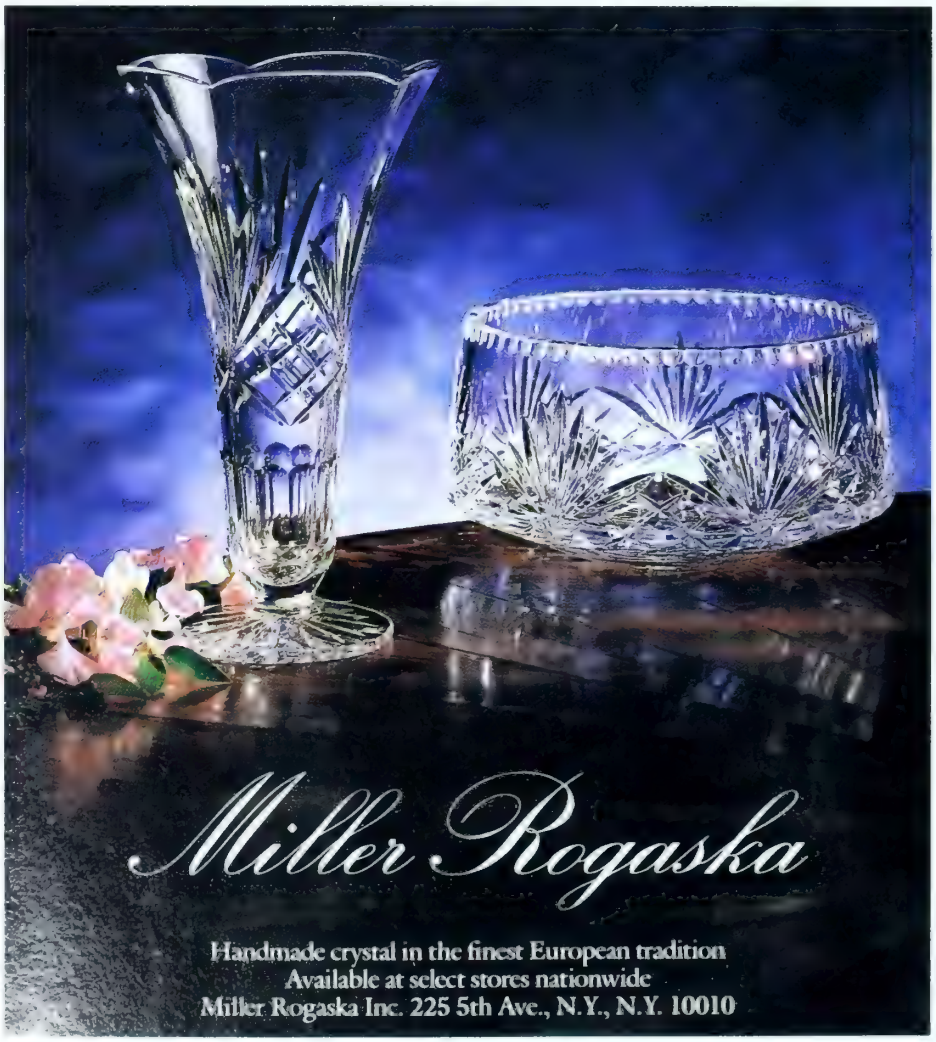
Combine the remaining 4 eggs, egg yolks, and cup of sugar and beat with an electric mixer fitted with a whisk attachment until mixture turns completely white. Meanwhile, melt the chocolate in a bain-marie, soften the remaining butter, and gently fold in the chocolate. When egg mixture is white, add corn starch, then combine with chocolate and butter. Pour over crust and bake 1 hour at 300 degrees. Before serving, dust with confectioners' sugar and top with Salade d'Oranges (recipe below). Serves 8.

SALADE D'ORANGES

Orange Compote

8 oranges
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons rough-cut orange marmalade

Finely julienne zest of 4 of the oranges and place in a heavy bottomed casserole with sugar and 6 tablespoons of water. Cook over low heat until syrupy, about 30 minutes, then drain. Peel oranges, remove white fiber, and separate into sections. Combine with marmalade and cooked zest. ♠



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Listening to the Amazon

Life at La Selva attunes visitors to the rhythm of the rain forest

BY PETER HALDEMAN

Jan Morris once said she was often less concerned with what a place was than with what it might be. A complicated and peculiar attitude for a travel writer, I used to think, but the distinction is one I've come to appreciate.

Selva is Spanish for jungle; La Selva is the aptly simple name Eric Schwartz, an erstwhile screenwriter from Los Angeles, selected for the retreat he built four years ago in the middle of one of the few untouched rain forests in the Amazon. The terminus of a one-hour flight over the Andes from Quito, Ecuador, a three-hour motorized canoe expedition down the muddy Río Napo, a half-hour hike into the jungle on a chonta-slat trail, and another half-hour paddle by canoe through swamps lined with mangrove and fallen trees, La Selva is a highly agreeable clump of palm-thatched bamboo huts overlooking a calm broad lake the color of beef bouillon. Each small hut (there are sixteen in all) contains a pair of four-poster beds draped with mosquito netting, a shower and toilet, and a couple of kerosene lamps. Two larger huts serve as the lounge and dining room where an attentive Indian staff in chef's whites serves up French-Ecuadorian dishes (roast pork in tropical seasonings, catfish in wine sauce) with jams, mousses, and drinks from local fruits that have fictional-sounding names: uvillas, guayabas, guanábanas. A few well-trained naturalists are on hand for guided jungle exploration—or one can take in the jungle from a hammock, contemplate the reflection of mauritia palms and fig trees in the placid surface of Garzacocha, or Heron Lake.

"At La Selva, anything is possible," goes the promotional literature, the Club Med intimations of which seemed distinctly at odds with the very exoticism of the place, the green teemingness of the rain forest and its indifference to human comfort. When the equatorial sun was not searing the patch of skin I missed with SPF-30, it was usually obscured by clouds promising monsoonlike precipitation. One late afternoon we paddled up the lake under cumuli stagily backlit by a golden setting sun. Our guide directed our attention to the clouds behind us, black thunderheads accumulating mass like giant dividing cells. In a minute we were deluged; in another minute the storm had passed and we were gliding tranquilly through one end of a technicolor rainbow. The jungle quickened. Monkeys chattered in the palms; an ungainly hoatzin flapped its way out of the lagoon; macaws, toucans, and parrots screeched at one another from the tangled banks. Orchids and giant ferns dripped into the lake whose depths concealed, I imagined, the stirrings of the caimans we'd located with flashlights the night before, the electric eels and the piranhas we'd only heard about. Piranhas,



At La Selva guests can experience the rain forest from a canoe, above, a hundred-foot observation tower, top, or a hammock.


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La Selva is a place where the ear is the primary organ; we heard many more animals than we saw

we were told, eat people only in movies; the strangler fig works its hanging roots around the host tree until it is consumed; the ocelot hunts in trees as well as on the ground; the giant conga ant and the tiny fire ant are quite toxic; the anaconda can swallow a deer; the ground bones of the bullfrog will cure a child's cough; the flowers of the banana tree are used as a female contraceptive. The intricate threatened warp and woof of jungle life was starting to become something more immediate than a sonorous voice-over for *Nature*.

The threat in this case comes from oil companies. All the more pointed, then, our cartoon strip of man-versus-nature encounters: the outboard on our canoe dies on a silt bar and we bob downstream, flattened in the hull to avoid disfigurement by the branches overhead, until our guide can locate a safe inlet. Leaving La Selva, on our way back up the Río Napo, the fog is so thick that we travel in a circle, to the hilarity of the dugout crew, returning after logging several miles to our point of departure—a journey that would be frustrating only somewhere else, somewhere, for example, where there are accurate plane schedules. In the middle of the forest, after watching a hundred-foot tree spontaneously topple and crash on the jungle floor, we climb a wooden observation tower of the same height and indeterminate soundness: I remember an extra gravitational tug, suddenly experiencing the canopy below as a lush vortex. Back on earth, where it had started to rain, one of our party related the story of a friend who'd been on safari in Kenya with a woman from San Francisco who strayed from camp and was fatally gored by a Cape buffalo; the poor woman's husband remarried within the year. On our mucky way back to our huts, our own camp, we listened to the horrible post-Darwinian narrative with the fascination of Boy Scouts trading ghost stories.

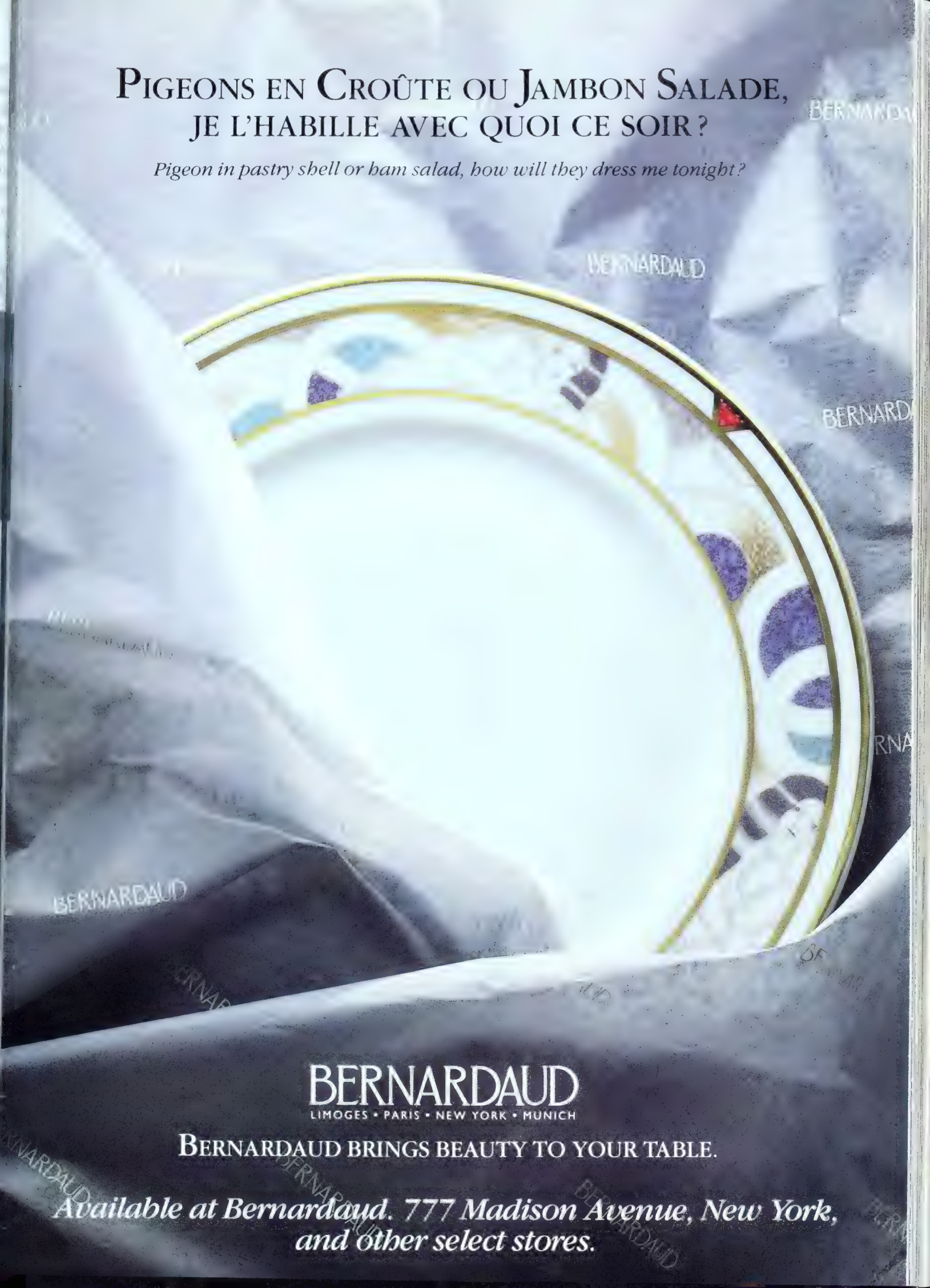
La Selva is a place where anything is, if not possible, at least imaginable.



La Selva's huts have palm-thatched roofs and four-poster beds.

It's a place where the ear is the primary organ; we heard many more animals than we saw—and titi monkeys, for instance, can suggest anything from a parakeet's squabble to the labor pains of something prehistoric. Under palm fronds a heavy equatorial rain sounds much the way you'd expect, but it can put you in mind of all kinds of things. It made me suppose, briefly, that I lived here, a Hollywood dropout who raised butterflies and led a Kurtz-like existence. Eric Schwartz told us he'd discovered the site for La Selva paddling around in his canoe: he lost his balance and capsized, and when he came up the first thing he saw was a clearing above a gentle rise at the lake's edge. He said he had found seventeen-hundred-year-old pottery shards on the property when he was putting up the huts. One morning two of us spent a couple of hours collecting fragments around the stilts of our hut. They may be the remains of fourth-century pottery. Or they may be pieces of late twentieth century concrete. I keep them on a bookshelf next to a pair of gold cuff links. (La Selva, 6 de Diciembre, 2816, Quito, Ecuador; 2-554-686) ▲




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The Convivial Vineyard

Family and friends enjoy the fruits and flowers of Molly Chappellet's garden

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

The more passionate I become about the garden, the more it directs my life," says Molly Chappellet, the châtelaine of Chappellet Vineyard in the Napa Valley. "It tells me what to cook, how to decorate, and how to entertain." Now her plots—one overgrown with berries and vegetables and flowers, the other a carefully tended patch of herbs shaded by sunflowers—and the way of life they have inspired are the focus of Chappellet's new book, *A Vineyard Garden,* published last month by Viking Studio Books.

Molly and her husband, Donn, live in a rambling house in the heart of the family vineyard where they raised their six children. Now three have returned to work at the winery, and grandchildren are roaming the garden for raspberries and helping to husk ears of sweet corn for dinner. Innumerable guests also find their way along the winding road up Pritchard Hill, drawn by Molly Chappellet's reputation as an innovative hostess.



Over the years she has managed to integrate her family responsibilities with her own design and event-planning business, her role at the vineyard, and her writing, so it is no wonder that she takes a purposely unpretentious approach to entertaining. One spur-of-the-moment dinner had guests harvesting purple beans and tiny ears of corn, which she cooked—barely—by passing them through boiling water. "The less done to food the better," she says. Dessert was peaches, just off the tree, served warm with homemade ice cream and toasted coconut.

"I like to get guests involved," she explains. "They enjoy a meal more if they take part in its preparation. Our scone and berry breakfasts are great fun. Each guest



The Napa Valley hills, top, serve as backdrop for rows of grapes at the Chappellet Vineyard. Molly Chappellet, above center, gathers matilija poppies from her garden to enhance a table setting of china in a cactus pattern, right. Above right: Grandchildren Luke Amaru and Sequoia husk corn for the evening meal.


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takes a basket and heads for the raspberry and blackberry patches. While they're out picking, I bake scones and keep them warm by putting them on a large flat stone that's been heated in the oven and covering them with a pretty napkin. When everyone comes back, we eat the scones with the berries."

Lunch, she writes, is often taken in the middle of the garden near a concave washing stone with a faucet where vegetables fresh from the earth are cleaned and served. "We grow a lot of what we eat right in the garden, and we eat much of it raw."

When there is cooking to be done, it falls to Molly or to Donn, who often gets a hand from son Cyril. Unlike most good cooks, Molly is not at all territorial in the kitchen. She loves to collaborate with accomplished chefs and has shared her stovetop with the best. Her most amusing culinary memories involve longtime friend Dinah Shore: "We have a great time together because we're both so messy, and we like to ad-lib a lot."

The studied casualness of Molly Chappellet's lifestyle coexists, of course, with a rapt attention to detail. On the terrace a table dressed in a purple cloth has a mound of red purple cabbages for a centerpiece. ("I've had this madness for purple for ages," Chappellet confides. "It developed because there's a purple in the air here, especially in the evening when the mountains turn lavender.") Outside, a picnic table is set with bowls shaped like cactus blossoms and white matilija poppies.

As a professional party organizer, she favors outdoor events with wind tents and banners, and fashions audacious centerpieces of familiar foods in unfamiliar contexts. Among them: celery stalks stacked up like Lincoln Logs and bunches of leeks with their roots in the air for American Institute of Wine and Food events in San Francisco. She designed a fête in a Santa Barbara greenhouse, with potting tables set with terra-cotta saucers as place plates—another instance of gardens telling Molly Chappellet what to do. ♠





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Empire of Ornament

Owen Jones led Victorians into a whole new world of color and pattern

BY CHARLOTTE GERE

Small strips of colour in violent contrast in all directions will be both painful and unsightly." With this biting comment a critic in the British *Art Journal,* writing in 1850, summed up the general feeling about Owen Jones's proposed scheme for the interior decoration of the Crystal Palace, then rising with almost miraculous speed in Hyde Park. The public was not ready for the bright primary colors that Jones orchestrated in geometric progression on the columns and girders of Sir Joseph Paxton's vast iron and glass structure. "We must protest in the strongest terms, against the commonplace vulgarity of the conception," the litany of criticism continued. Complete vindication was to come only when the finished project was unveiled at the Great Exhibition of 1851.



Owen Jones, top right. Above: His scheme for the Crystal Palace nave, 1850. Left: Renaissance patterns from *The Grammar of Ornament,* 1856. Below: Greek vase motif.

Jones can hardly have expected such a violent reaction to his scientific and historicist scheme, which was based on the pioneering color theories of the French chemist Michel-Eugène Chevreul and on his own research into the once brightly polychromatic architecture of the ancient world. Counterproposals for the Crystal Palace included pleas for a uniform bronze-green on all metalwork and, even more understated, for a series of glazes superimposed to produce a gray similar to that in Titian's paintings. These alternatives showed both the taste of the time and an imperfect grasp of the problems of decorating a huge and brilliantly lit space. When public acceptance came, however, it was complete. "Looking up the nave, with its endless rows of pillars, the scheme vanishes from extreme brightness to the hazy indistinctness which Turner alone can paint" was the measured praise of the *Illustrated London News* in a review of the Crystal Palace.

Owen Jones was over forty years of age when he encountered the hornet's nest of the Great Exhibition plans



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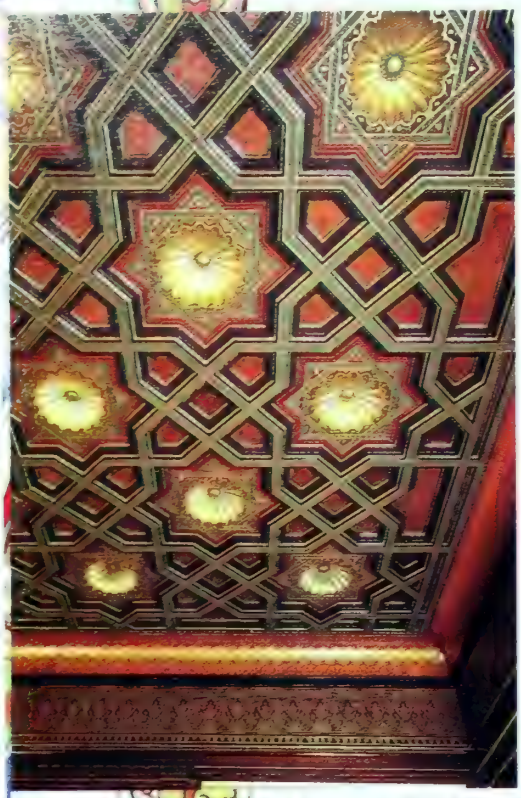
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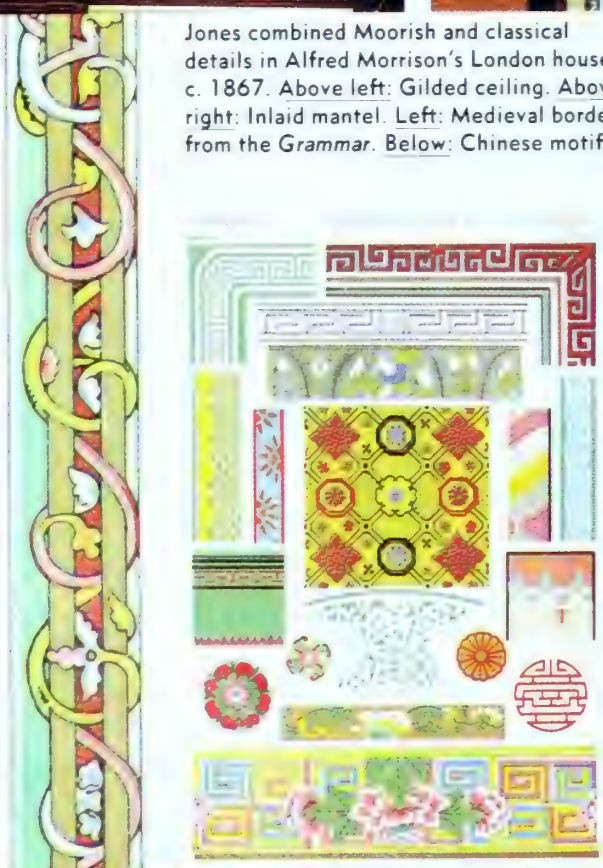
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Echoes of the Alhambra abound inside a neoclassical house





Jones combined Moorish and classical details in Alfred Morrison's London house, c. 1867. Above left: Gilded ceiling. Above right: Inlaid mantel. Left: Medieval border from the *Grammar*. Below: Chinese motifs.

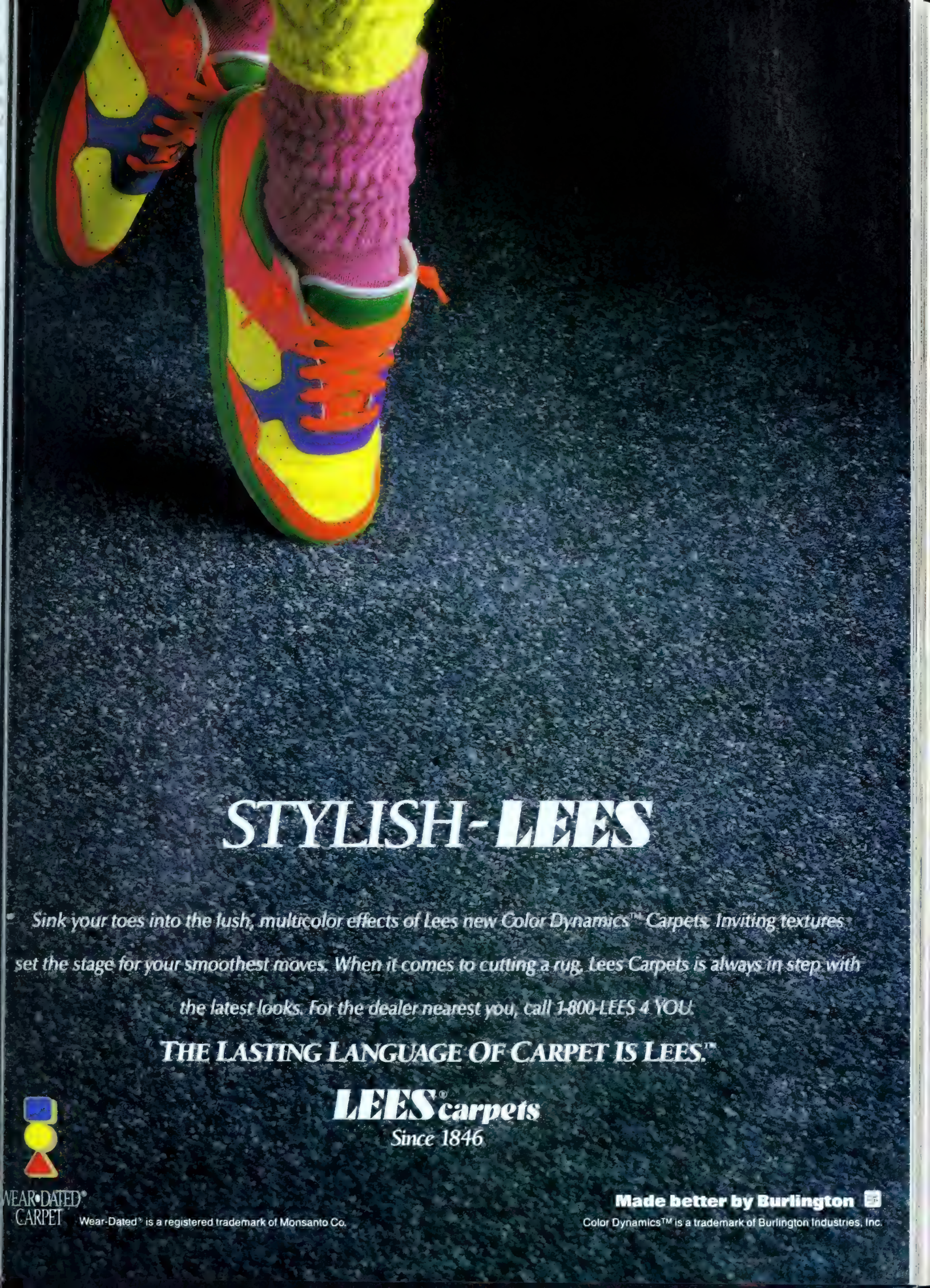


and the almost hysterical reaction to his ideas. He was already known as the author of the magnificently illustrated *Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Alhambra* (1836–45), the publication of which he had been forced to undertake himself, incidentally revolutionizing chromolithographic printing. His celebrated and enormously influential *The Grammar of Ornament* followed in 1856. The scope of the *Grammar* is much wider than the title implies, with plates that cover a universal spectrum of architectural details and decorative patterns. Egyptian columns and Indian lacquerwork, Celtic manuscripts and Renaissance enamels, modern botanical studies and the geometric carvings of "savage tribes" are only a few of the sources covered in the densely packed and richly colored illustrations. Much imitated, the book was to provide a vocabulary of motifs for Jones's contemporaries and a long line of successors, including Frank Lloyd Wright. The *Grammar* remained continually in print until 1910, and a recent facsimile of the 1856 edition (published in London by Studio Editions) made this resource available to a new generation of designers and decorators.

Although Jones was also a practicing architect, having begun his career in the office of the neoclassicist Lewis Vulliamy, relatively few of the buildings he designed were actually built. With the exception of a Crystal Palace–inspired London showroom for Osler, the decorative-glass manufacturer who supplied the fountain that was the focal point of the Crystal Palace nave, these architectural essays were of no great distinction. Jones's conventional Italianate designs for a development of private houses at Kensington Palace Gardens suffered from the crucial defect of turning out to be five times as expensive as the developer meant them to be. Large and ambitiously ornamented in the Moorish style, these houses established the palatial character of a neighborhood now given over to embassies and official residences.

Jones was to find his true artistic vocation in the field of decorative design. Research for the *Grammar* had provided him with an immense range of cultural and aesthetic reference, and yet his own work was most strikingly original when he remained faithful to the inspiration of Moorish Spain. Echoes of the *Alhambra* illustrations abound in his designs for wallpapers and textiles and, by logical extension, in his interiors.

Among his clientele as decorator, Jones numbered distinguished patrons such as the novelist George Eliot, who sought his advice for her London house. His most elaborate private projects were commissioned by the multimillionaire Alfred Morrison, heir to what was, in effect, Britain's first department store fortune and own-


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er of a country place in Wiltshire and a Regency house at 16 Carlton House Terrace in London. A patron of the arts and a connoisseur of fine craftsmanship, Morrison loved large enameled plaques, vases of gilt and painted crystal, ornate clocks with complicated mechanisms, and damascened caskets of steel inlaid with gold and silver. Jones, with his passionate interest in techniques and materials and the seemingly limitless possibilities of intricate geometric ornament, was the ideal designer to cater to this taste. For Morrison's neoclassical London house he conceived a hybrid Alhambran scheme of consummate refinement.

We know of the appearance of 16 Carlton House Terrace from contemporary descriptions, and much of the interior decorative detail begun in the mid 1860s survives intact. Now offices for the Crown Estate Commissioners, the house has recently been restored, preserving the magical effect of Jones's gilded and painted rooms—even without the furniture made to his designs by the luxury cabinet-makers Jackson & Graham, medalists at international exhibitions in Paris (1867) and Vienna (1873) where some of the ebony- and ivory-inlaid pieces were displayed. In their intended setting, these cabinets, sofas, daybeds, and overmantels—long since dispersed—stood against dadoes and fireplace surrounds inlaid to match, under Islamic-inspired coffered ceilings of extraordinary splendor.

In 1882, eight years after Jones's death, the noted arbiter of taste Mrs. Haweis wrote in her book *Beautiful Houses* that the Morrison ensemble "satisfactorily answer[s] the common complaint that modern workmen cannot, or will not, do the good work which ancient workman did." She added thoughtfully, "The cost must have been tremendous." Along with Owen Jones's illustrated books, this interior stands as his monument. Fittingly it embodies nineteenth-century craftsmanship at its most exquisite and an aesthetic at the very limit of eclecticism. ▲





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Italian Hours

An American novelist settles into a sixteenth-century hunting lodge in Tuscany

BY PAUL GERVAIS

My first exposure to things Italian was at the Prince Grotto restaurant in Lowell, Massachusetts. There I considered the mysteries of Leaning Tower lamps, plastic gondolas, and bottles shaped like bunches of grapes containing sweet white wine that I was permitted to taste on the sly. And though I was just eight years old at the time, I knew even then that I loved Italy.

The idea of moving to Tuscany came to mind in 1979 when my friend Gil Cohen and I first visited Lucca, a walled city, agreeably pious and aristocratic—"una città tranquilla," as the Lucchesi say. We got there by a set of circumstances not at all noteworthy: an invitation, given and accepted, which led to a series of discoveries and encounters. But before long the noteworthy occurred; we fell in love with Lucca and its people. Later, heading home to California, we felt as if we'd left something behind, something like an unfinished project that called us back.

The following year we visited Lucca again, this time with the intention of buying a house. An acquaintance took us to a property just on the market, a sixteenth-century hunting lodge built by a local marquis who had come in the fall for wild boar and woodcock. Villa Massei, as it was called, was owned by a recently widowed Englishwoman. As soon as we passed through the stone gate and entered a neglected garden with a 150-year-old camphor tree, I knew this place would one day be ours.

The property came with a neoclassical grotto decorated with terra-cotta masks out of whose mouths water had once flowed into deep chilly pools. The interior of the house, unfortunately, was far less interesting. Touring the villa, I thought, "Oh, so what. We can remodel." The most recent renovations had been done in the mid fifties and were the work of a previous owner, another Englishman, who'd once lived in Jaipur. To re-create something of Rajasthan in the Tuscan countryside, he'd put in marble chip terrazzo floors and cut oriental archways through every wall in total disregard for the prevailing Italian Renaissance style.

Villa Massei turned out to be much more than just a house. It included sixty acres of land, two additional dwellings (both of them long abandoned), a piece of farmland two miles away, a cantina where wine was (and is still) made, and a barn's worth of farm equipment: a tractor, hitches and harrows, spades, rakes, and hoes. As if this weren't enough, the property came with a full-time employee, a farmer



Ex–New Englander Paul Gervais, left, headed for the hills of Lucca nine years ago. Above: His 1550 villa was built as a hunting lodge.

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who lived in one third of the main house with his wife and two children.

At the beginning of this century, a prosperous Lucchese pediatrician owned the estate. Needing space for his offices, he'd walled in the villa's most distinctive architectural feature, a long antique loggia on the ground floor. Traces of the Doric columns in a native gray hard stone called pietra serena were still visible on the rear façade. It was our intention right from the beginning to reopen the space, but this was a job that meant moving our employee and his family to the farmhouse next door, a structure that needed extensive and costly restoration.



The all-white entrance hall reminds us that we approach a new millennium



It took years, but amazingly we accomplished all we set out to do. And throughout those years Gil and I lived with our family of farmers on either side of a thin temporary wall the Jaipur-returned Englishman had thrown up in a rush to house his staff and get on with his retirement. We attended, aurally, their birthday parties and anniversaries. We listened to the son's voice change with time. We got used to the unmistakable sharp tones of the young man who eventually came calling on the teenage daughter. And needless to say, we grew to love them all. They're happily next door these days in a thirteenth-century house where they live an entirely twentieth-century life, with straight smooth walls, three TV sets, and a personal computer.

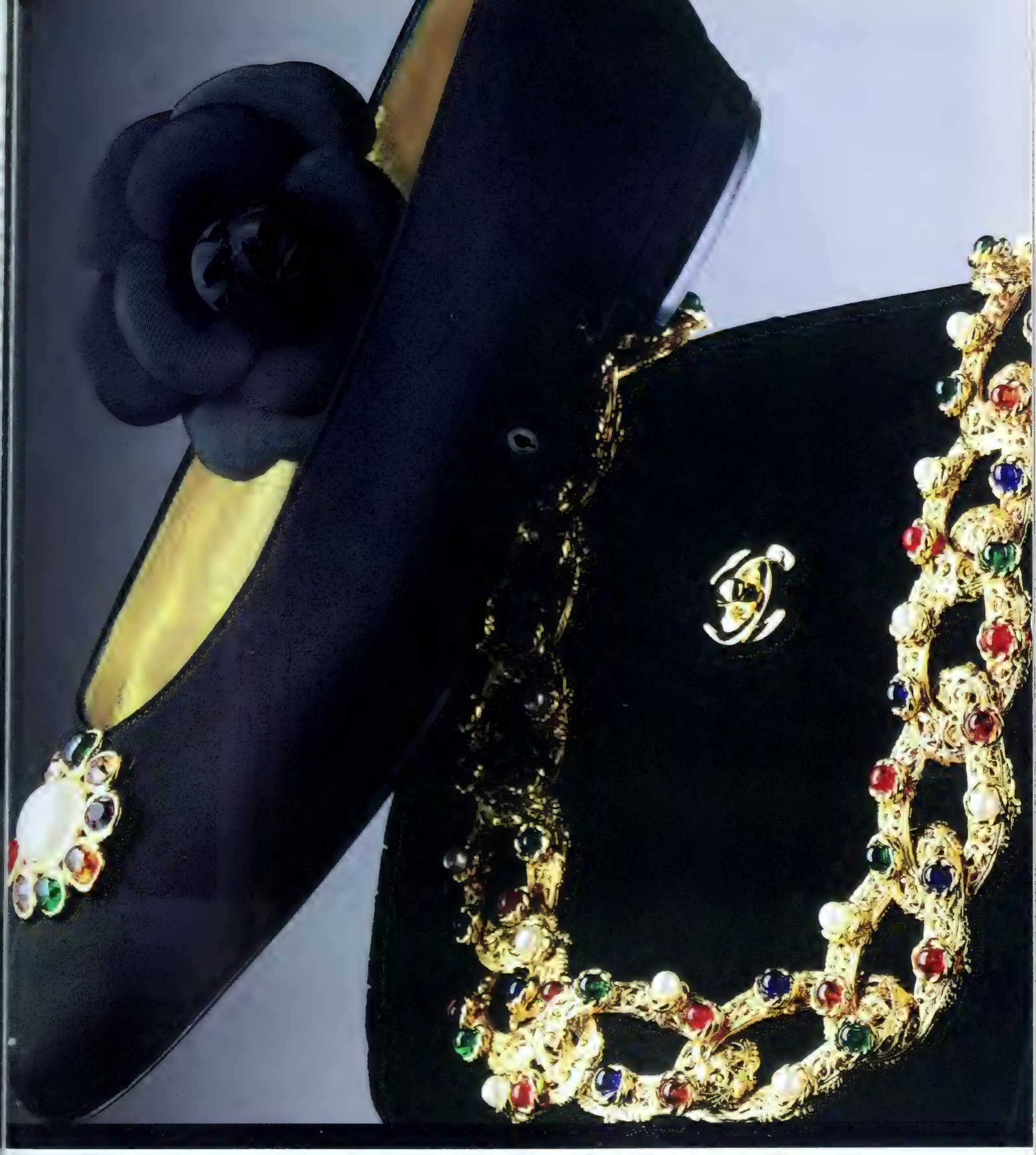
The reopened loggia is now full of wicker furniture and flowering plants in old Tuscan pots festooned with garlands. Inside the house we have floors of handmade terra-cotta tiles instead of terrazzo, and those Indian-style archways that made the house impossible to heat have been replaced by proper doors. The day water flowed in the grotto for the first time in a hundred years or more, we drank champagne with the workmen, and Gil said, "I think we all deserve a prize from the landmarks commission."

A house no longer divided, the villa has seventeen rooms, each decorated as though time had stopped at a different point in the estate's long history. It is the job of our modern all-white entrance hall to remind us that we are approaching a new millennium. One of the smallest rooms in the villa is my study, which is small by choice. When the farmer's quarters, repossessed in the wake of their move, were undergoing renovation, I visited Tolstoy's house in Moscow and admired the little studio where he wrote—a room just big enough for a desk, a cabinet, a bookcase. I found that scale curiously expansive in some unlikely inverse way.



It was in this small study of mine, with stenciled walls and low reassuring ceilings, that I remembered New England, where I grew up, and imagined the situations and characters that found their way into my first novel, *Extraordinary People*. And it was here that I invented a boy called Sam who dreamed of places like Tuscany, where there's always a heady sweet humor in the air as life dares to flower, perennially, without the slightest inhibition. ♠

The villa features a grotto with masks that spew water, top. Above left: The all-white furniture in the entrance hall is by the Italian firm Flexform. Left: The original loggia, recently reopened, is furnished with wicker armchairs by Mondo. Details see Resources.



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The Polite Car

Lexus SC 400 redefines sports car etiquette BY MARGY ROCHLIN

When the balding businessman sitting next to me on a recent plane trip admitted that he kept a car scrapbook, I drifted off, envisioning a photo album of my own vehicular history. Would the sight of my old Chevy Impala or Volkswagen station wagon make me grow misty-eyed? I doubt it. Both were reckless purchases, fully equipped with unexpected mechanical extras such as ignitions that turned over only on whim.

Maybe it's motoring adventures like those that helped create my otherwise inexplicable habit of driving frumpy-looking cars. In my mind, a lack of visual distinction has come to mean combat-level reliability.

Now the 1992 Lexus sport coupe has made me reconsider. One of the unadvertised fringe benefits of an exceptionally beautiful car is that everything around it looks upscale too. Once I had parked the SC 400 in my driveway, some friends took one look at it, glistening like a cassis-colored ice sculpture, and concluded that I'd relandscaped the yard.

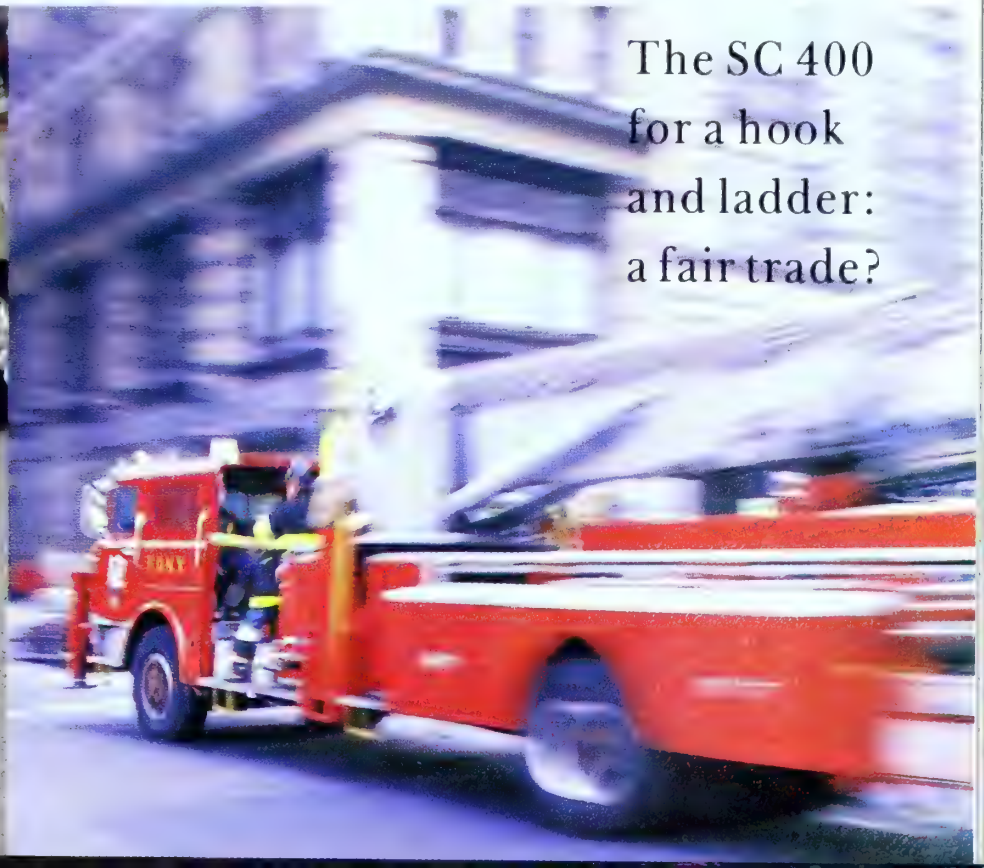
If you're wondering how primitive your own car might seem compared with the SC 400, ask yourself any of these questions. Does your car do 0–60 in 6.9 seconds? (Even one car that costs twice as much clocked in at 7.3 seconds.) Does your sound system have the clarity of the optional Nakamichi seven-speaker stereo with a twelve-disc CD autochanger in the carpeted trunk? Is the interior of your auto so hushed that you could grind the starter, thinking you'd forgotten to turn the key? (Like the Lexus sedan LS 400, the SC 400 is insulated with a material that deadens sounds and absorbs vibrations—a good thing since it's equipped with the same 32-valve aluminum DOHC 4.0 liter V-8 engine, retuned to give it a gravel-voiced resonance.)

Then there are components that seemed to have been dreamed up by the most courteous individual in the industry. The passenger seat slithers forward automatically, as if politely welcoming guests to the backseats. When you park, the steering wheel quietly retreats into the dashboard. If that's not enough to allow you to make a graceful exit, the doors swing forward and the top tilts away, creating a larger area of egress.

The ovoid headlights, a Lexus trademark, are wonderfully efficient. One Lexus representative claimed that their design is all about curviness and petite size, which improve aerodynamics, but I liked them because they worked as hard as police searchlights, projecting a broad arc of light and illuminating so much of the dark road ahead of me.

I could point out that unnecessary plastic hand-grips mounted near the front side windows block peripheral vision or that the optional spoiler seems slapped on, a too-jaunty design element put there to satisfy the midlife-crisis set. But none of these things bothered the three firemen who approached me in a parking lot one afternoon. What they wanted to know is if I'd trade the SC 400 (with a base price of $37,500) for their shiny red hook and ladder truck. "Lady, think about it," one fireman persisted. "Our truck is worth $100,000. You can carry all your friends on it. And when you get home, you can use the hose to water your lawn." ♠





The SC 400 for a hook and ladder: a fair trade?





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Giving Outsider Art a Home

Chicago painters find kindred spirits among untutored artists

BY THOMAS H. GARVER























Ray Yoshida, left, with smokestands. Others, below left, in the Adirondack twig style, queue up under a Roger Brown canvas and Dan moon masks, while a washerwoman whirligig towers over a metal lobster. Below: Mexican masks.

Chicago imagist painter Ray Yoshida lives and works in a modest brick building on a quiet street in one of Chicago's fading Polish neighborhoods. His first-floor studio is just as it was the day he moved in and began painting there. A steep flight of stairs leads into his living room and a thicket of painted wooden smoking stands—an introduction to Yoshida's collection of objects that, in his words, "have a certain particularity about them."

Yoshida groups similar pieces, most of them the work of folk or outsider artists, much as a taxonomist might order an array of butterflies: boats and spool furniture fill an alcove; a score of Mexican retablos line a corner; a dozen Mexican masks hang above a fine tramp art cabinet. The chipped edges of Yoshida's tramp art pieces are reminiscent of the surfaces he creates in his paintings with flecks of color. "Collecting," he says, "has definitely influenced my work."

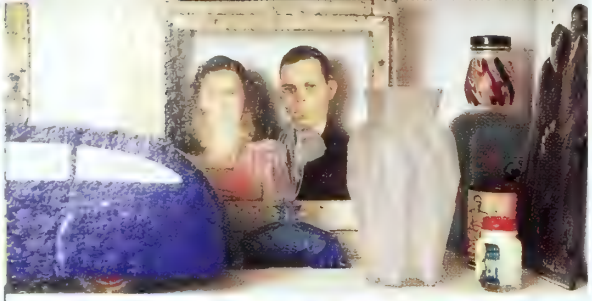
The Chicago imagists—notably Yoshida, an influential teacher at the school of the Art Institute of Chicago for more than twenty-five years, Roger Brown, Gladys Nilsson, and Jim Nutt—are known for their high-pitched, often totemic figurative paintings, which are full of tension both in their psychology and in the way they are constructed. The work of these four artists encompasses a certain obsession—and the spaces where they live are extensions of the art they make and the art they collect. House, museum, and studio have melded together, creating an

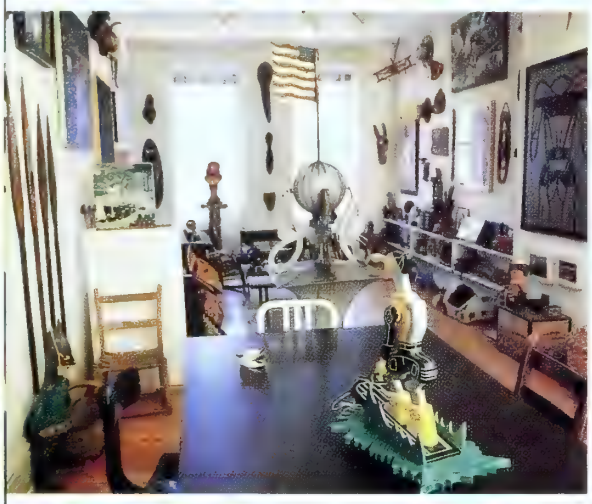
A very elegant way to get at the little devil.



ONEIDA

Shown: Marquette pattern in stainless.







Roger Brown, above, juxtaposes a sheet metal finial with a musician's funeral wreath. Above left: Silhouetted photographs and old perfume bottles. Left: A wooden surfer by Chicago imagist Karl Wirsum on the table. Top: A fairground monkey.

environment of total immersion.

The quirky, even compulsive quality of the imagists' work is echoed in the art they have chosen to acquire: the handiwork of untrained artists who paint or carve or make assemblages because they must, with little thought of recognition or compensation. "Finding a folk artist working in his own way reinforces the fact that one can ignore the mainstream," says Brown. "Take Jesse Howard's signs. No matter how crazy his ideas were, he just put them out there, maybe even laughing about them. That's honest, that's being an artist."

Brown, like Yoshida, spends most of the year in a small inner-city house, in his case a Victorian storefront building on North Halsted Street. His studio occupies the first floor; his living space above was converted from two small apartments. Every corner is alive with objects, from animal carvings to pottery to a pearlescent ceramic head of Richard Nixon, many of them purchased at the Maxwell Street flea market.

While he and Yoshida have acquired similar things, Brown makes his points by juxtaposition, creating risky relationships and challenging the usual parameters of taste and quality. Just inside the door, for example, the visitor is confronted by a guitar-shaped machine-carved picture of Elvis Presley. This "trash treasure," to use a phrase coined by Yoshida, is transformed by its setting among Jesse Howard's hand lettered signboards.

The living room is dominated by a grand sheet-metal finial flying a tin American flag with eleven stripes on one side and twelve on the other. This inexact repetition resonates with Brown's repeated images of plowed fields, parked cars, suburban homes, and downtown skyscrapers—visions of the American dream gone slightly askew.

Jim Nutt and Gladys Nilsson, who met and married as students at the Art Institute school, live in more traditional surroundings: a 1912 suburban house of Georgian outline. Because the house is so spacious, it seems less densely packed with objects than Yoshida's and Brown's places, but the couple's collection is no less intense. Among the highlights is a group of very large drawings by outsider artist Martin Ramirez, who spent forty years in California mental hospitals; these drawings are so crammed with linear ornament that they have no negative space. Recently Nutt and Nilsson have become interested in nineteenth-century painted and grained furniture. A fascination with overall pattern marks much of what they have assembled, as it marks their own work.

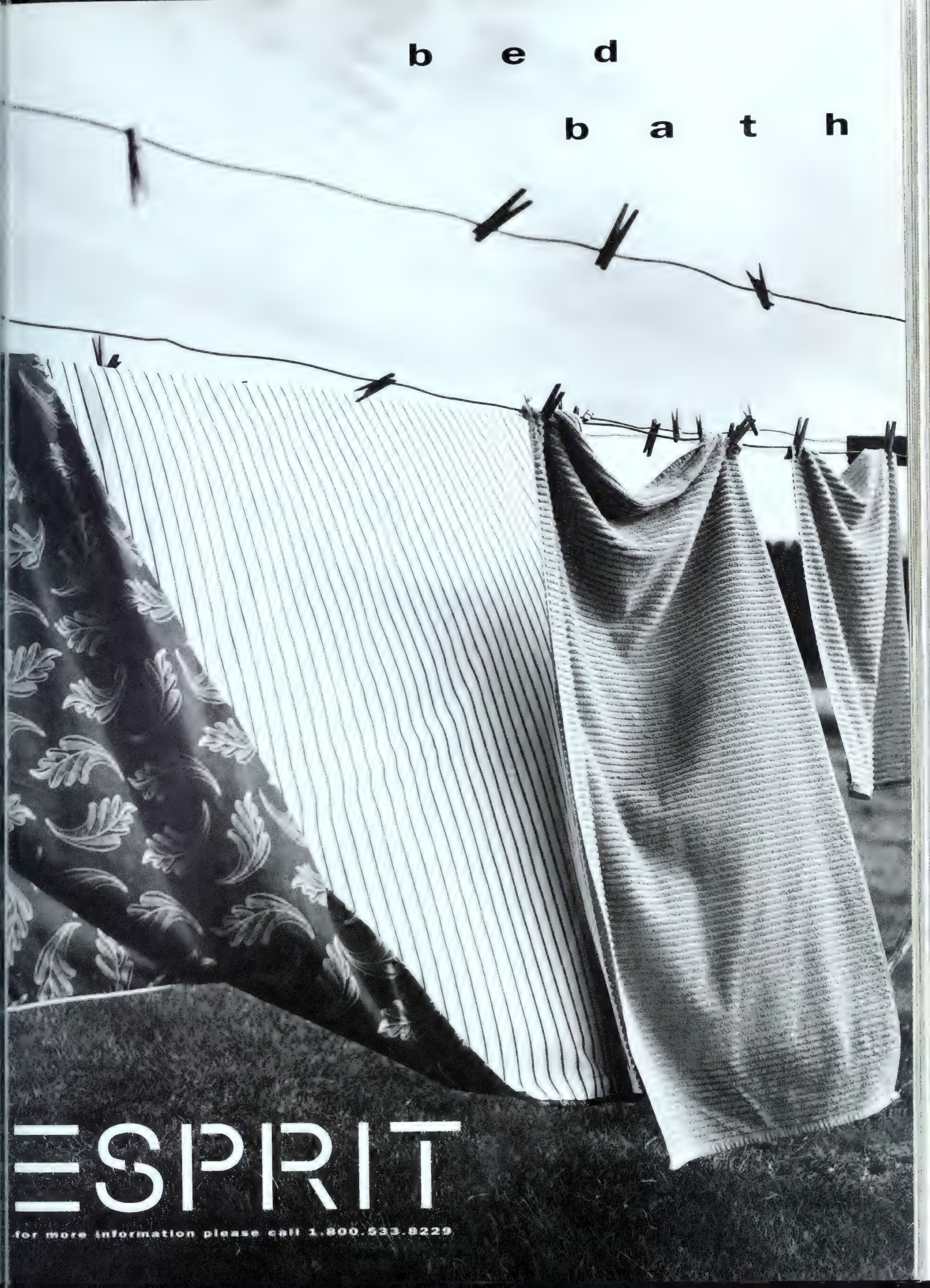
From time to time, Nilsson says, they have talked about reducing their collection. "But I don't know what I'd do if I collected something and couldn't see it out of the corner of my eye every breathing moment," she says, voicing a sentiment these Chicago artists seem to share. "If I collect it, I have to have it around." ▲

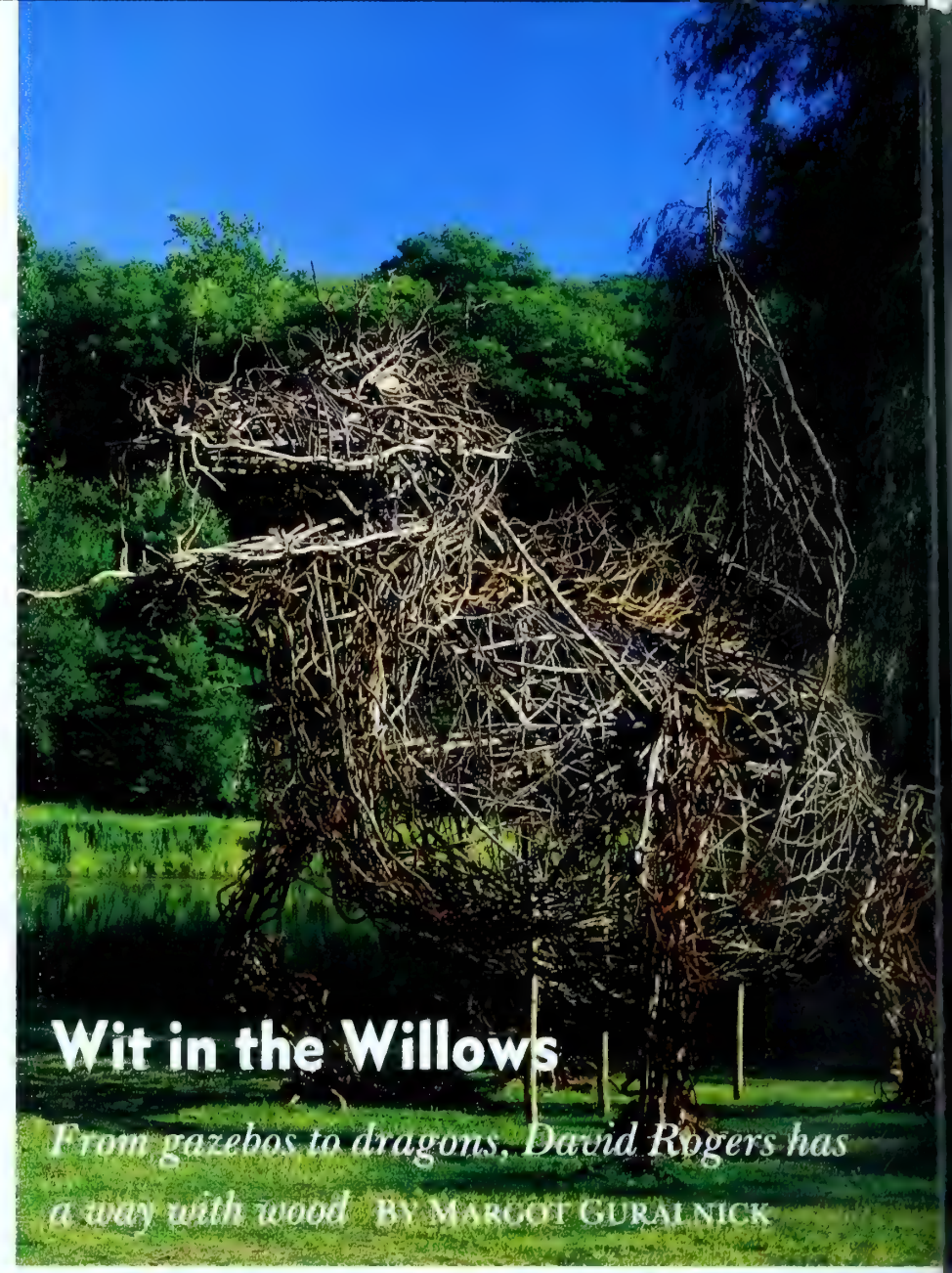
Gladys Nilsson and Jim Nutt, right. The pieces in their living room range from a Mexican jaguar mask on a 19th-century American painted chair, below right, to a Martin Ramirez drawing, below, to the right of the doorway.








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Wit in the Willows

From gazebos to dragons, David Rogers has a way with wood BY MARGOT GURALNICK

New York's own Edward Scissorhands is a thirty-one-year-old sculptor, carpenter, sailor, and former magician's assistant named David Rogers. With fingers as nimble if not as dangerous as the mad topiary-snipping movie hero's, he can transform a tangle of long supple willow branches into a classic rustic rocker, a love seat, or a miniature armchair, "perfect," he says, "as a throne for a chipmunk." Gazebos big enough for people require a small jungle's worth of "frame" (the dry logs that form the structure) and "benders" (slender green twigs used for ornament).

A trained boat builder but a self-taught branch bender, Rogers has been at his craft since he was fifteen, when he began making mobiles with timber from his Long Island backyard. Although much of his work is rooted in centuries-old furniture-making traditions, Rogers says, "I avoid studying too much. I like to let my shapes evolve in a natural way." Recently that evolution has taken a turn toward the enormous—and the amazing. After completing a Godzilla-size dinosaur made entirely of fallen branches found on the Vermont hillside where it stands, Rogers created *Corin*, a fifty-foot dragon that looks like a giant Edward Koren cartoon come to life, the jittery lines supplied by sinewy mountain laurel. Next Rogers hopes someone will commission a horse that doubles as a gazebo or a larger-than-life reclining nude, twiggy of course. (David Rogers, Box 186, Glenwood Landing, NY 11547; 212-830-4587) ♠





David Rogers, left, at work on a willow chair in his gazebo studio. Above: One of his Lilliputian designs. Top: Fifty-foot-long *Corin*, all branches and twigs with a lilac-bush tongue, rises from a lakeside lair at the Renaissance Festival site in Tuxedo, NY.

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Beyond Monticello

When his country place became too public, Thomas Jefferson built a more private hideaway

BY FRANK ROSE

Thomas Jefferson's retreat at Poplar Forest has never been easy to find. That's how he wanted it: this was his escape from Monticello, where his retirement was interrupted by a ceaseless procession of friends, acquaintances, strangers, and tourists, some of them so transfixed by his celebrity that they lurked in the hallways hoping to catch sight of him as he moved from room to room. At Poplar Forest, eighty miles away in the farm country outside Lynchburg, he could read the classics, write to his friends, and spend time with his grandchildren. Other visitors were not encouraged.

Today, Jefferson's little-known hideaway is the site of a full-scale archaeological investigation. Working under the aegis of a nonprofit corporation which purchased the property in 1984, when developers were pawing at its gates, a team of historians, archaeologists, and architects is digging up the lawn and pulling down the plaster to determine just what Jefferson constructed there. To the untrained eye, Poplar Forest looks like a typical Virginia plantation house—red brick, white columns, boxwood garden—with a few puzzling eccentricities, like its octagonal shape and the two circular mounds of earth that flank it. The picture that's emerging, however, is of a miniature Palladian villa in a formal neoclassical setting, the rigid geometries of which contrast sharply with the English romanticism of Monticello's undulating walkways and naturalistic vistas.

Researchers have pored over dozens of letters between Jefferson and his builders—hired workmen and skilled slaves sent down from Monticello—but the paucity of visitors means there are few descriptions of the completed house. Even worse, a fire in 1845 seriously damaged the interiors and the roof; in the quick-and-dirty remodeling that followed, the farm family that bought the place from Jefferson's heir added dormers and an attic and eliminated many features only now coming to light. In Jefferson's bedroom, for example, "ghost" marks on the underlying brick indicate not just the location of the original baseboard and chair rail but the existence of an alcove bed that divided the room, much as the alcove bed at Monticello separated his bedroom from his study.



Jefferson, top right, by Thomas Sully, 1821. Top left: Poplar Forest's north front. Center right: South front as built. Center left: Jefferson's floor plan. Above: South parlor. Below: Service wing excavation.



Jefferson began building his retreat in 1806, just as Monticello was nearing completion after thirty-seven chaotic years of construction and reconstruction. He inherited Poplar Forest, a 4,800-acre plantation, from his father-in-law in 1773, and when the British raided

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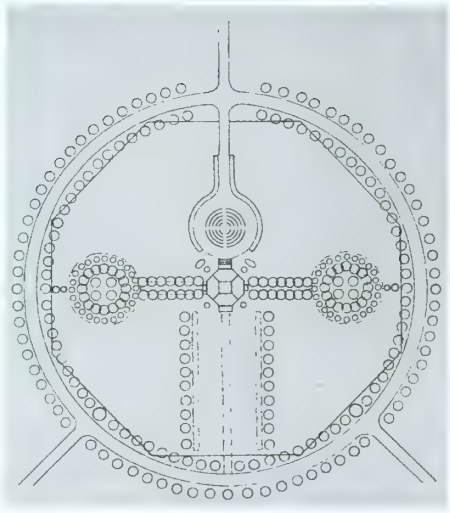


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Charlottesville in 1781 he took refuge there. He used the occasion to write his *Notes on the State of Virginia*, which included a remarkable attack on Tidewater colonial architecture: "It is impossible to devise things more ugly, uncomfortable, and happily more perishable."

Jefferson's contempt for colonial architecture was tied to his politics. Neoclassicism, an emerging style spurred on by the newly invented science of archaeology, held out the promise of abstract beauty and universal truth. By rejecting the bankrupt traditions of Europe, the new republic could pattern itself after the models of antiquity—something Jefferson did quite literally when he designed Virginia's new capitol in Richmond after the Maison Carrée in Nîmes. At Poplar Forest, the mathematical roots of these models are made explicit.

Here, in a landscape of gently rolling red clay hills, Jefferson's lifelong preoccupation with the octagon reached its fullest expression. Octagons and semioctagons recur throughout Monticello, reflecting his love of light and air as well as the neoclassical fascination with circles and octagons as ideal Platonic forms. But this time Jefferson went further. The house at Poplar Forest was precisely oriented along a north-south axis and constructed as an octagon with sides twenty-two feet long. At its center, lit by a skylight and reached through a tunnel-like hall from the north portico, a twenty-foot cube served as his dining room. Octagonal bedrooms flanked it on the east and west, while the octagonal drawing room to the south with its enormous triple-sash windows opened onto a second portico overlooking a sunken bowling green.

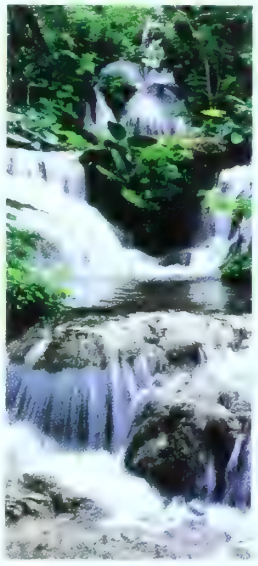


C. Allan Brown's conjectural site plan.

According to landscape historian C. Allan Brown, however, the quest for order was not confined to the house itself. Brown, a consultant to the restoration effort, maintains that the house was merely the centerpiece of a far larger geometric composition. Its placement atop a rounded knoll made it an ideal spot to experiment with the pure geometry of the circle, and that's what Jefferson seems to have done.

Documents indicate that the fifty-foot house was circumscribed by a 540-foot circular lane lined on both sides with mulberry trees. Inside this circle an octagonal fence apparently ran two hundred feet on a side, and the lawn inside that was quartered by landscape features that extended from the house like the arms of a cross. On the south side there's the rectangular bowling green. On the

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north side, an approach road runs directly toward the house, crossing the circular lane and culminating before the portico in a fifty-foot circular carriage drive which encompasses a boxwood labyrinth. To the east and west are the ornamental mounds, planted (if Jefferson's instructions were followed) with concentric rows of willows and aspens and linked to the house by double rows of mulberry trees. Beyond the mounds are domed octagonal privies which look like miniature temples.

There are flaws and question marks in this composition: Jefferson's letters make no mention of the carriage drive, for example, and in 1814 he apparently had one row of mulberries pulled down to make way for a colonnaded wing of outbuildings (now destroyed) between the house and the east mound. Exactly what Poplar Forest looked like in his day will take archaeologists years to determine. But the current evidence suggests a villa that recalls, on a modest scale, the French neoclassicism of Ledoux and Boullée, whose work Jefferson saw in Paris in the 1780s.

Brown suggests a further link, to the mandala—the mystical circle that recurs throughout human experience, from the rituals of Tibetan Buddhism to the drawings of the mentally disturbed. Mandalas represent wholeness; Jung saw them as a spontaneous attempt by the mind to heal itself. Certainly it's no accident that the pure geometry of neoclassicism flourished during the chaos of the French Revolution, and it makes sense that Jefferson would turn to it in his waning years, when instead of the dignity and respect he was entitled to he suffered the degradation of shameless curiosity-seekers and looming financial ruin. Sitting at his octagonal dining table in his cubical room in his octagonal house on its octagonal lawn within its circular roadway, with the sun shining down from above, he may finally have found the harmony that eluded him elsewhere. (Thomas Jefferson's Poplar Forest, P.O. Box 419, Forest, VA 24551-0419; 804-525-1806) ▲

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John D. Oetgen
Fine Antiques

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The southern city's shops receive top ratings

BY DANA COWIN

One of Atlanta's chief attractions is a suburban lifestyle in the midst of a big cosmopolitan city. Suburban trademarks—parks and playgrounds, car pools, tree-lined streets, and malls—abound. Yet this small-town veneer masks one of the city's special attributes: shops that vie with the best of their kind in any part of the country. Here are some of the standouts.

Afghanistan's Nomadic Rugs In an undistinguished white building Tamor Shah brings the well-crafted trappings of a nomadic life to rest. Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century handwoven rugs from central Asia, particularly Afghanistan as well as Persia, Turkey, and Morocco, cover the walls and ceiling with their loomed messages. Shah has pickers who move among the tribes and bring back important examples of Afghan kilims, Turkmen saddlebags, Baluchistan salt bags, and Uzbek brocades. His stock is increasingly difficult to replenish as traditions disappear and machines take over what was once a highly personal and manual enterprise. A picker's journey might result in the discovery of a great rug—or the discovery that yet another tribe has gone commercial. Shah talks about his rugs with an affection that has grown since his school days, when he worked for his rug merchant father in Afghanistan. In his shop both buyers and browsers can dawdle. Shah encourages curiosity and delights in unrolling rugs and telling their stories. (3219 Cains Hill Pl. NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 404-261-7259)



Melosi

A wire urn cozies up to a Louis XVI–style painted fauteuil, above, at John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques. Left: Antiques dealer Arturo Melosi found his late eighteenth century chaise and chairs in a Florentine palazzo.

Axis Twenty From the fire-truck-red bent-pipe bench by Gordon Chandler which stands at the entrance of the gas station turned restaurant turned store, you know you've reached an oasis of modernism. Axis Twenty owners Joe Langford and Renée Gaston are converting consumers to twentieth-century design by offering reproductions of pieces by late greats such as Frank Lloyd Wright and Eliel Saarinen and live greats such as Philippe Starck, Michael Graves, and Patrick Naggar. Mixed among these classics is furniture by lesser-known craftsmen—"classics in the making," says Langford. A bed by Dick Wickman combines elegant mahogany and industrial pipe to remarkable effect. A side table by Joe Duke is the essence of simplicity except for the gold-leaf X between the metal and glass. Miniature shacks by Beverly Buchanan recreate places she saw as a child in the rural South. Langford and Gaston comb the country to find these pieces as well as examples of work they don't have room to show but keep in a photo file. If a client comes to Axis with a design problem that can't be solved with furniture from the shop, the partners, both formerly designers with an architectural firm, will dip into their files for a solution. (200 Peachtree Hills Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 404-261-4022)

Melosi A bit of an anomaly among Atlanta antiques dealers, Arturo Melosi sells serious furniture, but not



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Afghanistan's Nomadic Rugs

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Tamor Shah encourages curiosity and delights in unrolling rugs and telling their stories



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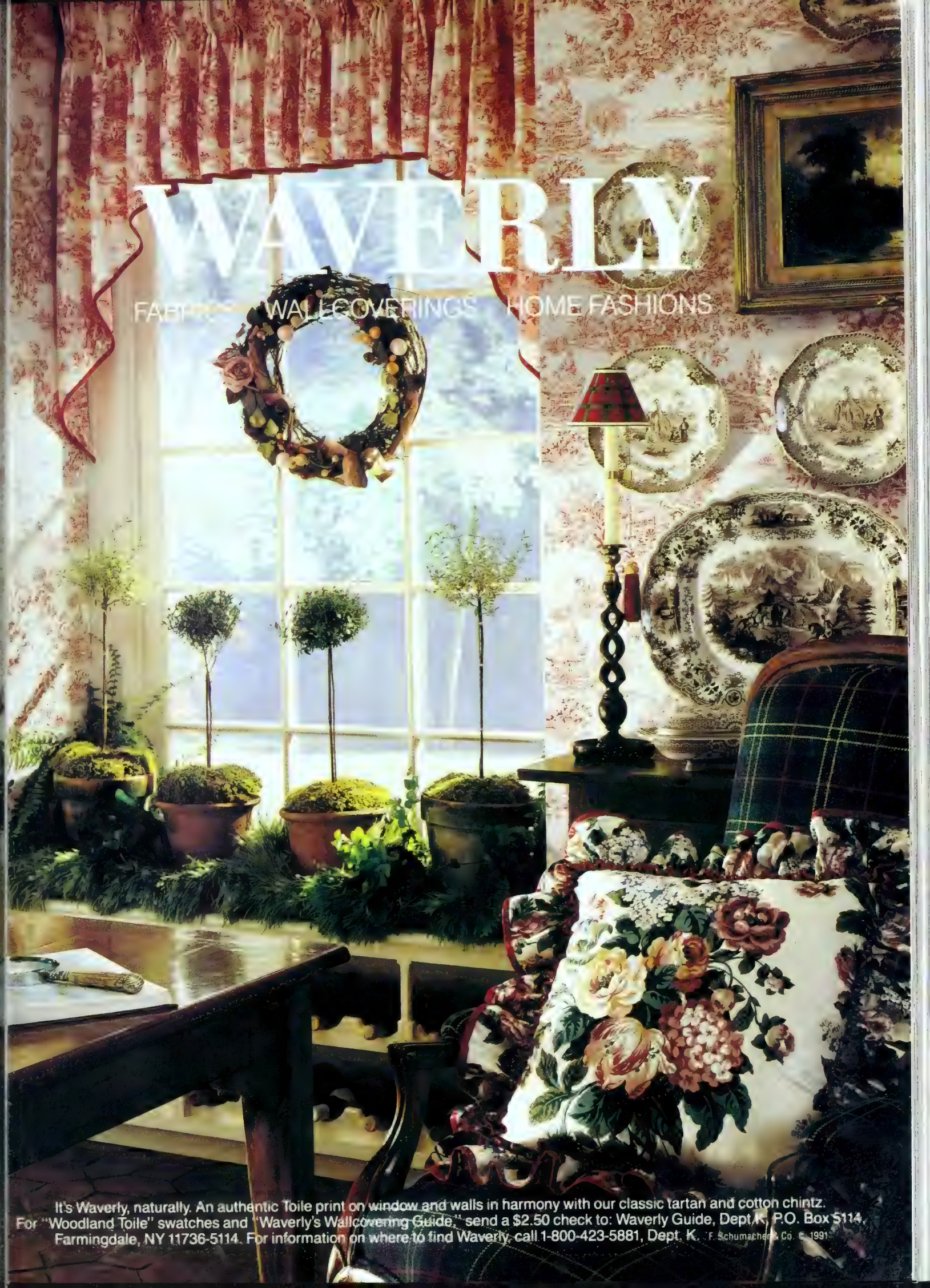
At Afghanistan's Nomadic Rugs, symbolic designs, top left, are a specialty. Top right: An assortment of terra-cotta and wire planters and cast-iron furniture from the Potted Plant. Above: Frank Lloyd Wright's classic Barrel chair is paired with Joe Duke's Walter table at Axis Twenty.

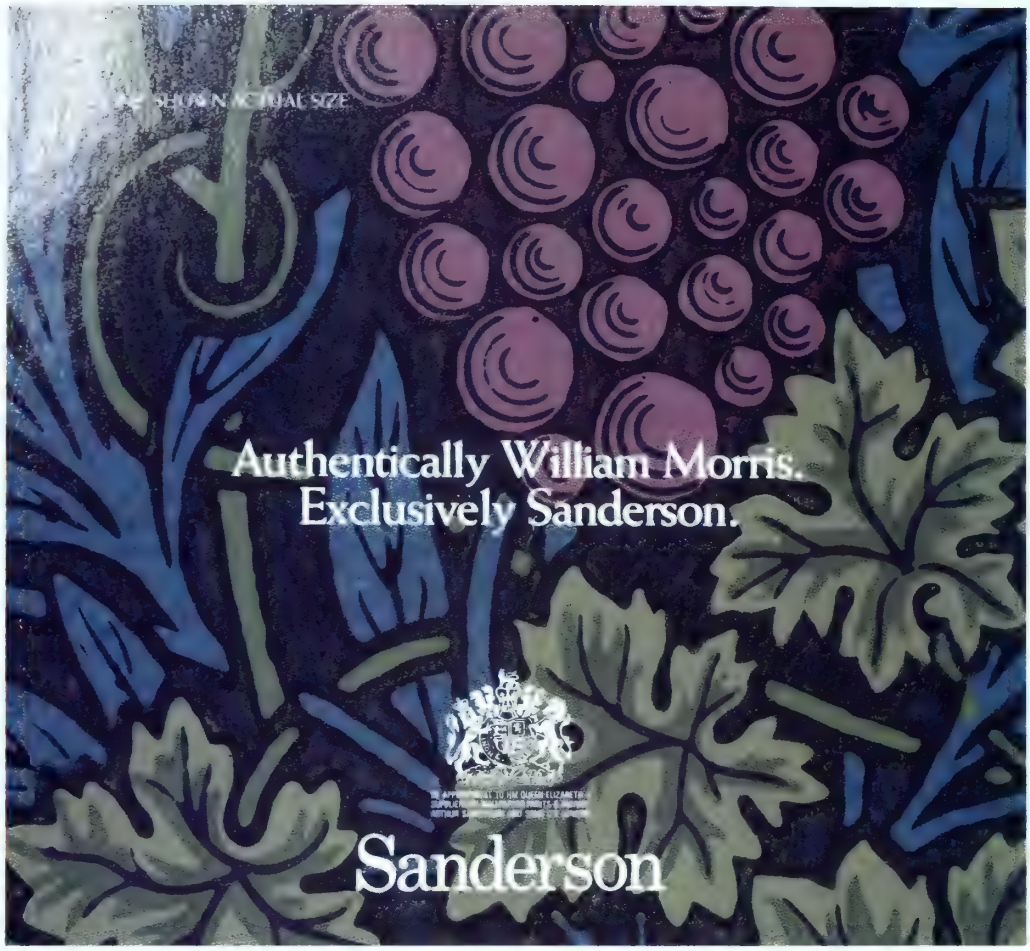
Diamond's partner, Anthony Baratta, groaning in the background: another great source exposed. (2300 Peachtree Rd. NW, Atlanta, GA 30309; 404-352-5451)

John D. Oetgen Fine Antiques "I think accepted good taste is often bad taste," says John Oetgen. This independence of mind has inspired his quirky buying for his shop and helped establish him as one of Atlanta's best decorators. Oetgen painted the space himself with gigantic leaves in the back and a trompe l'oeil cabana in the front. (The middle of his shop sparkles with antique jewelry sold by Laura Pearce, who was an assistant buyer for Tiffany's in New York before she moved to Atlanta.) Oetgen travels widely and picks up exceptional pieces at home and abroad: a nineteenth-century Swedish stove from a Chicago estate, a demilune étagère that once belonged to Andy Warhol, a Moroccan carved bench with mother-of-pearl inlay, Italian ceramic wall panels, and a pair of dried and pressed fern specimens from Darjeeling. In other words, you never know what you'll find, but you always know you'll find something inspiring. (2300 Peachtree Rd. NW, Atlanta, GA 30309; 404-352-1112)

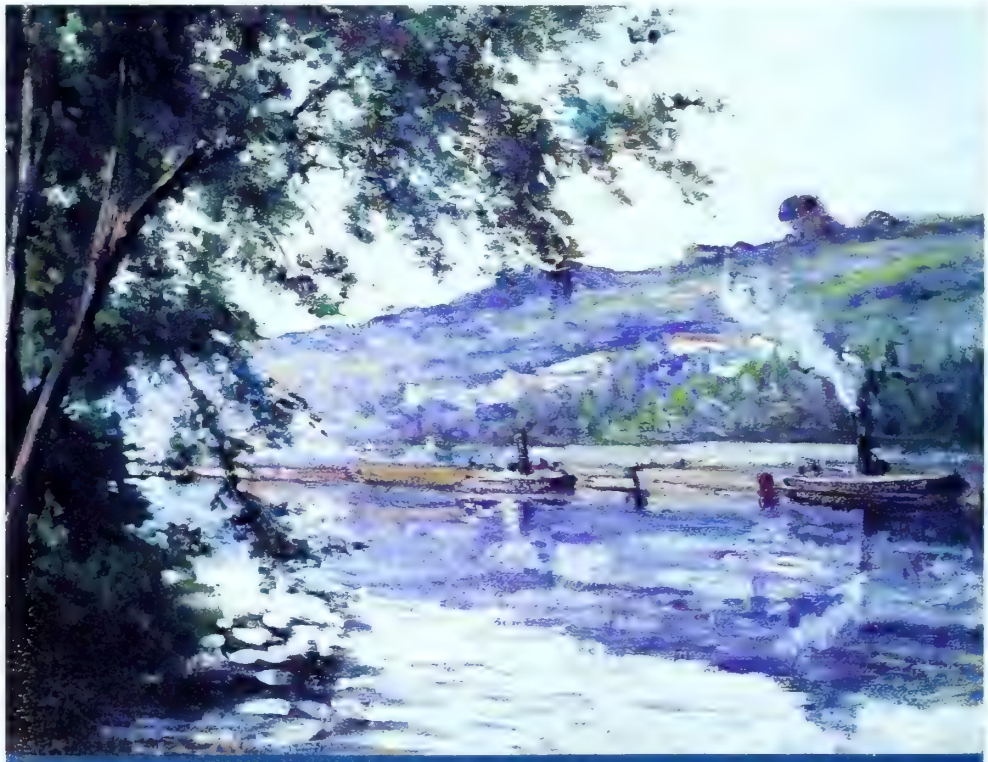
The Potted Plant Over the past few years Ryan Gainey has transformed his reputation as a cottage gardener into a cottage industry. In 1973, with his childhood friend Tom Woodham, Gainey started a shop called the Potted Plant, which now sells, yes, potted plants but also things to pot plants in, such as wooden orangerie tubs, cast-stone and cast-iron urns, tole planters, and porcelain cachepots. Gainey also has a knack for finding the perfect accessories for the well-tended house and garden, including terra-cotta reliefs, cast-iron benches, Spanish moss in a bag, bluebird "cottages," and Portuguese finger vases. In the late eighties the business grew to include two addi-

the French style the natives prefer. Instead, he specializes in eighteenth-century Italian antiques, early Chinese porcelain (Tang, Sung, and Ming), and European prints. Melosi and his wife, Holly, a decorator, spend several months a year in Tuscany, where he does much of his buying. He also goes on occasional jaunts to the Far East. Lifelong friendships have yielded extraordinary pieces. For example, a late eighteenth century chaise and two chairs from a palazzo in Florence came Melosi's way because "I know a lot of people there and usually get first pick." Many of his clients are from out of town, which means, says Melosi, "from out of the South." Forgoing picked-over hometown haunts, New York and Los Angeles decorators gravitate to Melosi. William Diamond's praise for the dealer is unabashed: "His furniture is clean, big, and strong—just what I like. He also has amazing prints that are inexpensive and chicly framed in Italy." I can almost hear


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tional shops, the Connoisseur's Garden and the Cottage Garden. The first is geared toward outdoor plantings, garden design, and maintenance; the second supplies cut flowers and event-planning advice. (For a party in honor of Audrey Hepburn, Gainey used wheelbarrows and watering cans filled with parrot tulips as centerpieces—a nod to her role in *My Fair Lady*.) Gainey even has a video titled *Creating the Romantic Garden*. Still, with all this acclaim, Gainey can be surprisingly down-to-earth. He likes to make posies or bouquets that sell for $10 to $15. "Do it small, do it well, let that thing grow and you'll be successful." (3165 East Shadowlawn Ave., Atlanta, GA 30305; 404-233-7800)

The Stalls: A Buckhead Antique Market In the heart of fashionable Buckhead, real estate broker Glenda Floyd has recently given the old Atlanta Ballet School building new legs. The sound of dancing feet has been replaced by the heavy tread of shoppers looking for great buys among the thirty stalls set up by some of the city's best-known dealers and decorators. Variety is the program here: the stalls, which are operated by Floyd and her staff, boast everything from curtain tassels and doorknobs to serious antiques, both country and formal. Dealers fill their 10-by-10-foot cubicles with pieces they need to get out of their shops to make room for new inventory; decorators sell, among other things, furniture bought for and then rejected by clients. Says one decorator, "For me it's like a storage warehouse except that the contents are for sale." Many to-the-trade-only showrooms from the Atlanta Decorative Arts Center have taken space here, so non-card-carrying members of the design community can get their hands on once-exclusive goods. Since the Stalls opened in June, some customers have returned to the concrete building five and six times and the waiting list for selling space is already longer than the list of hopefuls for the local dance company. (3215 Cains Hill Pl., Atlanta, GA 30305; 404-231-9815) ♠

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Truth in Stone

From cathedral to grotto, Simon Verity has left his mark on two continents

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

Carving biblical figures in Indiana limestone for the west portal of New York's Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, above, is Verity's major work in progress.

Simon Verity craves stone. Yesterday he craved colored stone, but at the moment he stands in the tailings of an old New Jersey zinc mine, admiring a hand-size black chunk of franklinite. "Feel how heavy it is," he says with wonder. Minutes later, he has lifted a rough twenty-pound block, one face of which is festooned with crystals of mica. He carries it away, his slender figure staggering like Harold Lloyd's in a silent film. Who knows what will become of that rock? Not even Verity, though he has over the past two-plus decades chiseled, carved, sawed, drilled, etched, chipped, polished, scraped, laminated, and collaged limestones, granites, quartzes, cave stones, tufas, Bristol diamonds, Chilean lapis, beryl, sandstones, and parastones like seashells, eighteenth-century slag, and glass wastes. "I have slowly realized that I have an affinity for stone," he says with dramatic understatement. "I can walk on concrete, but I know when I'm then walking on stone, even if I'm wearing gum boots. Like a water diviner."

A craftsman's wit and a rock hound's eye place the 46-year-old Verity among the foremost practicing stoneworkers in Europe or America. At present carving the patriarchs and matriarchs for the west portal of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York, he has inter alia made a whale fountain for the prince of Wales, a calligraphic gravestone for the poet John Betjeman, a mantelpiece with a lapis mandrake and branchwork for the garden writer Rosemary Verey, a grotto for a Texan, and garden benches sawed from waste stone at the cathedral.

The projects are so various, it would be impossible to characterize his work, were it not for the house of dreams to which it can all be traced. The house belonged to his great-uncle, the English architect Oliver Hill. Previously it had been inhabited by the arts and crafts furniture designer Ernest Gimson and by the master printer Emery Walker, who inspired William Morris. Remaking the interior, Uncle Oliver displayed his famous fascination with good and striking materials. (In the 1920s, for example, he covered a piano in zebra skin.) "Let me tell you about the dining room," exclaims Verity. "He had panels carved in a beautiful Portland stone by Eric Gill, engraved in low relief and silver-gilded. The table and the benches were of the same stone, and there were Styrian jade goblets and saucers." One end of the table dropped into the basement where the butler could fill it.

It was at Hill's house that the teenage Simon Verity took refuge in the 1960s. The family black sheep for his refusal to become the fourth generation of male Veritys to study architecture, he had decided, "I'll just travel round the world, or some-



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The Leeds Castle grotto, top. Above: Plaster cornice made for Rosemary Verey. Below: A lapis-inlaid mantelpiece, also done for Verey. Details see Resources.



"You Americans are so provincial. You've got such beautiful stones, and they're not used"

thing." Instead, he started spending weekends with Oliver Hill and his young wife. Seven years later he left the house, having trained himself, under his uncle's eye, in papermaking, printing, lettering, and engraving. "He changed my head around," recalls Verity with a smile. Hill's love of flamboyant materials and colors was far from the restraint of William Morris and his followers. But the respect for materials, workmanship, and usefulness is pure arts and crafts. One suspects that this, above all, is what Verity learned there.

His career has followed a trajectory not unlike Eric Gill's, and he shares the latter's aspiration. Both began with lettering, continued by engraving in stone, and went on to freestone carving of full figures. The reverence that goes into a Verity statue for a church front is as unfeigned as the melancholy of his garden monument with a laurel-crowned skull surmounting a set of panpipes in low relief and the engraved motto ET IN ARCADIA EGO. The exhilarating terror of his stone Daphne whirling from human into tree is as compelling as the mischievous humor of a fountain in which four carved frogs squirt jets of water at what seems to be an Assyrian relief. Like Gill, Verity might well say, "The artist is the responsible workman," the one who puts his heart in his eye and hand.

But Verity is far more restless than Gill, partly because he trained himself in the do-your-own-thing sixties, when the architectural tradition of stonework had almost been forgotten. Tiranti's, the stoneworker's shop in London where he got his first tungsten steel chisels, was abandoned but for a few aged sculptors. He worked alone, taking inspiration from craftsmen in other media: a restorer of medieval murals and a stone hunter named Alabaster who could find geodes in a fallow field. "It was ten years before I met another carver," Verity remembers.

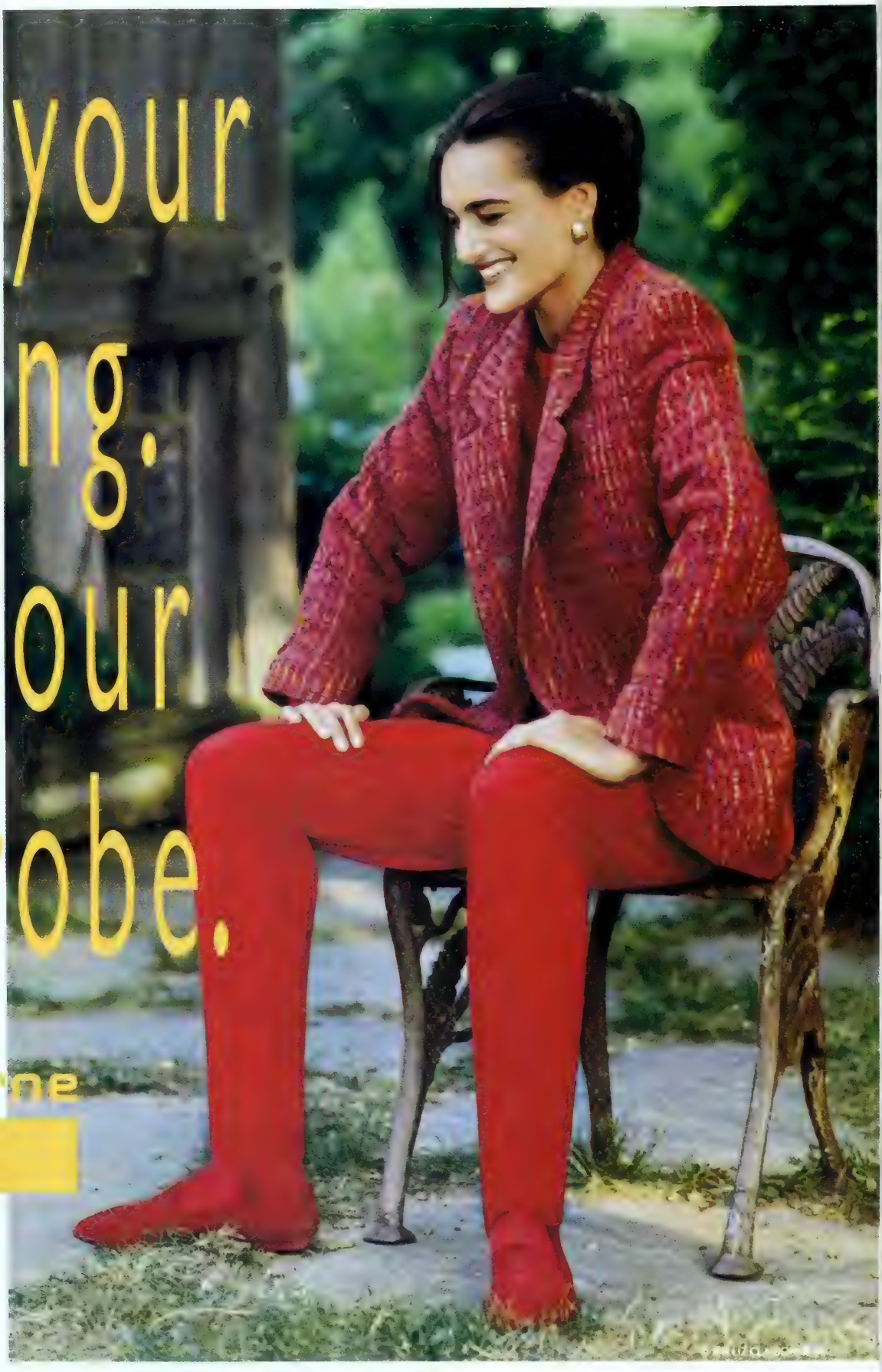
For twenty years in Britain he built a reputation as a commissioned sculptor, engraver of monuments, and builder and restorer of grottoes. Then, in 1988, he sold his limestone mine near Bath, bought a building in New York's Spanish Harlem, and set to work on the Indiana limestone portal of the cathedral, carving a biblical procession that extends from Melchizedek to Saint John the Baptist. "I needed to prove to myself that I could make something like this work," he says.

Verity had intended to do the job and go home, but now he's fallen in love with American stone. It happened when he made a grotto for a Fort Worth family, arranging minerals and light and water to create a mysterious underground space in the manner of eighteenth-century British garden designers who assembled and pieced together materials instead of carving them away. In central Texas he found a quarry with huge perforated pieces of limestone where stalactites and stalagmites had grown together, creating veins of pinks, yellows, and oranges. And the Arkansas quartzes! The southwestern fire opals! Eighty tons of stone later, the grotto was complete.

"You Americans are so provincial," Verity remarks. "You've got such beautiful stones in this country, and they're not used." It's a situation he'd like to change. "A rooftop grotto or an interior using shells in an architectural manner, that's what I dream of doing now," he muses. His grander dreams involve using new tools—computer-controlled saws and routers—to work American stone. Verity envisions a whole new bank of ornament. "You could saw precise long lines, then put them out of sync," he imagines. "It becomes a source of strange harmonics—even musical notation could be fed into the computer to get the router working in an extraordinary way."

Tools, materials, and use are Verity's trinity. But unlike Eric Gill, he isn't upholding an idea from the past so much as mining the past for what will serve this time and place. "I still keep ideals of workmanship," he says, "and I'm always searching for people who are wandering along that same path." ♠

Emotions shouldn't color your thinking. Just your wardrobe.



Liz claiborne



LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

A Paris exhibition illuminates the artistry of René Lalique



LEGENDARY JEWELER AND GLASSMAKER René Lalique is the subject of a retrospective at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs (Oct. 23–Mar. 8) which reveals the extraordinary beauty and scope of his work. His fantastical jewelry of sinuous nymphs and fragile dragonflies in intricately crafted combinations of gold, enamel, semiprecious stones, and glass made his name synonymous with art nouveau. It was Lalique's quest for new materials for his jewelry that first led him to glass, and, after 1910, he devoted himself completely to this supple medium. He became famous for his molded frosted-glass perfume bottles and other decorative objects which portrayed in striking relief the nature-inspired motifs of his jewelry. Lalique also created such chefs d'oeuvre as luminous panels of struggling athletes for his Paris showroom doors and icy art deco lighting for the *Normandie*. Some of his designs are still being produced by the company bearing his name where his granddaughter, Marie-Claude, continues to bring the Lalique vision to glass.

René Lalique, top left, with his wife, Augustine, in 1903. Above left: A Lalique hair comb embellished with gold, enamel, and opals, c. 1897–98.



A silver and glass brooch, below, c. 1904–06. Right: A glass and travertine fountain, 1930.

A hatpin of gold, enamel, opal, and diamonds, c. 1899–1900

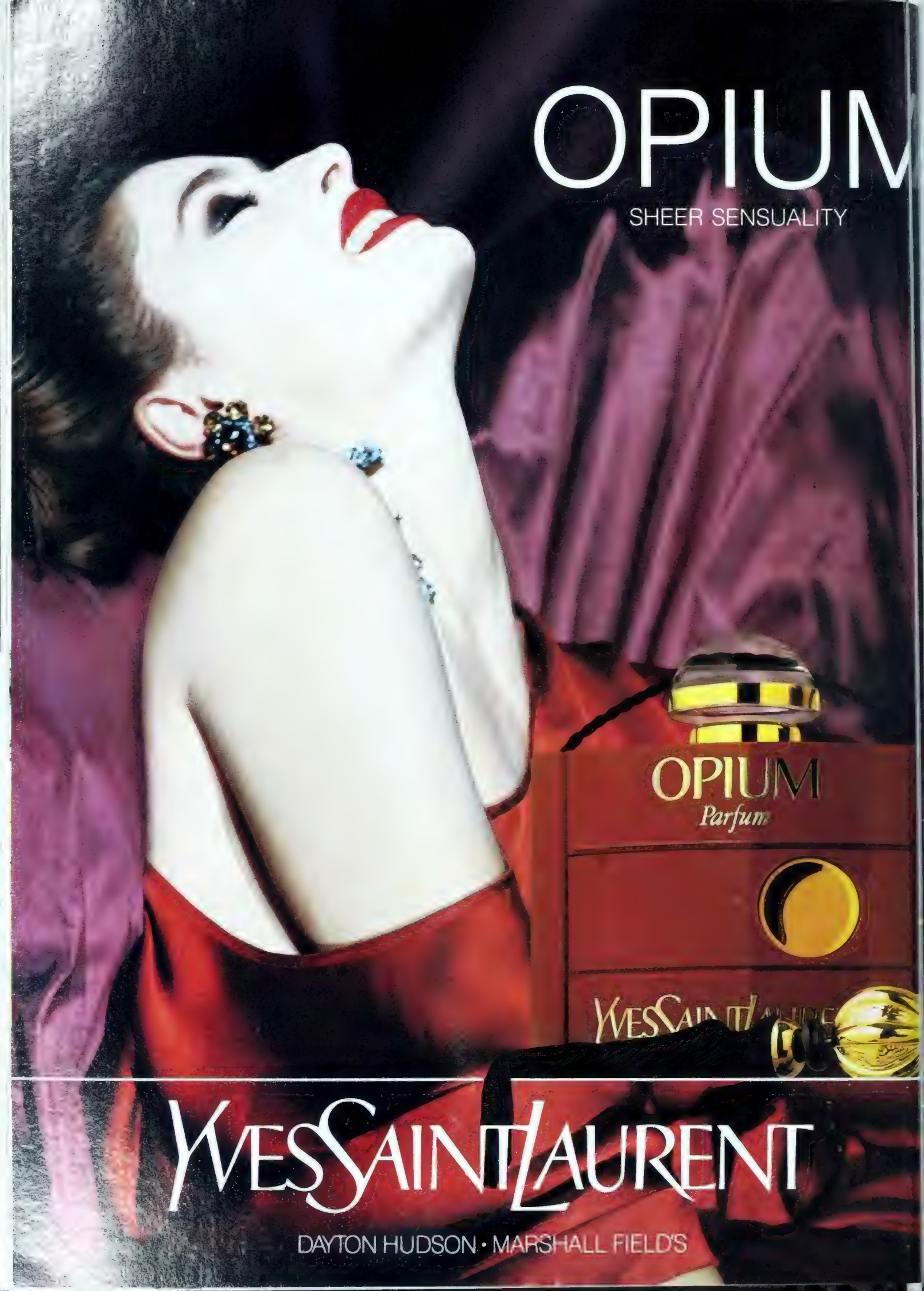


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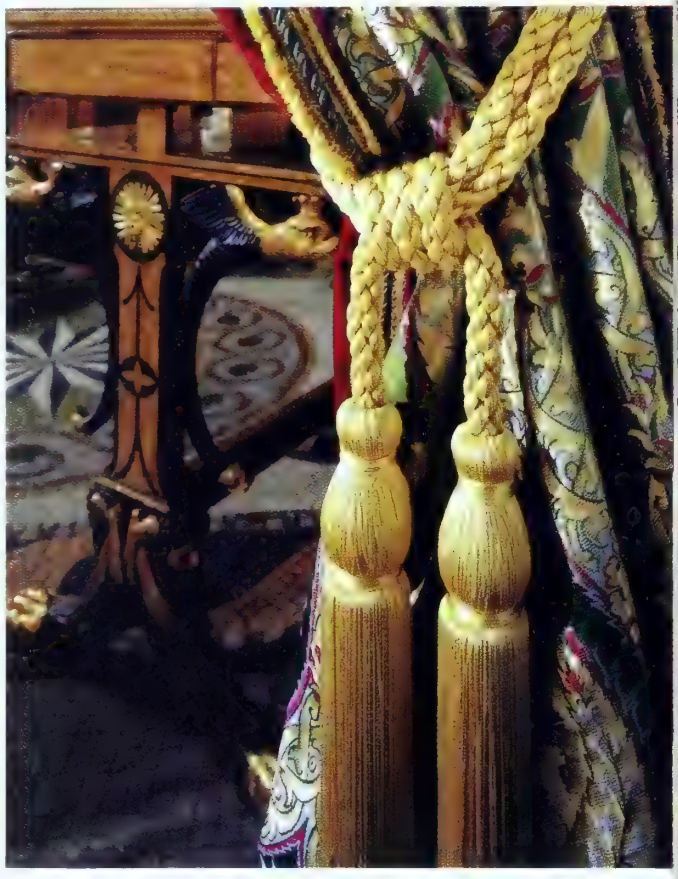
Liz Claiborne

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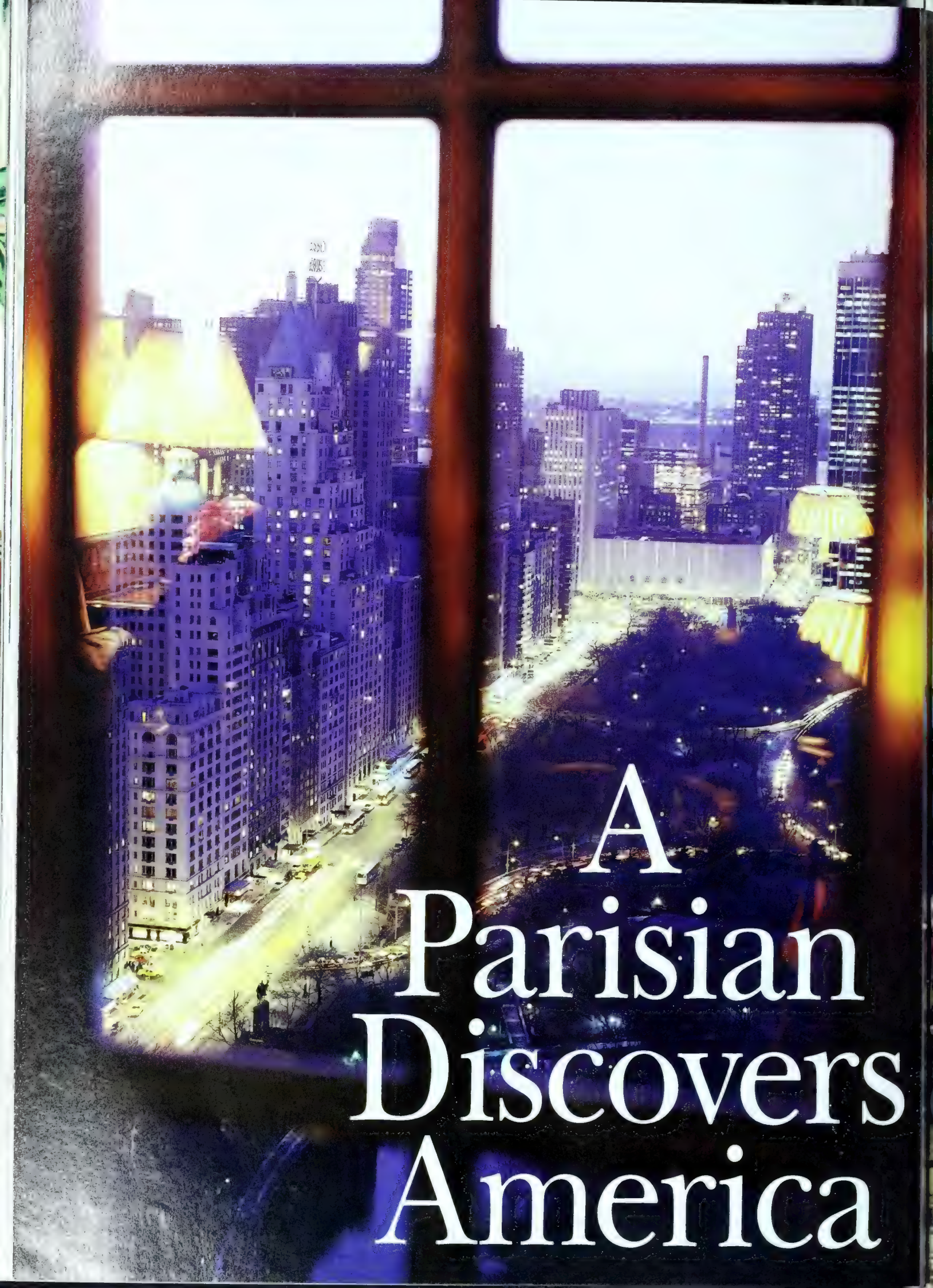
BEAUTIFUL THINGS GO TOGETHER was a credo my late father-in-law lived by. A man of taste and judgment, he dismissed orthodoxies of period and style. For the most part, I have acquired furniture and objects with a similar open-door policy, ranging quite comfortably from a Directoire desk to a wrought-iron garden table, with the mediation of a pair of classically proportioned cotton damask–covered sofas. Pushed to an extreme—a Rietveld chair, for instance, beside a Boulle commode—the theory may fall apart, but in the best cases the eye of the selector sets its own strong limits, choosing decorating order over chaos. In Pierre Bergé's New York apartment the combination of portraits of Native Americans—nineteenth-century oil paintings as well as Edward Curtis photographs—and orientalist and neoclassical decorative detailing achieves an extraordinarily sophisticated and pleasing coherence. A bathroom designed by Anthony Ingrao relies on rich colors and lavish fabrics to overwhelm the senses and make any questions about appropriateness and moderation appear irrelevant. Antiques dealer Christian Sapet's house, in a corner of Paris's Marché aux Puces, is a testament to the possibilities of cross-cultural growth, from mission-style furniture to African headdresses and drawings by Cecil Beaton. A 1930s mansion in Berlin is the setting for Heiner Bastian's blend of eighteenth-century French and German antiques, classical sculpture, and world-class contemporary art. Then there's the Addams family estate, where floral chintz fabric, fine wood paneling, and a very elegant house indeed have been layered with cobwebs and Hollywood dust. A lot of diverse things—from the beautiful to the unabashedly strange—go together to make up this and every issue of HG.



A curtain of Christopher Hyland brocade, a Russian architect's table, and a mosaic carpet from Stark in Anthony Ingrao's showhouse bathroom.

Mary Norwood

EDITOR IN CHIEF


A
Parisian
Discovers
America

Pierre Bergé of Yves Saint Laurent salutes the nineteenth century and the West in his Manhattan pied-à-terre. By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by François Halard Produced by Deborah Webster



Two decorators, Jed Johnson and Jacques Grange, and one architect, Peter Marino, all left their mark on the apartment. In the guest room, Edward Curtis photos and a Jesse Talbot painting surround a Russian daybed. *Opposite:* The living room offers a sweeping view across Central Park South.





LIKE HIS COMPATRIOT ALEXIS DE Tocqueville 150 years before him, Pierre Bergé, chairman of Yves Saint Laurent and president of the Opéra de Paris, came to America and was fascinated by the spectacle before him. But instead of writing a book filled with astringent observations, Bergé put together an apartment filled with exuberant American art and antiques. "My decorator, Jed Johnson, convinced me that since I was setting up a pied-à-terre here, I should live in a totally American environment," Bergé explains. "I brought nothing from Paris. I started from scratch—the American way."

Bergé hired Johnson in 1978 on the strength of his work for mutual friend Andy Warhol. "Pierre's apartment was really my first job," reminisces Johnson, who now heads his own flourishing interior design firm. "I thought it would be my last. I had never planned to be a decorator." To execute architectural details from parquet de Versailles floors to double doors that fold back into the wall—all intended to suggest the way a Frenchman might have lived in New York a century ago—Bergé engaged Peter Marino, then also in the first flush of his career. Not only did Bergé take a risk with fledgling professionals, he also made a bold aesthetic leap by presciently collecting, with Johnson's assistance, paintings, photographs, and decorative objects by nineteenth-century American masters who were then largely unrecognized. Instead of chasing after federal highboys and Copley portraits, the two men hunted down Cornelius & Co. chandeliers, Herter Brothers cabinets, and portraits of Native Americans by obscure academic artists such as Christian Schussele.

"I started from scratch—the American way"

Bergé is a man renowned for making good on a gamble—whether it's a question of turning a rarefied couture name into a publicly held conglomerate or transforming the controversial Opéra-Bastille into a cultural institution. "To have culture, one must be daring and imaginative," he says. "Most people don't trust what they

Inspired by the wall treatments in Mark Twain's Hartford, Connecticut, house, Johnson put decorative painter Leo Sans to work stenciling the apartment. A border of papyrus motifs and gilded wainscoting creates a lavish backdrop for the living room's Turkish-style tufted velvet armchair and sofa, c. 1870, and Pottier & Stymus Egyptian revival chairs in gold damask. The torchères, c. 1905, are by Tiffany & Co.







Instead of chasing highboys, Bergé hunted undervalued American art

don't know. Americans love English and French furniture. The French think everything should be signed Jacob. It was an adventure for me to discover American art, to find the soul and roots of this country. For example, I learned that American nineteenth-century painters are much better than the French pompiers, the academic Salon painters."

As a starting point for their decorating scheme, Johnson showed Bergé photos of Mark Twain's Hartford, Connecticut, house, lavishly painted by the firm Louis C. Tiffany and Associated Artists. From this historic residence, Johnson derived the idea of stenciling all the walls to create rich allusive backgrounds. The front hall was treated to a palmette pattern lifted from the inlay on a piece of Italian neoclassical furniture. The terra-cotta walls in the guest room were stenciled with a Greek design taken from Owen Jones's 1856 book, *The Grammar of Ornament*. And to complement a partial suite of elaborate Egyptian revival furniture by Pottier & Stymus, Johnson



In the front hall, *opposite*, Venetian blackamoors and marble urns line up on a Herter Brothers cabinet. A George De Forest Brush painting hangs under a border pattern modeled after the inlay on a neoclassical table. Marino designed all of the woodwork, from the parquet floor to the paneled door. *Above left:* Bergé on a Pottier & Stymus sofa. Other prize pieces in the living room include a Cornelius & Co. gilded chandelier, *above right*, and a C. B. King portrait, c. 1860, *right*.

...se a dense papyrus motif. From its wall treatments to its furniture, the apartment celebrates the nineteenth century's diverse tastes—and mirrors the melting pot ideal of American culture.

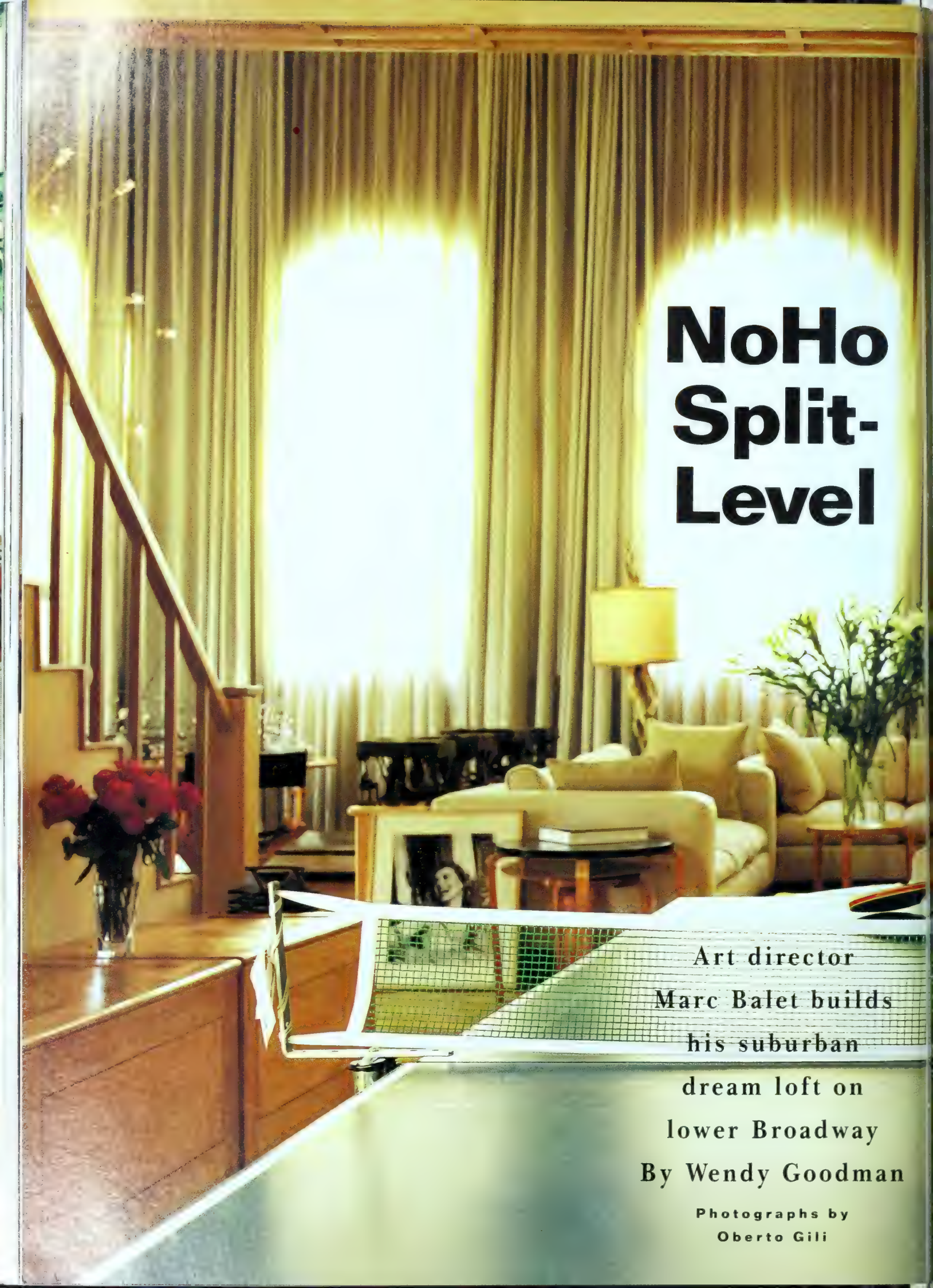
Johnson was so assiduous in his researches into forgotten moments of American design history that he may have erred on the side of scholarly accuracy. Even the living room furniture—1870s Turkish-style upholstered pieces, a table by Marcotte, torchères by Tiffany—was arranged à l'époque. "In retrospect, I feel the result was too academic," Johnson says. Bergé came to agree with this evaluation. "By about 1983," he recalls, "I began to think, 'I like this all very much but it's a little too museumlike.' I brought in Jacques Grange to make it a little more like a home." He also hired Peter Marino to add a mahogany-wainscoted bedroom and a mahogany-paneled bathroom with a marble mosaic floor. Grange recounts, "Pierre told me, 'I want to drink and smoke here.' So I made it all warmer, more alive. I changed the placement of the furniture and reupholstered almost everything. The fabric had been too delicate for Pierre. The velvets I introduced are more practical." He removed the backrest from the borne in the center of the living room and turned it into a giant pouf that can double as a coffee table. Now Bergé can nonchalantly let his Jack Russell terrier, Ficelle, scamper over all of the surfaces. "I did not want to destroy what Jed did. I didn't touch his walls," Grange continues, noting how the copper and blue striped satin curtains he installed "respect the color of Jed's stenciling." (Originally hung with brocade panels, the deeply recessed French windows designed by Marino offer some of the most spectacular park and city views in New York.)

Grange also introduced an assortment of sculptural objects—no longer exclusively American. Passing the front hall's massive Herter Brothers cabinet, Bergé taps each of the Venetian blackamoor heads and Roman urns arrayed on top. "Grange! Grange! Grange!" he intones, like a xylophonist striking his notes. Enchanted like most Frenchmen with the myth of America's Wild West, Grange didn't tamper with the collection of paintings. Bergé waxes especially enthusiastic about the C. B. King portraits, whose earthy tones are picked up in the nineteenth-century Agra rug Grange laid down in the living room. The Native American theme carries over into the guest room, which *(Continued on page 222)*



Portraits of maharajas, Renaissance revival–style stenciling, a Stark leopard-print carpet, and a velvet-upholstered bed frame all rest easy in the master bedroom. Grange describes the Philadelphia secretary as "built like a bulldog." Details see Resources.


renchman might have lived in New York a century ago



NoHo Split-Level

Art director Marc Balet builds his suburban dream loft on lower Broadway

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili



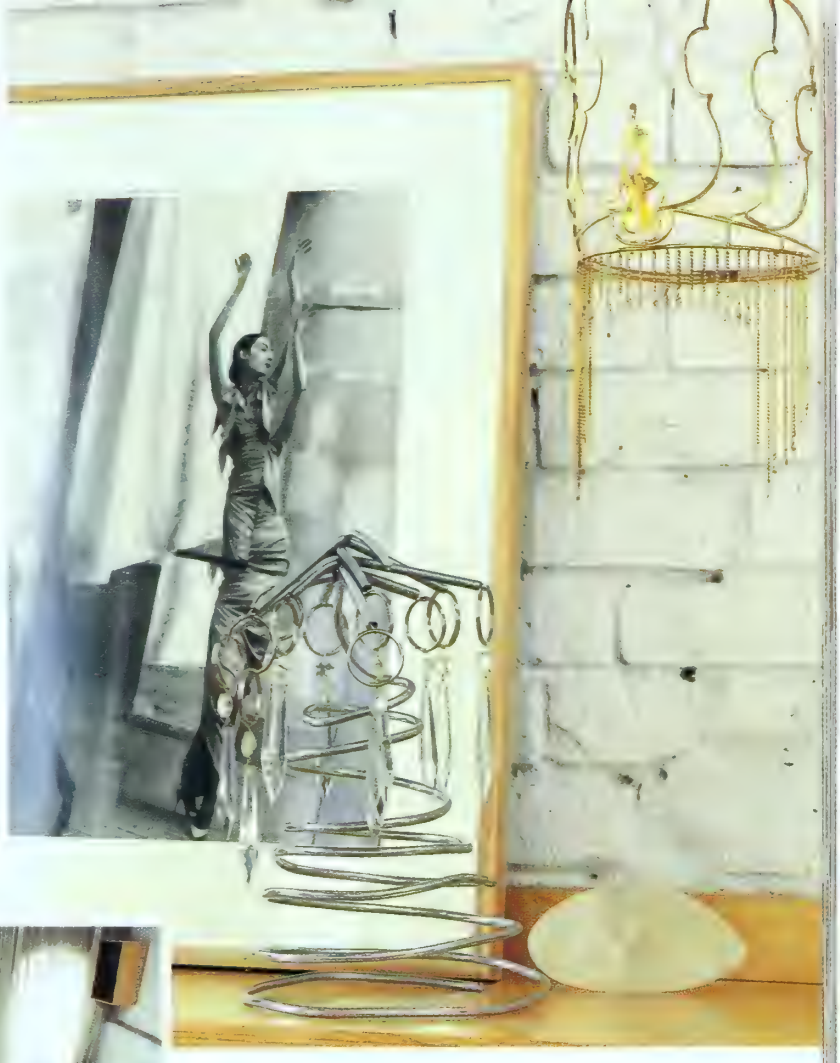
In the loft Marc Balet calls "my little Disneyland," Warhol's *Mao* overlooks the Ping-Pong table in the living room and the curtains seem about to open on *Gone with the Wind*. Details see Resources.



"I CALL IT BALET ACRES," SAYS NEW YORK WRITER Fran Lebowitz, "Marc's suburban dream loft. The only thing you don't see there that you would expect to find is a conversation pit."

At first art director Marc Balet's triplex on lower Broadway looks much like other downtown living-working lofts: an orderly reception desk, a series of work spaces in an airy front office, a corridor to the living area—and that's when you realize that Lebowitz has got it right. The low-ceilinged passageway, lined with bicycles and photographs of friends like Andy Warhol, opens into a vast living and dining room with a Ping-Pong table, arched windows more than twenty feet high, and a painted brick wall and fireplace. Roomy and comfortable, with welcoming sofas, round coffee tables, a curvy blond dining table set with director's chairs, a starburst chandelier, and floor-to-ceiling curtains, this living-cum-rec room does seem to be the ultimate suburban fantasy.

"To me the decoration is a cross between Malibu in the 1950s and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*," says Balet. "I wanted to live in a place that looked as if my parents had gone away for the weekend and I could do anything I wanted," he explains. "This really is my little Disneyland."





Balet grew up in Connecticut, in a house full of dark antique furniture and oriental rugs. It was a friend around the corner, he says, the daughter of an architect, who had "all those fabulous 1950s chairs." He majored in architecture at the Rhode Island School of Design, then headed off to London. He soon won the Prix de Rome and, indirectly, a one-man show at the Whitney Museum. (Prix de Rome juror Robert A. M. Stern was so impressed with his work that he recommended him to the museum.) "In 1975," Balet recalls, "I had returned to New York. I was qualified and equipped to do nothing." His friend Fran Lebowitz sent him to *Interview*. "When I met Andy Warhol and Bob Colacello and Fred Hughes, they said since I won the Prix de Rome I could probably be an art director. I had never done a magazine. When Bob Colacello said, 'Do a layout,' I said, 'What's a layout?' I had never thought, 'I just need some café curtains' "

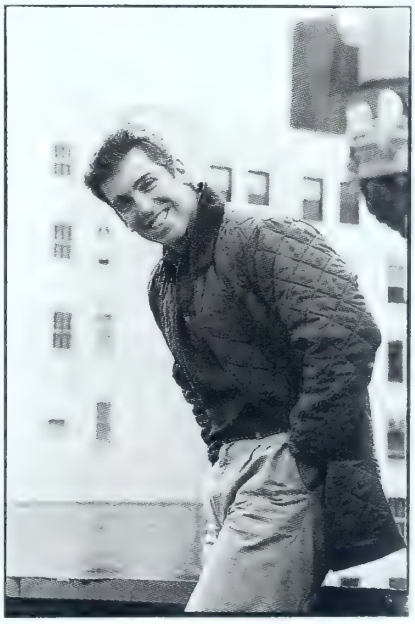


One of Balet's friends helped him find the 1950s chandelier over the dining table, *opposite*, and his buddy Fran Lebowitz's father, Harold, not only created the monumental curtains but climbed up on a scaffold to install them. *Above:* Balet himself designed the dining table and sofas. *Top right:* A photograph by David Seidner with crowns from the Love Ball 2 auction—Arman's in gold, Izhar Patkin's in silver, and Tina Chow's in crystal. *Right:* Balet's architectural model *My Bridgehampton* looms over his grandmother's sideboard and clock. The checkered baseboard leads from the office to the kitchen.

heard of a layout before." And so began Balet's life at Warhol's Factory during its heyday, when *Interview* "really felt like the center of the universe and felt like home," Balet says. "No one had ever done anything like *Interview* before. It was the most fun you could possibly have doing a job."

During his Warhol years Balet lived on 22nd Street, "pretty much like a college student," he remembers. "But I had my dream house in mind, as we all do." And when his career as a freelance art director prospered—his current clients range from Giorgio Armani, Evan Picone, and Jaeger to *Connoisseur*—he began to look for his ideal space: a loft with natural light, an outdoor area ("Opening sliding glass doors to go outside on the deck with a cup of tea is the height of luxury"), more than one level ("Sunken living rooms were always my favorite"), and enough room for him to both live and work ("I like to take the stairs to work").

"The minute I saw this, I loved it," he says. He was outbid for the loft on his first try, but three or four years later he spied an advertisement in *The New York Times* and discovered that his dream house was on the market again. This time it was within his price range. "I thought, 'I just need to put up some café curtains and a rug somewhere,' " he recalls. "Two contractors and two and a half years later the place is still being worked on."



"I think all my friends were so surprised I got the place," he continues, "that they all came round to help." Paul Reubens, a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman, spotted the perfect chandelier in a Los Angeles shop. Another friend, decorator Geordi Humphreys, picked up some Alvar Aalto chairs and tables for him at Sotheby's. Joseph Paolucci, also a decorator, walked him through the furniture-making process, refining Balet's sketches and hooking him up with a manufacturer who could produce the 1950s-inspired upholstered sofas and armchairs. Architect Jim Sanford redesigned the kitchen, supervised the whole project, and "let me know what I could do for the money," Balet says. Irish carpenters Martin Caughey and Eamon Grant did the cabinetwork and built the wooden furniture, including the maple dining table in a shape a bit

"To me," says Balet, "the decoration is a cross between Malibu in the 1950s and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*"

like the quintessential fifties kidney, elongated and with a twist. "I thought it would look nice over in the corner. I sketched it out on the floor," recalls Balet. "Then we made a model, I went up to the Bronx to pick out the wood, and Martin and Eamon built it on the roof." The curves of the table proved to be a perfect solution for problematic dinner parties, Balet says: "Now my friends who don't talk to one another can all sit there at the same time without having to be face-to-face."



Today Balet has his NoHo split-level with a SoHo view. On the first floor are the kitchen, dining area, and living room, with its monumental curtains designed and installed by Harold Lebowitz, Fran's father—"the best draper in the world," says Balet. "He had exactly what I wanted and made these RKO/MGM curtains; it looks as if *Gone with the Wind* is going to be playing here. They are dramatic without being overpowering." The TV room, complete with Aalto bentwood classics and lime green beanbag chairs, and the guest quarters are up one flight. One more flight leads to Balet's bedroom—essentially a small house on the roof—and the front and back terraces where painter David Fisch and John Beaudry and Bill Zagarino have planted a country landscape, complete with lettuce and zucchini. "In the fall I ask if there's cider yet," says Fran Lebowitz. "It's a place you'd go with the kids and pick your own pumpkins."

Lebowitz, who has a reserved seat in the TV room for Academy Awards night, is only one of the many friends who are always dropping in to play Ping-Pong, lounge on the padded sofas, sink into the beanbag chairs, munch on snack food, and relive the 1950s. "It's not meant to be ironic," insists Lebowitz. "It is earnest—and comfy. The fifties middle-class suburbia concept is the most comfortable style ever invented."

"In the end," Balet says, "this house is based on my childhood, incorporating the things that influenced and made an impression on me while I was growing up. Remember, I have kept all the notes I passed in high school." If this sounds like nostalgia, don't be fooled. It is pride and contentment. "There isn't a day," he says, "that I'm not happy coming home to this place." ♠

Fran Lebowitz reserves a beanbag chair in the TV room, *opposite above*, to watch the Academy Awards. Another friend, decorator Geordi Humphreys, bought the Aalto bentwood pieces for Balet at auction. *Top:* The hanging light in the maple-paneled master bedroom is a cloud of mirror fragments by London artist and jewelry designer Andrew Logan. Balet on a terrace, *opposite below*, adjoining his bedroom, *above*.



Bel-Air East

The Westchester estate of Paramount's Stanley Jaffe and his family resists typecasting

By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by Andrew Garn







Decorators Ellie Cullman and Hedi Kravis designed the formal living room around a 19th-century Agra carpet. The club chairs and floral sofa pillows are in fabrics from Brunschwig. *Opposite above:* Architects Bentley LaRosa Salasky added new wings—round for the conservatory, octagonal for the dining room—to either side of the back of the house. *Opposite below:* The lawn slopes from the pool to a lake and woods.





TAKING RISKS IS ROUTINE FOR Stanley Jaffe. As president and chief operating officer of Paramount Communications, he knows how to usher a complex project from gestation to completion, be it producing a movie like *Fatal Attraction* or overhauling Madison Square Garden, which he now heads. Melinda Jaffe, having helped launch a successful clothing company, is no less intimidated by a blank piece of paper. So the renovation of their house in Westchester County didn't seem all that different from other undertakings—except that this one had nothing to do with business and everything to do with family.

The story of the renovation is complicated and improbable and includes a happy ending. In other words, it reads like a movie script: a high-powered career man has a weekend house on an extraordinary site for himself and his two almost grown children. He marries a woman with a young son, and the family give up their city apartment in favor of a more relaxed indoor/outdoor existence in the country. The once ample house turns out to be a bit too small to accommodate their new life. Acknowledging the need for an additional bedroom, the couple hire young architects (Bentley LaRosa Salasky) whom they find through a decorator they subsequently replace (talented but not child-oriented enough) with a decorating team (Cullman & Kravis) whose career the man launched with the forsaken city apartment. The request for one bedroom quickly turns to two when the couple announce a baby is on the way. The architects produce a surprise of their own—a scheme that leaves no molding unturned, that doubles the space, that creates—and then solves—all their problems. After two years of starring in a cross between *Yours, Mine, and Ours* and *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House,* the Jaffes settle down to live their own version of *It's a Wonderful Life.*

The property—main house, guesthouse, swimming pool, tennis court, kitchen garden, and greenhouse, all in a lovely thirty-two-acre landscape with an orchard and a lake—has the feel of an English country estate, which is appropriate since Melinda is English and Stanley is, in his wife's words, "the most serious Anglophile I've ever met." The antiques that Stanley has collected in England for more than a decade fit right in with the kind of place Melinda envisioned—"not intimidating but with a certain formality," encompassing at the very least a proper dining room and a drawing room.

Architecturally, the living room changed the least yet had the most influence. As architect Ron Bentley relates, "It was the tail that wagged the dog because it basically dictated how we proportioned the other rooms," none of which, consequently, are very large except for the master bedroom suite with his (mahogany-paneled) and hers (cream-colored) bathrooms and a gym below, reached by a private stair. But while the house is intimate in scale, it has a grandeur that comes from a studied shaping and sequencing of spaces which is, ironically, more French in nature than English.

Taking the formal exterior of the house—stucco walls, double doors, slate mansard roof—as their cue, Bentley LaRosa Salasky applied the devices of eighteenth-century French hotel plans to the house, creating rooms in assorted shapes and sizes and often linking them by odd joints. To correct a rather abrupt entrance into a front hall that Sal LaRosa best describes as "pinched," they added a semicircular glass vestibule on the outside and removed a bedroom and bath on the inside so the hall could at least be generous in height. The old dining room metamorphosed into a rounded anteroom to the new octagonal dining room crowned with a tented ceiling. In the most complex knuckle of the house, the architects adroitly connected a round conservatory to a hallway linking the living room to the master bedroom and a back stair. On the ground floor, an enfilade allows the eye to



A small entry stair, *left,* was made grander by extending the wainscoting to form a pulpitlike railing. The 18th-century English grandmother clock is from Florian Papp, NYC. *Above:* Pilasters between the windows come together as a column where the conservatory joins a passageway. *Opposite:* A rounded room for the bar leads to the dining room with a Regency table and chairs and swagged curtains of André Bon fabric.



travel from the conservatory all the way to the dining room on the opposite side of the house. Upstairs, a ninety-foot corridor runs the length of the house, dropping down two steps from the level of the older children's rooms, widening for a sitting area, and stepping up again before it reaches the younger son's room. As LaRosa points out, "The house has a cinematic quality. There is a structure to how you move through and experience it."

Ellie Cullman and Hedi Kravis worked at differentiating the various rooms without interrupting the continuity. A magnificent nineteenth-century Agra carpet in the living room determined the palette of soft colors anchored by strong reds in the adjacent public rooms. "Decorating is really very scientific," explains Kravis. "You start with the largest piece in the room. Once you've survived the expense of the carpet—we prefer not to use reproduction rugs in the principal rooms—it's all downhill from there." Until you get to the decorative trim. Stanley jokes that he "could have bought a house for the price of the trim."

Disregarding common theories about hiring friends, the Jaffes picked Cullman and Kravis for "their exquisite taste," says Melinda, "and because they truly understand the way we live." Each room has a distinctive feature fashioned by the architects and embellished by the decorators. Chintz curtains encircle the conservatory, which is Melinda's favorite room; fir paneling lines Stanley's study; and in their bedroom an inglenook frames one of the six fireplaces in the house. The younger children romp in their own playroom. *(Continued on page 226)*

French doors, *right*, unite the public rooms along the east side of the house. The living room showcases Stanley Jaffe's collection of English furniture, including a pair of Adam-style oval-back chairs, c. 1775, and a Hepplewhite settee in the same Cowtan & Tout stripe as the curtains. *Above:* Jaffe's prize maritime painting by Antonio Jacobsen hangs in the sitting room. The sofa and armchair are in Clarence House fabrics.

The house has a cinematic qua

re is a structure to how you experience it









Scalamandré toile in a fresh green covers nearly every inch of a cozy guest room, *left*. The arched alcove is echoed by an oval bathroom window set into a dormer. Carpet from Stark. *Above:* A door to the right of the inglenook connects the master bedroom to the downstairs gym. A club chair is paired with a Regency chaise. *Below:* The house's mansard roof provided an opportunity for unusually shaped doors and dormers in the older daughter's room with cloud-patterned walls. Floral print from Clarence House.





Decorating the Garden

When Bunny Williams moves outside, she goes back to the roots of classic American style

By Patricia Thorpe

Photographs by Elizabeth Zeschin

An arbor o
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Details see
Resources.





Only in the northwest corner of Connecticut would you be lucky enough to find a garden so beautifully preserved. The lawn rolls away from the big white house to the top of the retaining wall where broad grass steps edged with granite descend between two stone lions to a level rectangle with deep borders at either side. Across the reflecting pool an arbor between gnarled apple trees opens up the hemlock hedge and offers a glimpse of woodland. Seen from the cool screened porch on a summer afternoon, it all seems as inevitable as the birdsong echoing in the 250-year-old maples, the house and garden a perfect piece of New England life from a distant, more gracious age.

In fact, when New York decorator Bunny Williams and her husband, Randy, bought the property eleven years ago, wallpaper and plaster were falling in the stately federal house and the maples towered over waist-high grass and brush. There may have been a garden here once—old photographs hint at it—but all that remained was the level ground with leggy lilacs at either end. For Williams the first step in making a garden was defining the space. So the rolling lawn was cut off sharply with new steps and a retaining wall built by artist Christopher Hewat. Tall panels of gray treillage were built to back the borders. "Borders need a backdrop," explains Williams, "otherwise you don't know where to look. And the back creates a place for surprises," in this case shady hosta-lined walks behind the fences. The luxuriant hemlock hedge was added more recently. "There were some nondescript shrubs, but we needed something stronger with no flowers." Once the outline was established, there were adjustments to be made. "The space is really very big, but I wanted a feeling of intimacy. I had to fill up the space a little, so I put in the pool. Then I found the iron swan fountain at Thomas K. Woodard. I knew it was meant to be here. I didn't want it to be too formal, so it's not in the center; that makes it look more like it's floating."

During her twenty-one years at Parish-Hadley and now in her own business, Williams has been known as a decorator whose work never calls attention to itself, whose decisions seem not merely right but inevitable, and whose innovations seem always to have been there. That sense of inevitability is the result of many subtle details of the sort found around her garden, as well as the exquisite craftsmanship she employs. The treillage is the same dimension as the lattice on the back porches. ("At some point the master of the house brought home a southern bride and decked the porches in lattice to make

Pale yellow scabiosa and airy verbena flower among cabbages and kale in the vegetable and cutting garden, *above*. Italian terra-cotta pots of gray-leaved herbs and ornamentals like salvia, dianthus, and helichrysum line brick walks. *Opposite:* More potted garden plants cluster with standards of myrtle.

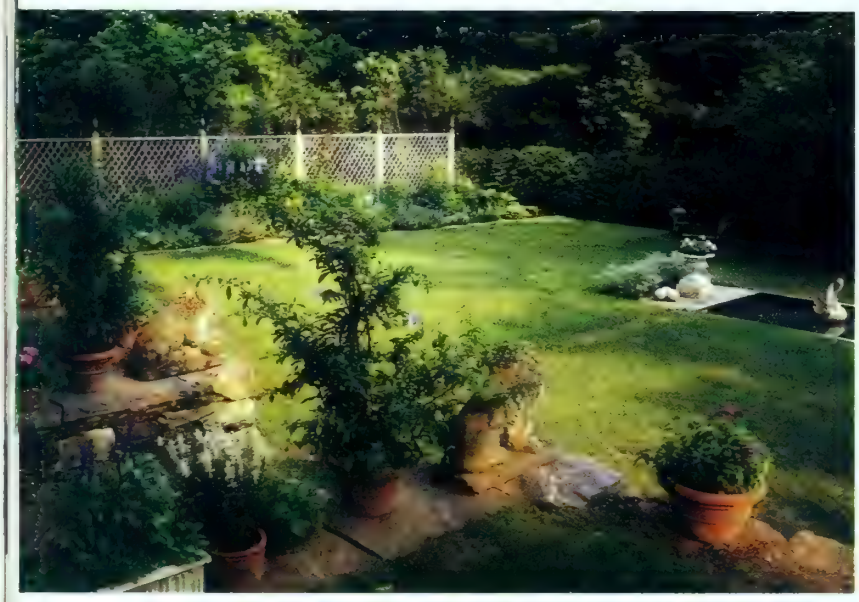


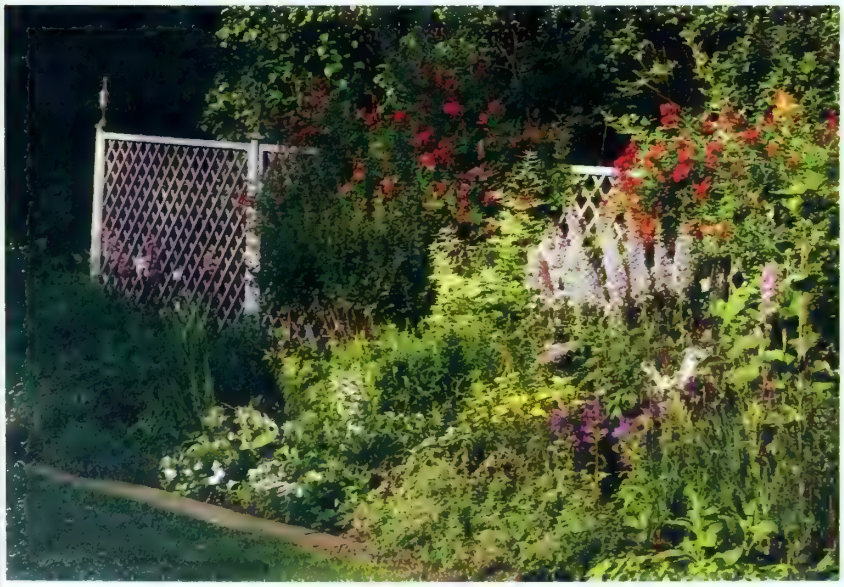


her feel at home," Williams, herself a southerner, explains with a smile.) The finials are copied from a nineteenth-century fence. "You can always get someone to make you a fence, but it is the finials, the details, that make it work." The finials are the kind of architectural element that are available at Treillage, the new shop Williams and John Rosselli have opened in New York.

On the other side of the house, behind the barn (now the garage), a colonial-style vegetable garden brings to mind an even earlier era of gardening, in spite of such delightful anachronisms as nineteenth-century iron furniture and Italian terra-cotta pots. With its weathered wood fence, brick paths, and dark edging tiles, it seems the work of generations, not merely four years old. Vegetable garden is something of a misnomer, since vegetables mix with herbs and cutting flowers and *Clematis montana* combines with runner beans and early peas. The greenhouse at one end is new but made of old windows. The paths are of old brick, even though they require more careful setting and drainage. Although not at all a historical re-creation, the combination of beauty and utility suggests the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century—one thinks of the vegetable garden at Monticello. Williams grew up in Charlottesville, Virginia; the seeds of her gomphrena and celosia come from Jefferson's garden.

"Finding plants is like antiquing—you can't just run to the nursery down the road"





The high level of maintenance around the garden is one more reason it seems to come from another era. Spring bulbs precede the perennials in the borders, then are lifted and replaced with annuals. The Italian pots burst with pansies in early spring, then are filled with petunias and heliotrope for summer. Other pots planted with dahlias, lilies, or tender exotics like plumbago provide movable flowering accents where they are needed. "Of course, I wouldn't even think of doing these things if I didn't have Debbie," says Williams emphatically. Debbie Munson is an energetic young gardener who works more than full-time for Williams and other clients in the spring, then several days a week throughout the season.

But Williams is not at all the kind of gardener who never gets her hands dirty. "In the beginning, before I even think of a plant, I think of the space. I'm a designer, so I do it automatically. The part I love is exploring the plants and trying to figure out how to grow them. Finding plant material is like antiquing, looking for that special piece for someone's living room—you can't just run to the nursery down the road. I could spend all day in the car in spring going from place to place to find the right plant. I'm putting in a nursery area just for cuttings, plants from seed—a garden needs that kind of behind-the-scenes area." Bunny Williams laughs. "You have to be willing to know it is all trial and error. When I started to garden, I had no patience. I don't have much now, but I have a lot more than I did." ♠ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

Pots of lisianthus and nierembergia, *top,* are set outside the greenhouse. *Center above:* Stone lions from a tag sale guard steps down to the perennial garden. *Above:* An old rose arches behind delphinium, aruncus, campanula, yarrow, and nepeta. *Opposite above:* An antique copper finial marks the vegetable garden's main axis. *Opposite below:* Pots of annuals and bulbs brighten steps in front of Smith & Hawken's Devon chaises.





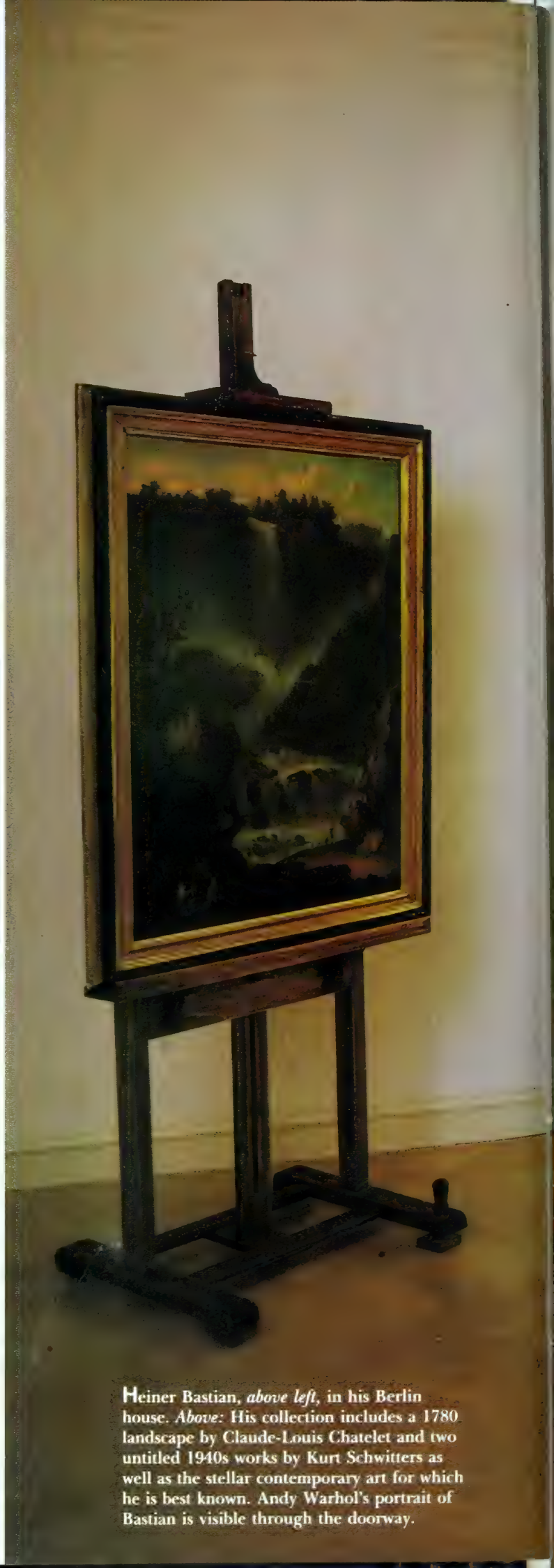


The Art of Friendship

Heiner Bastian surrounds himself with work by artists he knows

By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by Evelyn Hofer



Heiner Bastian, *above left*, in his Berlin house. *Above:* His collection includes a 1780 landscape by Claude-Louis Chatelet and two untitled 1940s works by Kurt Schwitters as well as the stellar contemporary art for which he is best known. Andy Warhol's portrait of Bastian is visible through the doorway.





THE OLD WEST BERlin was the land of possibility. Great and terrible ideas had risen and fallen there, and in their wake there flourished a strange and unregulated openness. The city was a bastion of nervous idealism where a vision of utopia rested on the unstable foundation of fear: fear of what a constructed world gone awry might be like, fear of the surrounding hostile territory, fear of the judgment of other nations, fear of the judgment of history. It was a place of misfits and geniuses, of too much memory too entirely annihilated and then too luridly reconstructed, and of artificial wealth guiltily granted to intellectuals of every stripe in celebration simply of their mystic cerebral exertions. Nowhere else on earth in the past four decades have the activities of the mind counted for so much.

Heiner Bastian is one of those active minds who have so far survived the transformations of a renegotiated Germany. He is a collector of contemporary art, but he is not simply a market force; he is a visionary who has adduced a personal notion of the function of the work of art, primarily in his collecting but also in writing, publishing, and exhibitions. (He is curating an exhibition of late works of Picasso which will open at the Neue Nationalgalerie in Berlin next spring.) Reviewing his collection, you encounter more than a particular assortment of pictures and objects formed by a particular taste; you find a logical scheme for the way a work of art communicates. It is true that Bastian's genius is not comparable to that of the four primary figures in his collection—Joseph Beuys,

On the ground floor, German marble, *left*, frames a view of Joseph Beuys's *Memory of My Youth in the Mountains*, 1977. *Opposite above:* The piano to the left of Brice Marden's *Couplet I*, 1988–89, is a 1964 piece by Beuys; to the right, an ancient Greek Aphrodite. *Opposite below left:* Louis XVI chair plays off against Beuys's *Infiltration Homogen for Cello* of 1976 and a 1971 photo canvas. *Opposite below right:* The house from the garden.










Der Rhein

Andy Warhol, Cy Twombly, and Anselm Kiefer—but after you see his collection, you see each of these artists differently.

Bastian is handsome, self-assured, and suave, though he is also rather tense and sometimes a bit sharp. "You'll be amazed," several young Berlin artists said to me before I went to the house in Dahlem where Bastian lives with his wife, Céline, and his son, Aeneas. "He's very attractive and very open and very democratic in his ideas, not snobbish at all." Within a few minutes of my arrival, Bastian too had assured me that he was not a snob: "Many people think I am arrogant and distant, but only because my house is underfurnished and underheated." It should be emphasized that no one ever suggested that Heiner Bastian might be a snob; it was the denial that sounded in every corridor.

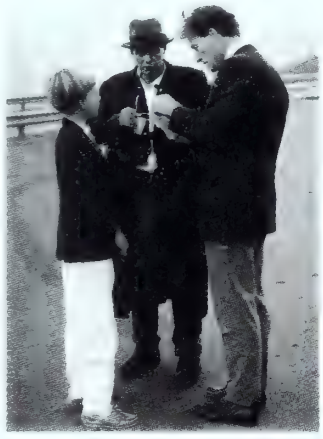
I suppose the issue of snobbery might be expected to come up because Bastian is a wealthy and influential collector and a sometime critic and publisher, but there are other reasons as well. He has the manner of one well aware of his own importance, and in his lively offhand way he takes in and judges everything you say to him, every gesture you make, every detail of your person. He speaks well and considers the weight of each of his own remarks; there is always a reason behind his sentences. When I arrived at his house, he was supervising the installation of a new work by Kiefer. He wore a pale gray cashmere jacket, darker gray trousers, a white shirt of unimaginably soft cotton buttoned to the neck, and a pair of slippers of the richest dark blue velvet; his hair was impeccably combed, and his



As you walk through the galleries in the house, each piece makes a separate impression

erect bearing placed him head and shoulders above the workmen, whom he guided with precise instructions. Though it is true that the power of Heiner Bastian's intellect saves him from social pretensions, it helps if you are told in advance that he is not a snob.

A secretary took my coat and conducted me through several large rooms to the winter garden at the back of the house from which we could look at the fresh snow. A maid brought us a heavy silver pot of chamomile tea, which we drank from white teacups hand-painted at the rims in a deep deep blue. It is not quite accurate to say that the house is unfurnished, but it is a house about art, and the furniture, like the lighting, has been placed to allow you to appreciate the art in comfort. The works of art are not crowded together. As you walk through the galleries, each piece makes a separate impression, each has *(Continued on page 222)*









Roman portraits and German rococo chairs, *above right*, mark the approach to Anselm Kiefer's *The Five Foolish Virgins*, 1983. *Right, clockwise from top left:* Bastian with Beuys (and Aeneas Bastian), Rauschenberg, Francesco Clemente, and Warhol. *Opposite above:* Antique frames next to an 18th-century German console. *Opposite below:* Manuel Canovas stripes cover two chairs in front of Kiefer's *Der Rhein*, 1983. Details see Resources.

Beauty and



Guillaume Sealliong uses glass for near every surface, including a floor made o glass blocks over a layer o pebbles. Deta see Resour

he Bath



By Elaine Hunt

The sensuous appeal of a long luxurious bath is stronger than ever, judging from the attention being lavished on bathrooms these days. Cynics speculate that high-style bathrooms are just another excess of a self-indulgent generation, while more kindly souls suggest that the world-weary need a comfortable and comforting private space in which to retreat from the fast track. Whatever the reasons, it's clear that the workaday broom-closet look in bathrooms is out.

"A romantic luxuriousness" is the way one New York decorator describes a recent project: a master bath, dressing, and sitting room with proportions and appointments once reserved for living rooms—wood paneling glazed pale green, a stained wood floor, an upholstered daybed, a Chinese needlepoint rug, an Italian giltwood chandelier, engravings, and mid nineteenth century English and American antiques. "It has every modern convenience, but none of it is apparent," says Michael La Rocca. For a guest bathroom in the same Long Island house, he painted the floor and wainscot a pristine white to match the turn-of-the-century enamel tub and added a white wicker chaise and side chairs.



Antiques dealer and decorator Anthony Ingrao subscribes wholeheartedly to the more-is-more philosophy. "My clients want to pamper themselves," he explains. "They want a chair to relax in, and they



A Venetian glass chandelier, *top*, glitters in a jewel-like setting of deep blue tile in a Paris bath. Anderson/Schwartz surrounds a stainless-steel sink, *above*, with rare Brazilian blue granite and traces the swing of the door with a mosaic of cracked tile on the floor, *below*. *Left:* A mirror etched with bubbles and capped with "waves" reflects jazzy tile patterns in another room by Anderson/Schwartz.





want their precious objects around them, not in the living room where they never go." For the 1991 Kips Bay Decorator Show House in New York, Ingrao covered the walls of two small rooms with blue silk accented with faux porphyry pilasters and a decorative plaster frieze in peach and white, designed a pistachio green ceiling punctuated by a dome painted with a sunset sky, and furnished the spaces with Empire and Regency pieces.

In three bathrooms devoid of armchairs and carpets but bursting with style, it is strong color that sets the tone. In New York, Anderson/Schwartz Architects designed two guest bathrooms using stock tiles in an exuberant palette. In a Paris bathroom a flood of tiny tiles—all in the same deep blue—covers the walls, tub, and floor; the only adornment is a Venetian glass

An 1847 Swedish urn dominates a dressing room and bath, *opposite* and *above*, designed by antiques dealer and decorator Anthony Ingrao. Scalamandré silk lines the walls and drapes the doorway leading to a faux porphyry tub. The club chair is covered in suede and the pillow in silk velvet, both from Clarence House. Mosaic carpet from Stark.



chandelier that resembles a sparkling spray of water frozen in midair.

French artisan Guillaume Saalburg put glass to uncommon use in two coolly modern bathrooms. For a house in the south of France he laid transparent glass blocks over a layer of pebbles—like those in the Russell Page–designed garden just outside the window—to create a floor that looks like the bed of a freshwater stream, and for a Paris apartment designed by architects Bokura & Associates, he made a cradle-shaped glass tub that sits alone in a granite-walled nave.

Granite is the material of choice for two austere yet evocative designs. Architect Robbin Hayne and decorators Ann Holden and Ann Dupuy took a straightforward approach, lining the walls and floor of actor Peter Weller's bathroom with granite and incorporating a traditional Japanese teak soaking tub. Architects Hariri & Hariri designed a granite bathroom "as if it were a piece of sculpture carved from a quarry," in Gisue Hariri's words. They installed an eye-shaped cabinet and basin of brushed stainless steel and left the walls rough, Gisue says, because "we were concerned with the tactility of materials and their relationship to the naked body." ♠



In a guest bathroom, *above*, Michael La Rocca's summery scheme accommodates a Ralph Lauren chaise and a vintage tub and side chairs. Fabric and wallpaper from Clarence House. *Opposite above:* The master bath in the same house has a Kohler double whirlpool bath and Victorian furniture—an English chaise and metal bench, both covered in Clarence House fabrics, and armchair in an Yves Gonnet velvet. Carpet from Stark. *Right:* Architect Robbin Hayne and decorators Holden & Dupuy provided actor Peter Weller with a traditional Japanese teak tub set in granite.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: WILLIAM WALDRON, TODD EBERLE, JACQUES DIRAND, TIM STREET

Opulence and austerity are equally stylish—but the utilitarian look is out

A temple to hygiene, *below left,* designed by architect Masakazu Bokura features a glass tub by Guillaume Saalburg, which is bathed in light from a frosted-glass vault. *Below right:* Architects Hariri & Hariri had an eye-shaped cabinet of brushed steel fabricated by sculptor Scott Madison for a New York bathroom sheathed in unpolished granite tiles.



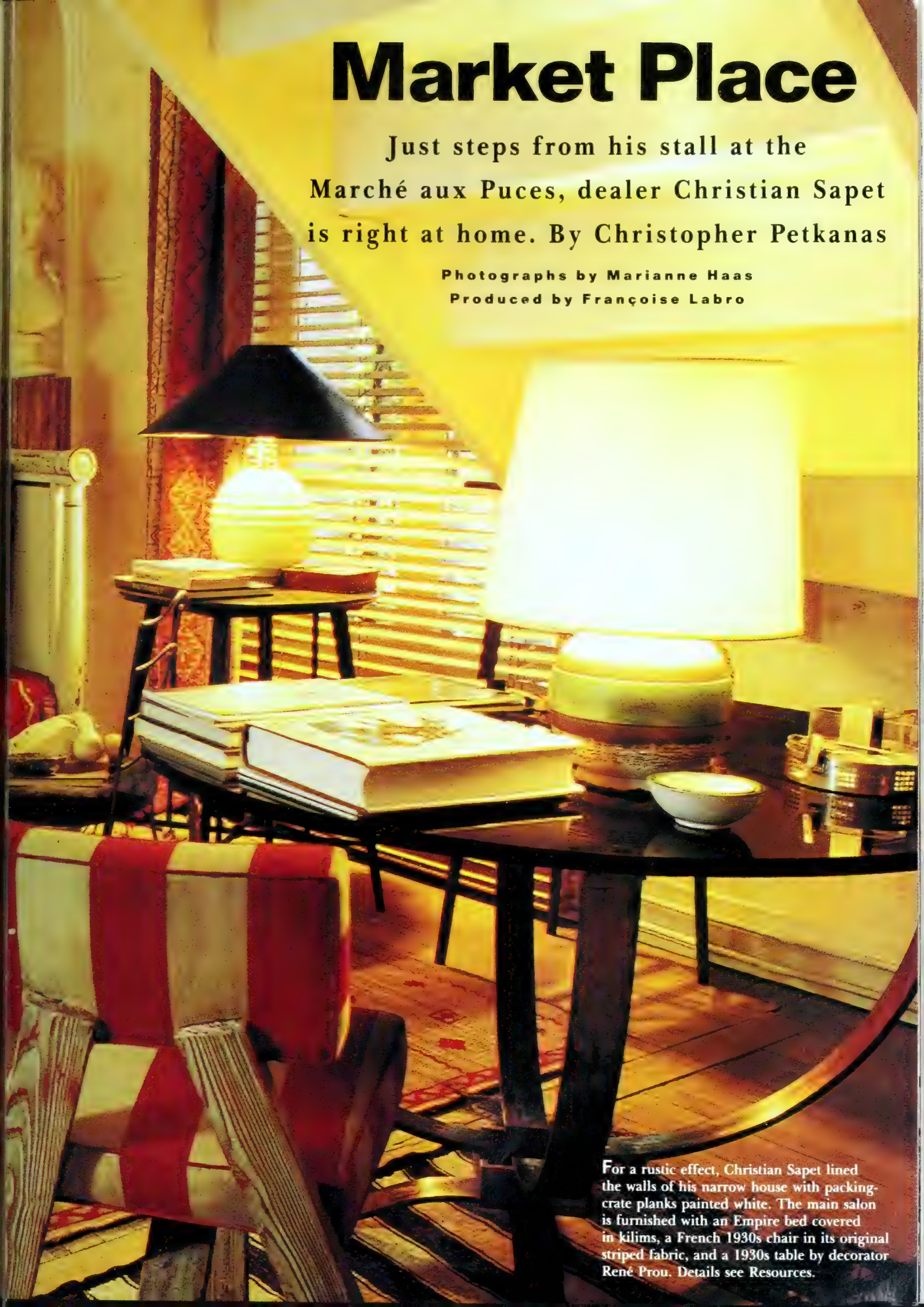




Market Place

Just steps from his stall at the Marché aux Puces, dealer Christian Sapet is right at home. By Christopher Petkanas

Photographs by Marianne Haas
Produced by Françoise Labro



For a rustic effect, Christian Sapet lined the walls of his narrow house with packing-crate planks painted white. The main salon is furnished with an Empire bed covered in kilims, a French 1930s chair in its original striped fabric, and a 1930s table by decorator René Prou. Details see Resources.



TWO YEARS AGO CHRISTIAN Sapet found the antidote to an ambulant childhood lived out on a rough trail of hotel rooms and rented apartments filled with someone else's furniture. He did not have to look far. The house that would temper and adjust the perspective on all those years on the road with his mother, an opera singer, turned up just a few doors down from his heterodox stand at the Saint-Ouen flea market on the edge of Paris. "Everything I have done to this house can be explained by my nomadic youth—six months in Rennes, six months in Marseilles—we followed whatever the tour company's schedule happened to be," says Sapet. "No one should be surprised that I would one day need roots and a lot of possessions around



me as a kind of reassurance."

Sapet's intimate experience of the opera world and of the effects achieved though the careful combining and positioning of furniture and props on a stage also helped him reinvent his métier—after twenty years in the Marché Paul-Bert within the vast Saint-Ouen complex, he is known not so much as an antiques dealer as he is an artist whose medium happens to be antiques. In addition, his behind-the-scenes knowledge of set design enabled him to envision dramatic new possibilities for what he calls his "undistinguished, actually quite scrappy little row house." With five levels, some of which are separated by only a few steps, the building was conceived as a farmshed in the mid nineteenth cen-

Sapet's knowledge of set design enabled him to recast his "scrappy little row house"



Sapet, *above*, on a library ladder in one of two small salons. *Above left:* To a featureless exterior he added grillwork, ivy, and a door found in the trash. *Top:* In the eating area off the kitchen, a 19th-century garden table is surrounded by fifties Italian chairs of wrought iron made to resemble wood. *Opposite:* In another salon, mission-style oak is mixed with thirties French metal furniture.





ury and trans-
ormed into a
esidence in the
920s. For Sapet
his humble wedge
of real estate of-
ered the chance to
ealize his longing
not only for perma-
nence but for the
hack in the woods
hat he dreamed of
as a boy. "The idea
of a forest retreat
made sense here be-
ause of the plane
rees out front and
he weathered
wooden charm of
he neighboring an-
iques stalls that are
oday sadly being done over in
roughcast." In his rather glamorous
fantasy of a jerry-rigged hideaway,
he kind of ordinary rough pine
planks used for packing crates have
been painted matte white, sanded to
bring up the grain, nailed horizon-
tally to the walls, and fixed to pillars,
beams, stair rails, and risers. The fil-
tered measured light of a thick leafy
wood is re-created with slatted oak
blinds, louver-covered skylights, and
he ivy that cloaks the windows.

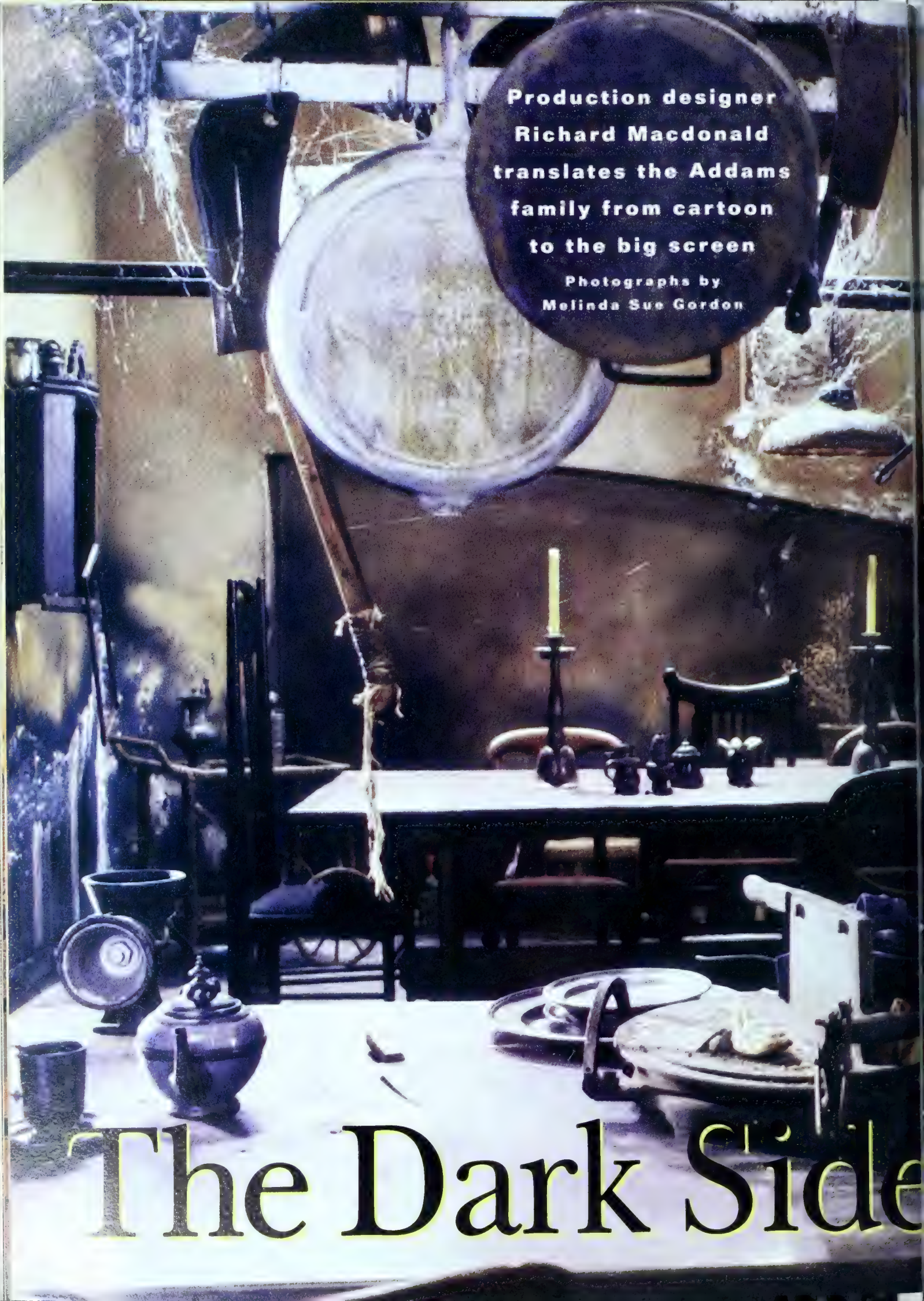
As his own architect, Sapet en-
acted a sweeping rehabilitation of
he building, almost indiscriminately
ripping out walls, doors, and skinny
corridors that conspired to make al-
ready small spaces even smaller. He
created three salons (one with a
painted Empire bed for guests), two
comfortable areas for doing desk
work, a small kitchen, an adjacent
dining room, and a minuscule ro-
mantic bedroom squeezed in under
the eaves. By enclosing a terrace at
the back of the house, Sapet also add-
ed a jardin d'hiver, fitting it with
French doors salvaged from a hôtel
particulier in Neuilly-sur-Seine and
intentionally crowding it with a suite
of large-scale deeply buttoned late
eighteenth century furniture in its
original botanical print fabric. Final-
ly, he installed a second bathroom
built around *(Continued on page 225)*





Three steps divide Sapet's work area, *above*, from his bedroom, just big enough to fit a Directoire wrought-iron bed. *Left:* African headdresses cluster in front of Cecil Beaton costume designs. *Below:* A bust by Belgian artist Ernest Wynants overlooks the tub in a bathroom Sapet designed around leaded windows from the hotel in the old Gare d'Orsay. *Opposite:* An arts and crafts armchair stripped down to its under-upholstery stands below a drawing by Paul Colin next to the steep ground-floor stair.





The Dark Side

Production designer Richard Macdonald translates the Addams family from cartoon to the big screen

Photographs by Melinda Sue Gordon





of Domesticity

By Pilar Viladas

IN THE GRAND VICTORIAN ENTRANCE hall, black stains ooze down walls yellowed with age. A massive table in the dungeonlike kitchen is piled with pots encrusted with the charred remains of what looks like eye of newt—or worse. Signs meant to warn passersby of high voltage and railroad crossings have been stolen from their rightful places and piled in the corners of a boy's bedroom. What's wrong with these pictures? Absolutely nothing—as far as Gomez (Raul Julia), Morticia (Anjelica Huston), Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd), Pugsley, Wednesday, Granny Frump, and Lurch are concerned. In *The Addams Family*,

The decaying elegance of the grand Victorian hall in *The Addams Family* is a perfect backdrop for a group portrait, *above*. *Left:* The kitchen is a creepy take-off on an English country-house model.

directed by Barry Sonnenfeld and released this month by Paramount Pictures, this house of horrors is home sweet home.

It isn't hard to see why. The big-screen debut of cartoonist Charles Addams's creepy clan takes place against a backdrop, created by veteran production designer Richard Macdonald, that captures perfectly the spooky style, the eerie elegance, of its inhabitants. (The costumes were created by Macdonald's wife, Ruth Myers, who handled the same assignment for *Blaze* and *The Accidental Tourist.*) Macdonald, who is renowned for his designs of films ranging from Joseph Losey's *The Servant* to John Schlesinger's *The Day of the Locust* and Fred Schepisi's *The Russia House,* knew exactly the domestic image he wanted to project chez Addams. "The family are aristocrats," he maintains. "They don't have to keep up with the Joneses, and they just carry on in their eccentric manner" in what Macdonald made sure was a suitably eccentric manor.

Although Charles Addams depicted several house styles in the dozens of cartoons that Macdonald studied, the one that passed the screen test was the Second Empire version that appears in the famous cartoon of the family preparing to welcome Christmas carolers by pouring a giant wassail bowl of boiling oil from the tower. (The exterior of the house was built in the hills overlooking Burbank; the interiors were constructed on studio soundstages.) Macdonald likes the heavy detailing of the period, since it adds depth and texture to the sets. "It's like seeing a picture of a hat," he explains. "If the hat has a wide brim, it looks much more three-dimensional."

Inside the house Macdonald's goal was to create a "pool of gloom." As in Addams's cartoons, dim vistas open from one room to another. The tall arched windows on the first floor are shuttered against the dreaded sunlight, which seeps in only through tiny hexagonal openings high up on the walls. The brown and gold patina that covers the sets like a glaze is the result of layers of paint and varnish applied to achieve rich crackled surfaces that give the rooms that lived-in—or perhaps died-in—look. For Macdonald, a respected painter who taught art before making commercials and then designing movies, the references to art and architectural history that permeate the film are entirely appropriate. The picture gallery is hung with copies of paintings (some made by Macdonald himself) by artists ranging from Goya to Grant Wood—slightly altered, of course, to award Addamses starring roles. The vaguely art nouveau ballroom is painted with disquieting murals in a style akin to German romanticism. In the conservatory, floors painted to look like those in the Doges' Palace in Venice provide a graphic foil for monochromatic rows of dead plants, including the rosebushes from which Morticia fastidiously snips those nasty blooms.

While the downstairs rooms are sparsely furnished, giving them an air of faded grace and spaciousness ("with enough room for the servants to maneuver with a cup of tea," explains Macdonald), the more private upstairs rooms are very small and cramped.

(Continued on page 225)



The children fight a entrance hall duel.



Lurch (Carel Struycl decorates for Christ



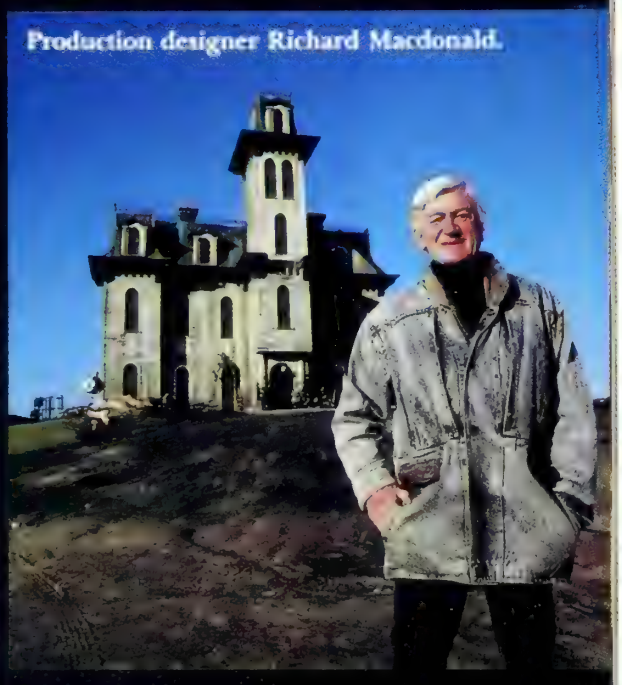
Bizarre monuments dot the family cemetery.



The all-Addams portrait gallery.



Gomez (Raul Julia) and Morticia (Anjelica Huston).

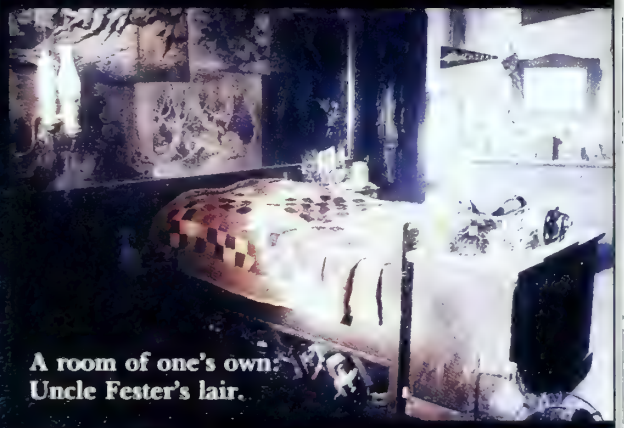


Production designer Richard Macdonald.

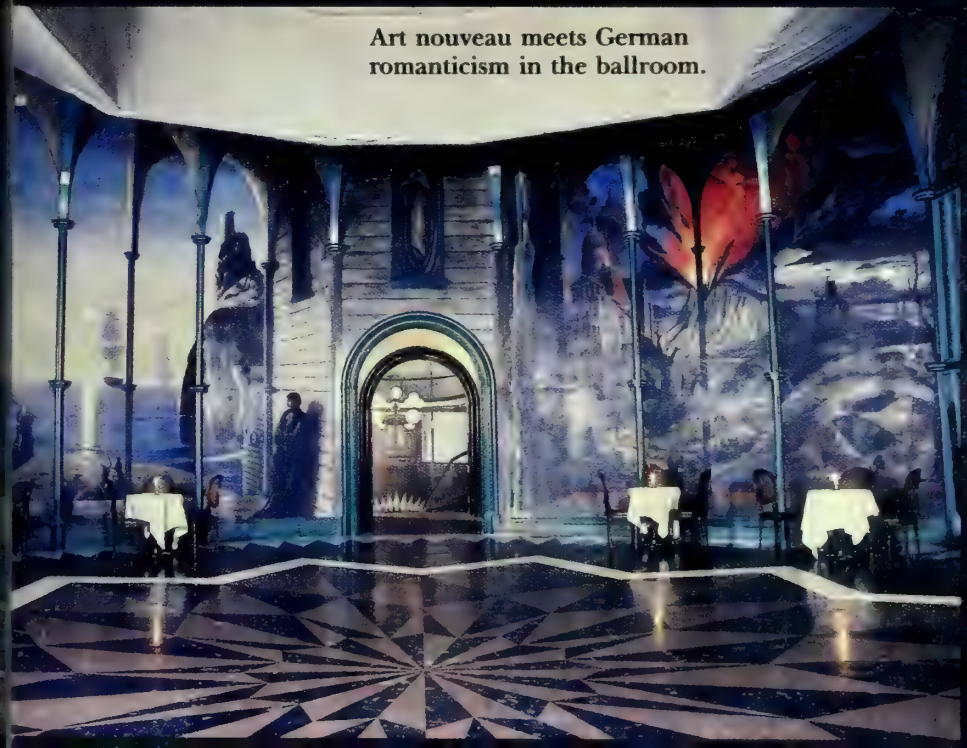


Venetian façades in the treasure room.

"THEY ARE ARISTOCRATS," SAYS MACDONALD. "THEY DON'T HAVE TO KEEP UP WITH THE JONESES"



A room of one's own: Uncle Fester's lair.



Art nouveau meets German romanticism in the ballroom.



Pilfered warning signs piled in Pugsley's room.

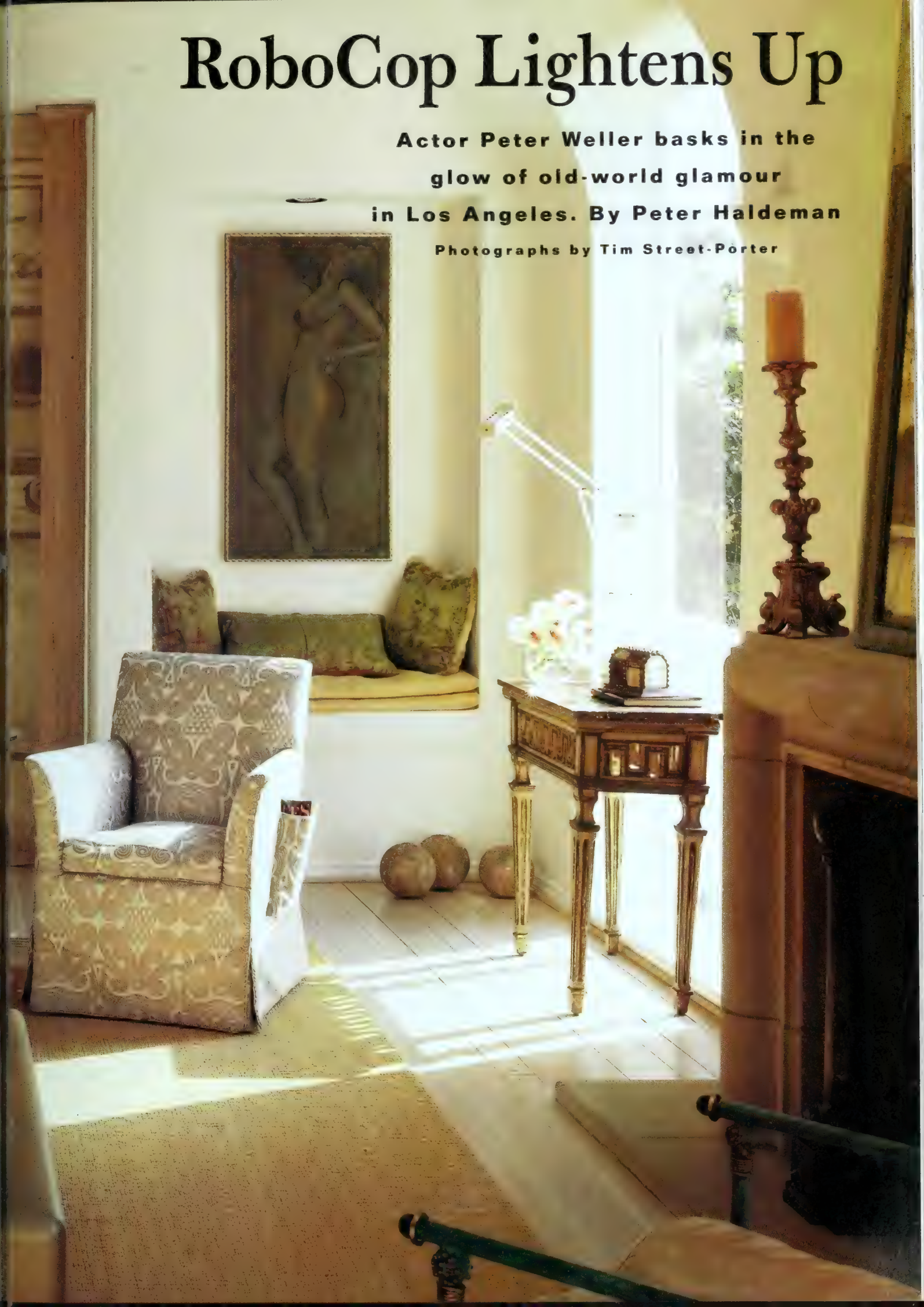


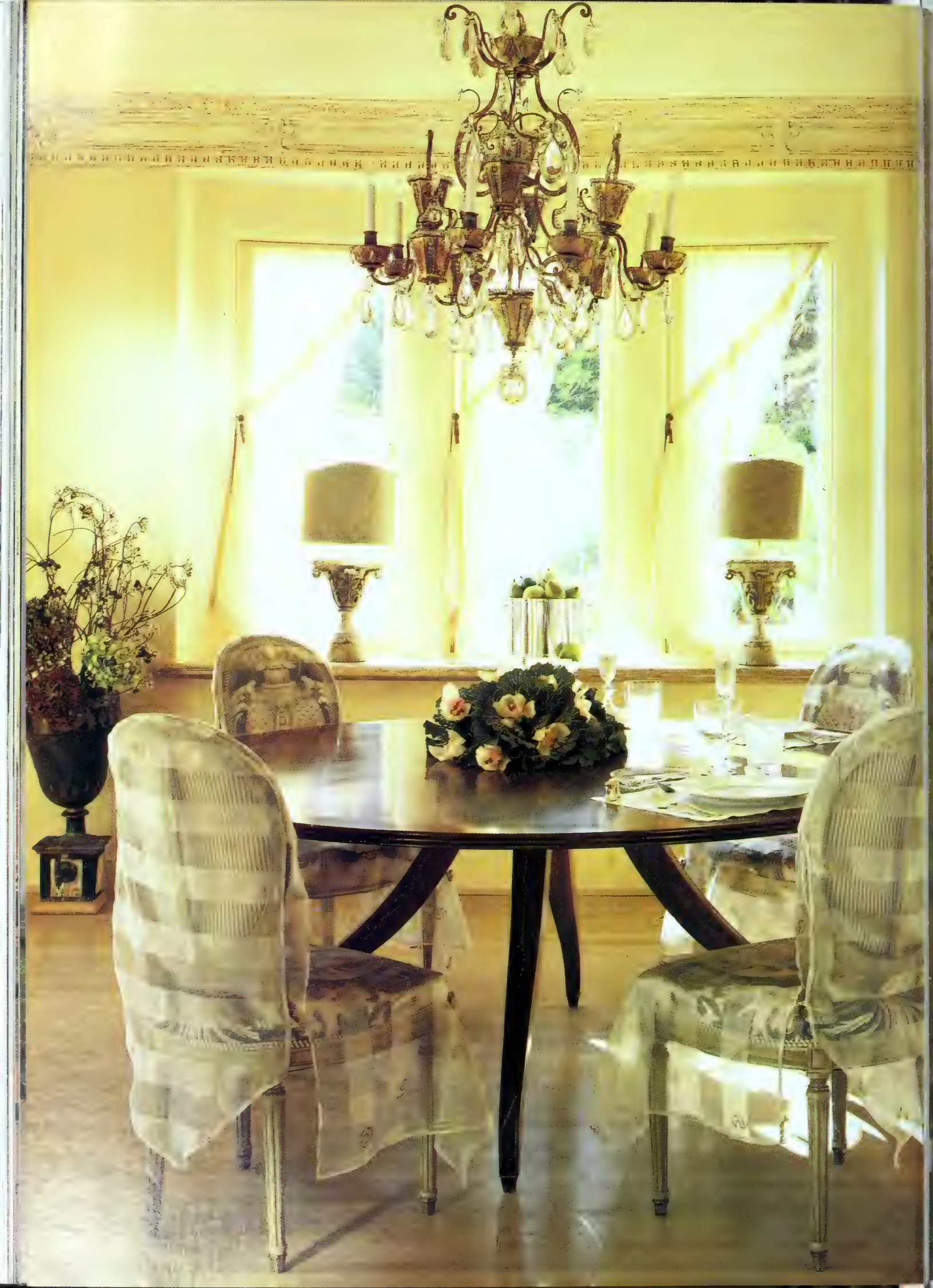
In the light that envelops Peter Weller's living room, the antique Italian gesso table and the [illegible] cocktail table and trompe [illegible] screen designed by Holden [illegible] equally ageless. Sofa and [illegible] Rose Tarlow–Melrose House. [illegible] Details see Resources.

RoboCop Lightens Up

Actor Peter Weller basks in the glow of old-world glamour in Los Angeles. By Peter Haldeman

Photographs by Tim Street-Porter





AT TEN O'CLOCK ON THE rainwashed morning of the sixty-third Academy Awards, a microscopic procession of vans and trucks is disgorging supplies for the post-Oscar party at a Sunset Boulevard hotel; low clouds scud behind the building, blowing shadows across the sea of tiny roofs and backyards below. From a bench on the slightly eroded hillside behind Peter Weller's house, the scent of eucalyptus is bracing and the view goes all the way to Catalina, a mound of blue on the blue horizon.

A silver Japanese compact turns up from Sunset and reappears a minute later in the driveway. Weller's assistant, Ramona Martin, has arrived to open the house, whose visitas and latent comforts Weller has temporarily relinquished for Toronto, where he is shooting David Cronenberg's adaptation of William S. Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*. Weller plays the bisexual drug addict Bill Lee, another fringe character for the actor best known as the cyborg RoboCop and—like his role as a soldier of fortune in this winter's *Fifty/Fifty*—a turn unlikely to diminish what Weller later refers to as the "ongoing L.A. harangue of people coming by, looking for where you live." From the outside, the house, a mostly vertical bleached-bone white villa wedged into the Santa Monica Mountains, offers few clues to inquiring minds.

When Martin coaxes a tomb-size door with her cowboy boot, dust motes swarm in the interior stillness, but the entry, drenched with sunlight, seems only marginally shielded from the elements, an impression enhanced by the muffled trickling of a fountain. The eye registers a minimum of appointments and a near absence of color, then the richness of

"This place is like what you see around Amalfi, in one of the groovier villas"



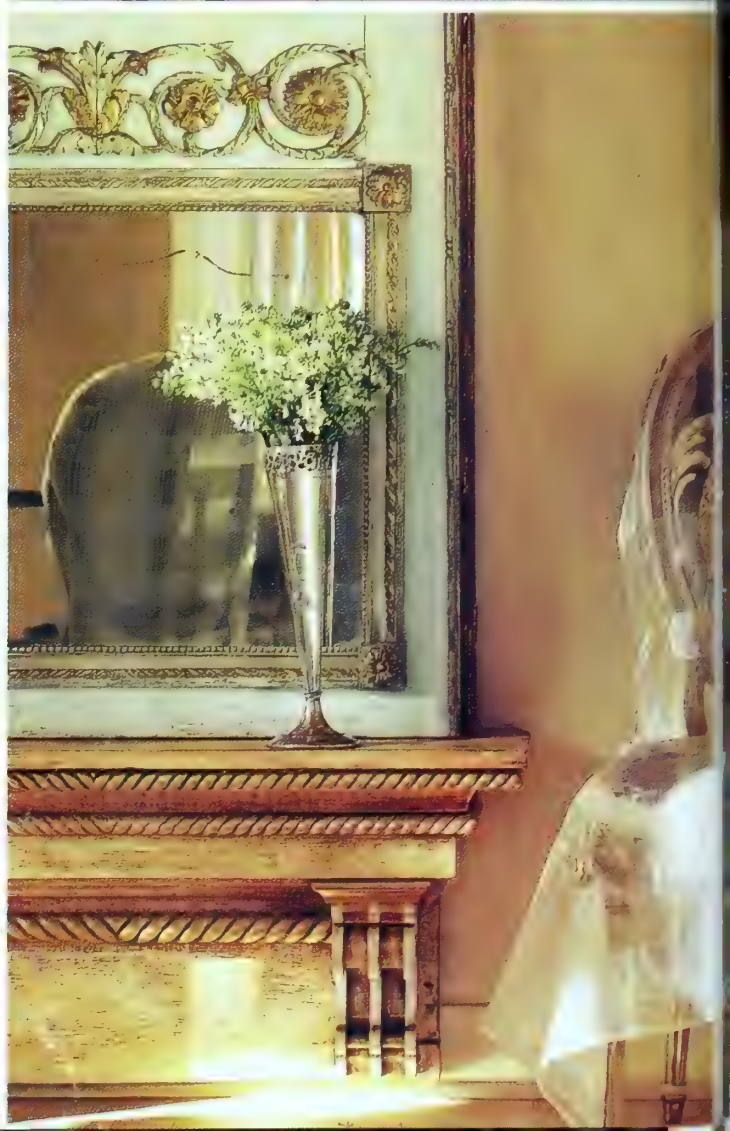
Weller, *right*, an amateur trumpeter and self-described Italophile, says he wanted white "because white is Italian." *Opposite:* Late 18th century French chairs with Scalamandré upholstery and Bergamo organza slipcovers surround a cherry and mahogany dining table. Silver bucket from Foster-Ingersoll, Los Angeles.

NICOLA DILL


VIEW









everything but palette. Gilded and faded putti, moldings, and architectural fragments quietly emerge from white walls. Still lifes waiting to be painted—a vase on an altar depicting in gold leaf Moses and the golden calf, a wall-sized trumeau—repose by ornate antique chairs, shrouded in organza, and contemporary pieces that in this context appear ageless: a bargelike gold-leaf table, a white-washed cypress bed with grisaille headboard, sinuous iron and bronze pieces. A grammar of restraint belies the Italian accent—a predilection for white that at first seems exclusive but accommodates as many pale shades as occur in a handful of sand, all modulated by the light filtering through silks and linens at the windows.

There are a few distractions in this balancing act between the richness of Bernini and the restraint of Bertoia—partially concealed closed-circuit security monitors and cycloptic TV sets, Zen touches that include framed Buddhist poetry ("If I cannot endure today/When and where will I?") and a Japanese-style bathroom featuring a teak soaking tub and white walls with the high sheen of an Edo lacquer bowl. But all of this fits the yin *(Continued on page 224)*

"Other houses in L.A. are quasi-Spanish. Lovely but not my cup of tea, you know"



The bed, *above*, is dressed in maize-lined linens by Pratesi, and the windows in gold-edged linen. Table from Rose Tarlow. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Patio furniture fashioned after intaglio earrings; a gilded tole sconce and Venetian console; a French chair and trumeau; and an "altar" built around a religious panel painting. *Left:* Silk chandelier with Murano glass teardrops.



Art à la Carte

Contemporary artists try their hand at limited-edition porcela

By Charles Gandee Photographs by Rita Maas

fessional time-traveler
dy Sherman decked
self out as Madame de
npadour for a Limoges
akfast service modeled,
you might have suspected,
r a service made for the
tress of Louis XV in
6. Details see Resources.





OVER DINNER ONE NIGHT IN BASEL, A COUPLE OF NEW York City art collectors agreed that the current state of dishes was a bit, shall we say, dull. And, to paraphrase a conversation I wasn't privy to, they decided that "maybe it would be interesting to see what contemporary artists could bring to the table." Maybe it would indeed.

The result of this epicurean meeting of the minds is Artes Magnus's collection of porcelain tableware. Produced at Limoges in limited editions of 25 to 250, the collection offers wit, charm, and aesthetic daring. Crowd-pleasing chameleon Cindy Sherman, for example, donned three versions of eighteenth-century drag for a 21-piece breakfast service, a 30-piece dinner service, and a try-to-top-this-guys platinum-lined tureen. Arman, the master of multiples, served up a series of dinner and breakfast services and then, because he hates waste, sliced and diced and assembled flawed-during-firing pieces into ostensibly haphazard centerpieces. For still-life purists there's George Segal's ghostly centerpiece, a studied arrangement that includes the front half of a foot and a glazed orange; for proponents of pop there's Roy Lichtenstein's tabletop comic-strip landscape.

"This is not fashion," warns Artes Magnus partner Bil Ehrlich. "We're adding something to the art world." Ehrlich and company are also adding to their roster of artists. R.s.v.p.'s have already come in for the next Artes Magnus dinner party from Richard Artschwager, Ashley Bickerton, Eric Fischl, Dan Flavin, Jenny Holzer, Donald Judd, Joseph Kosuth, Sherrie Levine, Robert Longo, David Salle, Lucas Samaras, and Haim Steinbach. David Hockney is checking his calendar. ♠



Although it looks like one of his plaster casts, George Segal's Classical Still Life centerpiece, ***above,*** is, in fact, porcelain, unglazed save for the orange and the pitcher's interior. *Opposite,* Arman entitled his breakfast service Demie Tasse.

"This is not fashion—we're adding something to the art world"





Robert and Jane Schmidt, *opposite*, idle in a 1953 MG in front of a barn on their thirty-acre farm. A converted larger barn serves as their living quarters, *above*. In it Robert Currie created an airy living room with an exposed staircase and spare but ample furniture, including an armchair of his own design in an Osborne & Little paisley and a teak armchair, [illegible], in a Clarence House tapestry. Details see Resources.



High Style in a Hayloft

Robert Currie brings urban sophistication to a couple's Connecticut barn

By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by William Waldron



ON A JUNE WEEKEND FOUR years ago, Robert and Jane Schmidt put a down payment on a Southampton beach house. But when the drive back to Manhattan clocked in at four nerve-rattling hours, they agreed there had to be a better way to escape the city. So the next weekend they rode off—for just an hour and forty-five minutes—to a rural outpost in western Connecticut. There they spotted a converted 1890s barn with a bowed roof surrounded by three farm buildings and a one-room schoolhouse, all nestled on thirty acres. Immediately they decided to make this their house. Says Robert, an executive at a financial services company, "The landscape looks like Connecticut did two hundred years ago. And," continues the not fully rusticated New Yorker, "there are no

The barn is treated as a big open space, similar to a loft in the city



novie lines on Saturday night!"

Still, their Connecticut paradise ad its drawbacks. Jane, a portfolio nanager with a Wall Street firm, re-alls, "My heart sank once I stepped nside." The seller's renovations had esulted in a warren of dark woodsy ooms. When, after months, the dec-rator hired by the Schmidts failed o come up with a plan they liked, the ouple brought in Robert Currie and is associates Philip Cozzi and Rich-rd Lee. "It was like a steak house in-ide," Currie muses. "All that was nissing were the wagon wheel lan-erns," he adds, pulling out before hotos that indeed show a stablelike esidence only Mr. Ed could love. "I was guided by the idea of what a barn really is—not a cornball country place but a big open space, similar to a loft in the city."

"We went in and stripped the barn down to its bare bones," Cozzi recounts. Once the architectural lines were visible, the scheme for the house germinated from the way the "high curved ceiling meets the walls"—a grand yet comforting effect that Currie compares to the "feeling of being upside down in the belly of a ship." For Currie these soaring semicircles meant that all of the new architectural elements had to have right angles—from the balcony's handrails to the living room's cantilevered staircase, which rises in striking relief against a tall white wall.

Whatever modernist tensions these taut elements introduce are mitigated by the generously scaled furniture. "The space is so vast it had to be weighted down with heavy upholstery," explains Currie. For the living room he designed an outsize forties-style sofa covered in a tobacco shade and roomy armchairs in a nubby paisley bouclé. Jane reports, "We can put our feet up, and our German shepherd, Josh, can shed all he wants—the fabrics are color-coordinated with his fur." The living room's focus is a fieldstone, plaster, and oak beam fireplace that looks as if it was found in its current state. Currie says that in fact he and his crew "worked hard deciding which stones to layer with plaster."

Around the corner from this rugged hearth is a sitting room with a window seat in a floral print that echoes the perennial border just outside. "I like to get up at six and sit here and read," Robert says. "Sometimes our neighbor's cows walk right up to the window." (The Schmidts have an agreement with the farmer next door—in exchange for his haying their meadow, his cattle can graze on their land.) Currie compares these animals to "extras from central casting—they arrive, almost on cue, to provide atmosphere."

The bucolic mood, if not the cows

n the farmhouse-style kitchen, *above*, erra-cotta tiles, Sanderson wallpaper, nd a Lorraine Riesenbach painting urround British pine furniture. *Opposite bove:* The house, a former hay barn vith a bowed roof, is next to two other barns. *Opposite below:* The roof curves round the living room's fieldstone fire-place that Currie revamped with some reative plastering. The Chinese rug, . 1910, is from Doris Leslie Blau, NYC.

themselves, enters the house most notably in the form of two monumental urns made from bark, roots, and branches and brimming with hydrangeas. These follies, which Currie traces back to an English grotto room, sit so naturally in the Schmidt barn they might have grown right up from the floorboards. Equally at home is the gnarled Vermont birch bedstead that spreads its boughs across the guest room. Here Currie made his references to nature quite literal—among the four-poster's forked branches he inserted birds' nests found on the property.

The master bedroom is a bit more sedate. The simple, undraped canopy bed is steel, the armchairs are in a mellow floral stripe, and the back wall is painted the most fertile-looking green ever to come out of a can. The decorator explains: "All the colors I used came from what you see just outside the windows—rolling pastures, soil, trees, sky."



And how have the Schmidts, born and bred city people who until recently had never cultivated a tomato, much less locked eyeballs with a cow, adjusted to their adopted rural setting? "Ten minutes after we moved in we felt more at home here than in Manhattan," smiles Robert as he serves Jane's first batch of homemade raspberry jam, glistening bright red in the Connecticut sun. ▲

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



A stairwell, *above left*, separates the living and dining areas on the second floor. *Above:* To emphasize the shape and color of the master bedroom, Currie furnished it with a minimal steel canopy bed. The bedcover is Boussac cotton, the chairs are in a Clarence House print.

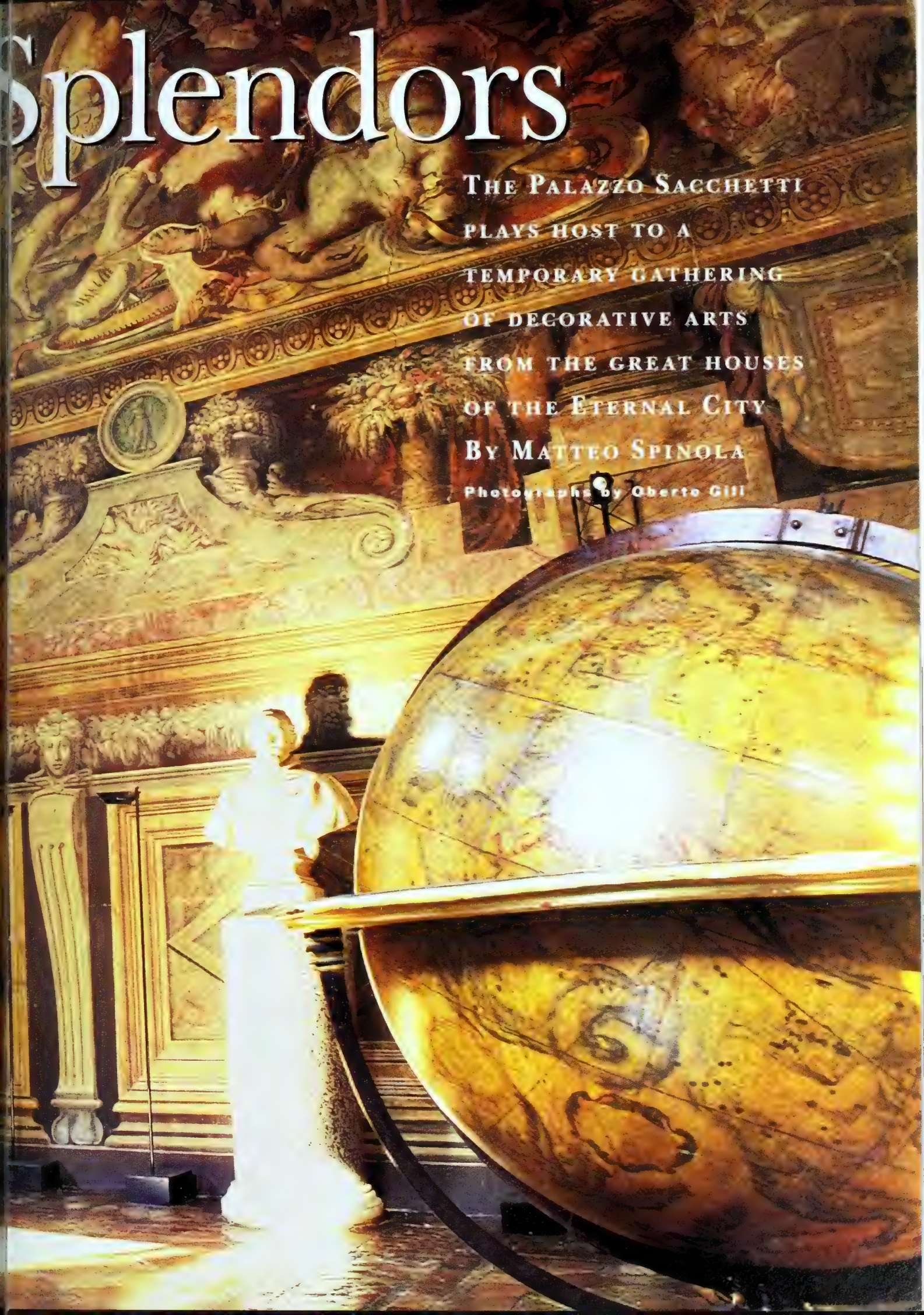


Soaring curved surfaces give the "feeling of being upside down in the belly of a ship," says Currie

Roman



The newly restored Palazzo Sacchetti, with its mannerist frescoes by Francesco Salviati, provided the ideal setting for a unique public showing of 16th- and 17th-century Roman treasures from the city's great palazzi. Among them was Gianlorenzo Bernini's model, c. 1645, for the fountain in Piazza Navona.



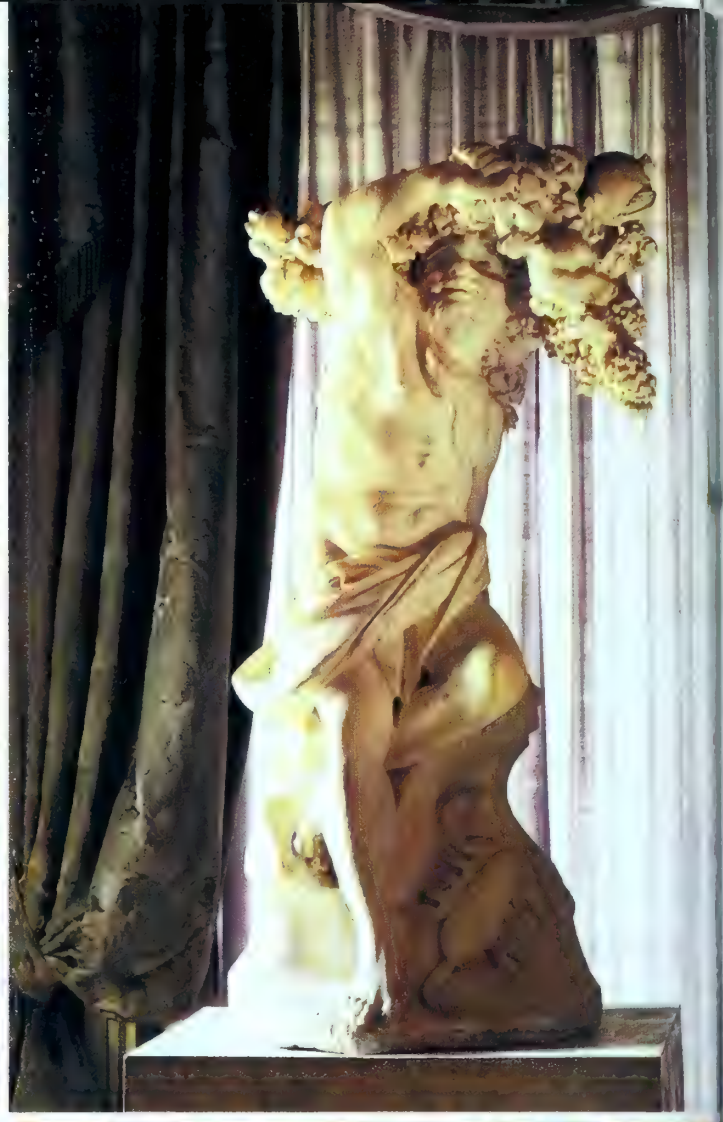
Splendors

The Palazzo Sacchetti plays host to a temporary gathering of decorative arts from the great houses of the Eternal City

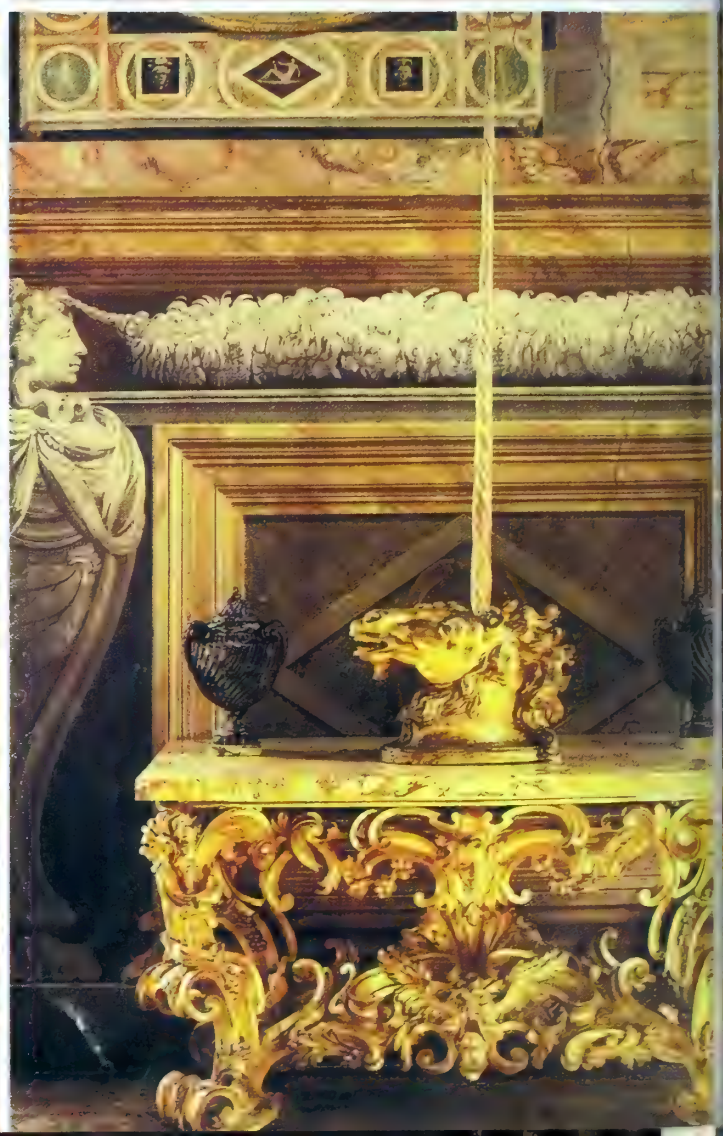
By Matteo Spinola

Photographs by Oberto Gili









A FEW YEARS AGO THE MARCHESE GIULIO Sacchetti, governor of the Vatican, brought a new marchesa to his residence on Rome's Via Giulia. The palazzo, begun in the 1540s by Antonio da Sangallo the Younger, had been purchased in 1642 by the Sacchetti, a wealthy Florentine banking family. To be honest, it was not looking its best when Marchesa Giovanna arrived. The main salon's dramatic trompe l'oeil frescoes by sixteenth-century mannerist Francesco Salviati were untouched, but generations of different tastes in furniture and decoration had created an atmosphere that, however comfortable, was out of touch with the original style of the building.

With the help of Federico Forquet, a friend and noted collector and decorator, Marchesa Giovanna began a restoration program. They had the turn-of-the-century wallcoverings and chandeliers stripped away. One passageway was painted to match a scrap of centuries-old fresco discovered during the work; other walls were refinished in stucco romano. Perhaps the biggest surprise came when the parquet floor was taken up, revealing the original terra-cotta tiles, breathtakingly well preserved.

Within two years the marchese and marchesa were welcoming members of their circle to a palazzo that had been brought back to its former glory. But, in the words of an old Italian proverb, "appetite comes with eating." So, Forquet recalls, he and the Sacchetti decided "to do something not only for our friends, to show that private owners can do a fine restoration."

From that came the idea of opening part of the house to the public for a benefit exhibition. Why not ask the city's aristocratic families to bring out their hidden Roman treasures—furniture, paintings, sculptures, and objects that had been seen only by a privileged few? Putting these pieces together in the palazzo would once again allow visitors to glimpse the richness that enchanted travelers of earlier ages. Thus "Fasto Romano" (Roman Splendor) was conceived as a public showing in domestic surroundings of the best privately owned Roman furniture and decorative objects, complemented by paintings and sculpture, with the proceeds to go to charity.

This idea received an enthusiastic response. Forquet and Alvar González-Palacios, an authority on decorative arts, spent several months consulting with other experts and visiting some thirty palazzi to choose pieces for the



An 18th-century Flora, *right,* was among the small mosaics brought together for the exhibition. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Garden of the palazzo, which has been in the Sacchetti family since 1642. The prince Aldobrandini lent Pietro and Gianlorenzo Bernini's *Autumn,* c. 1616. A 17th-century giltwood unicorn was displayed on an exuberant table, c. 1700, from the Palazzo del Quirinale. Dolphins form the lyre back of a chair, 1790–93, designed by Giuseppe Barberi for the Palazzo Altieri.





Pietro Piffetti's 1747 altar panel, *opposite*, was found in storage at the Sistine Chapel. A confection of mother of pearl, tortoise, gold, ivory, and rare woods, it was a gift to Pope Benedict XIV. *Above:* Four Atlases, modeled after classical figures from the Villa Albani, support a mythological frieze on a table that was created by Barberi for the marriage of Paluzzo Altieri.

now. "It was a wonderful opportunity," says Forquet, "to see the houses from the bottom floor to the top." It was also a task that required considerable diplomacy. More than once, owners offered to lend objects that proved not to have been made in Rome.

In "Fasto Romano" the aristocratic Rome of the city's golden age came alive once more

For six weeks in May and June, some two hundred works were installed in nine rooms of the Palazzo Sacchetti, and, to the surprise of its organizers, "Fasto Romano" became the event of the season. It is no wonder. The aristocratic Rome of the city's golden age came alive in the exhibition; the strength and splendor of Roman taste once more found expression in a table supported by Atlases copied from the antique, a disquieting carving of a horse's head with the tusk of a narwhal projecting from its forehead, and a circa 1663 wooden cradle carved in the shape of a boat and sailing on a sea of Tritons and sea monsters—all displayed in a residence where the past is still present. (The table, most likely designed by architect and decorator Giuseppe Barberi for Paluzzo Altieri, is still in the Palazzo Altieri. The unicorn, originally from the Casa Patrizi, is now owned by the marchesa Sacchetti. The cradle, probably made for the first son of Lorenzo Onofrio and Maria Mancini, belongs to the prince and princess Colonna.)

In the vast frescoed salon, between two monumental globes that are a permanent part of the decoration, stood a model of one of the city's landmarks, the Fontana dei Quattro Fiumi in Piazza Navona, by the great sculptor Gianlorenzo Bernini. An adjoining room housed a masterpiece made for the Villa Borghese, a superbly crafted neoclassical table in gilded wood and black and white marble with bronze garlands, which belongs today to Lord Rothschild. Nearby, an impeccably carved and gilded chair from about 1790 featured an unusual combination of classical and exotic motifs: dolphins, ram's heads, dragons, laurel garlands, acanthus leaves, a putto. Not far away hung a 1777 portrait of the remarkable marchesa Maria Gentili Boccapaduli, an amateur naturalist, standing in her Piranesian study.

These treasures, from the most theatrically baroque table to the most delicate miniature mosaic, have now been dispersed to their owners. But the exhibition (and the catalogue, published by Leonardo-DeLuca) has left behind a new awareness of the creative range of Roman artists and artisans and the riches of the Eternal City. *Fasto romano* lives. *Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte*



A candlehold
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by Chinese po
Opposite: Marg
Gentili Boccap
painted by Lau
Pécheux in 17



Many pieces came from the very houses for which they were made centuries ago



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CLASSIC DESIGN

great ideas

Six hot decorators open their hearths

THE HEARTH IS TODAY'S DECORATIVE hot spot, valued by designers less for warmth than for ornamental opportunities. To David Easton, fireplaces "are just like TVs—flickering lively pieces of furniture that everyone gravitates to." Easton fine-tunes his Directoire neo-Egyptian mantel with mirrors "for depth and sparkle," then arranges classical objects—from ormolu candlesticks to Grecian urns—according to the principle of symmetry. Victoria Hagan, another proponent of the symmetrical approach, treats the nonworking fireplace in her apartment as an altar of sorts. A few exquisite objects, well spaced, rest serenely on the mantel, which she finished with a coat of white paint à la Elsie de Wolfe, who kindled the fashion for pale surfaces.

Falling under the all-the-trimmings category is Robert Metzger's Louis XVI marble mantel, exuberantly propped with a carved Italian mirror,



The Egyptian-style mantel in David Easton's sitting room, *right*, is set off by a French mirror, c. 1710, and striped wallpaper from Osborne & Little. *Below:* On Victoria Hagan's mantel, a Russian urn stands under a sunburst mirror of an unexpectedly small but pleasing scale.





great ideas



gleaming chenets, and a cluster of gilt, shagreen, and enamel designs set among sunflowers. In Farah Damji and Todd Black's office a flash of color—a deep blue plaster sphere, Murano vases, and red roses—highlights a fireplace of richly veined gray marble with gilded detailing. Michael Formica tends the fireplace in his country house with natural ingredients. Stones found on the Long Island Sound are scattered over the hearth, and plaster mixed with coffee grounds ("My homage to John Saladino") textures the firebox. The mantel display changes with the seasons and Formica's mood. Currently on view are dog portraits and a collection of wrought-iron candlesticks—"things," explains the designer, "that fan my creative flames."

Amy Taran

"Fireplaces are just like TVs," says David Easton. "Everyone gravitates to them"

Robert Metzger's Louis XVI mantel, *left*, displays examples from his collections of everything from shagreen to oriental bronzes. The walls are lined in a Clarence House embossed velvet. *Below left:* Beach stones are layered over the hearth of Michael Formica's fireplace. The dog portraits are by William Auerbach Levy, and the c. 1950 firedog is by Jean Royère. *Below:* Farah Damji and Todd Black's fireplace hosts, among other things, an André Dubreuil candelabra and a Christo drawing, above a Florentine urn.







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Art of Friendship

(Continued from page 175) its own impact; you never feel that you are being rushed through an ostentatious display of ownership.

Bastian knows or has known the artists he collects, and he collects artists he knows or has known. In 1969 he was in the audience at a Joseph Beuys Fluxus performance that was overrun by student protesters. He was intrigued, and when the students finally left the hall, he went up to the podium to talk to the artist, then a controversial figure. Eventually the younger man became a sort of amanuensis to the older, negotiating the excruciatingly complex practical problems that Beuys's concepts often entailed. Bastian speaks of his days with Beuys in dreamy tones. "What I learned elsewhere, I never learned," he remarks. "He was a mentor, like a father." In 1988, two years after Beuys's death, Bastian organized a major retrospective for the city of Berlin as his farewell to the artist.

Bastian began to spend time with Cy Twombly in the early 1970s and collected Twombly's work long before he achieved international acclaim. "For me, Twombly was the Apollonian complement to Beuys's Dionysian activities," he explains. At about the time he met Twombly, Bastian began to travel regularly to the United States. "I was in the generation that grew up hearing nothing of the war, skating over the issues it posed, and suddenly at this time, I and the people I knew began to understand what had happened in our country, and we were overwhelmed by guilt," he says. "I went to San Francisco to escape my horror of Germany." Bastian, who was then writing and publishing poetry, met various American poets and, through them, artists. Within a short time he fell, inevitably, into the circle around Andy Warhol and began to collect his work. When the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum mounted a Beuys exhibition in 1979, Bastian introduced his mentor to Warhol, effecting one of recent art's most significant meetings of minds.

Throughout the 1970s Bastian virtually commuted between New York and Berlin. He began to acquire paintings by Kiefer and is still one of the artist's most important collectors. He has also taken up a number of less well known artists, and he buys work from young unknowns in Berlin. "I am at my happiest sitting with a group of students and listening to them," he says, although he is in fact famous in the Berlin art world for scheduling his appointments more precisely and further in advance than anyone else in town.

When he shows you around his collection, he tells you the exact circumstances of each piece and what the artist said to him about it. If his collecting is a form of criticism, then it flies in the face of deconstructionist and Marxist and even historicist critique, because it accepts intentionality as one of the primary loci of meaning. "Of course your experience of a work of art is informed by knowing the artist's professed intentions," he asserts. "If you know and love and understand the artist as a man, you gain access to meaning in the work that cannot be reached in any other way, and the work becomes more profound for you." Heiner Bastian cannot give you the pleasure of Beuys's friendship—or Warhol's or Twombly's or Kiefer's. But in his writing, his publishing (his editions of Twombly drawings are among the most beautifully produced art books I have ever seen), his conversation, and his collection, he gives you a glimpse of what it would be like to count these men among your intimates. ♠



Parisian in America

(Continued from page 148) Grange completely redecorated, Bergé says, "to look like a petit salon." Here a series of Edward Curtis photographs are exhibited under a border of stenciled Greek meanders and palmettes. "This apartment is a fantasy," says Grange. "It's really very theatrical."

Eclecticism emerges in full force in the new bedroom. On its walls, stenciled in a Renaissance revival pattern, Bergé displays a group of portraits of maharajas. The leopard-print rug continues the Eastern references, but in front of the bed stands one of Johnson's splendid acquisitions, a Philadel-


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Parisian in America

phia secretary in the French Empire taste. "All this American furniture is completely influenced by the French ébénistes," Bergé marvels. "Yet it is much less delicate." Grange concurs: "That desk is tougher, more nouveau riche than French versions. It's built like a bulldog."

On top of this secretary sits an early nineteenth century ormolu clock, also in the French manner. But instead of being adorned with a classically draped mythological figure, it's fitted with a likeness of a pudgy Ben Franklin wearing a waistcoat and holding a map of Philadelphia. Positioned so he watches ove Bergé as he sleeps, this great America Francophile is the perfect emblem c Bergé's pied-à-terre. "You see," say Bergé, eyeing the clock, "even thoug the apartment turned into a collabora tion between three people and tw countries that I admire, I kept the spi it—the American spirit." ♠

RoboCop

(Continued from page 197) and yang of the house, its synthesis of spareness and splendor.

And all of it, according to Ann Holden and Ann Dupuy, the engaging New Orleans decorators who helped bring it into being, embodies Weller's own aesthetic discernment. "He was adamant about keeping the house white, light, open and young," says Dupuy in a conference call. So white, chimes in Holden, "we had to convince him to use off-white. He wanted chalk white." "But he didn't want it to look typically [illegible]. "You know those overstuffed cars that people use for furniture? Upholstered Yugos? Basically, Peter wanted to live and die in Italy." "We love Italy, too," confides Holden. "We just don't get to do as much of that in New Orleans. It's more English and French because of the Victorian architecture."

English, French, or Italian, Holden & Dupuy's pursuit is one of subtle reinvention. For Weller they fashioned iron patio furniture after intaglio earrings, turned a beat-up pair of Louis XVI–style fauteuils into comfortable armchairs upholstered in embossed leather, and incorporated an antique panel with grisaille cupids into the headboard of Weller's bed. A round clock with metal hands and flashin lights, dubbed RoboClock, sits on nightstand by the bed; it was a hous gift, says Dupuy, for "a terrific client terrific to work with, a delight." "An she's not just saying that," says Holden

The feeling, in any case, is mutual. " think Holden and Dupuy did a miracu lous job on the L.A. house," he says in phone interview from his Toronto dressing room. "It makes me feel as i I'm in Italy the second I walk into it Other houses in L.A. are quasi-Span ish. Lovely but not my cup of tea, you know. This is exactly like what you see around Amalfi, in one of the groovie villas. Southern Italian, not Tuscan not Roman. Very airy and light." If not

ctly chalk white? "I wanted a white ng room because white is Italian," replies. "The Anns wanted beige. I an, you know, *I* bought the house." the off-white was a compromise? eah. But they compromised with me re than I compromised with them." His bathroom, for instance, was made strictly to personal specifications: Weller says that despite its Eastern elements the sleek design has an Italian look, and the room conforms to the spareness of its surroundings. "I don't like a lot of stuff around. It's because I grew up a military brat, I think, and I was always having to pack up and leave. I still travel a lot." He just doesn't leave: "That place turns me on more than any house I've ever been in. It would take something really unbelievable to make me move out of there. I just want everybody to know that I'm home all the time with a lot of cops." ♠ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*

ark Domesticity

ntinued from page 190) Uncle Fes- 's cobweb-strewn chamber is made n more claustrophobic by being pa- red with reproductions of Gustave ré's engravings of scenes from Dan- *Inferno.*

The walls of every set are angled slightly to create an illusion of greater depth. Macdonald gave the walls of the subterranean treasure room Venetian-style façades that disappear in exaggerated perspective, à la Chirico. He modeled the below-stairs kitchen after that of sixteenth-century Burghley House in Lincolnshire, right down to the massive wooden table with turned legs, but gave the room a shadowy darkness more suggestive of a Piranesi prison than an English country house. And in true aristocratic fashion the forward-looking Addamses have their own cemetery, the resting place of such ancestors as Atlas Addams, whose grave is marked by a statue of a body-builder. Macdonald's favorite set, it is located just a headstone's throw from the family manse. ♠

larket Place

ntinued from page 187) windows with ping lead decorations from the ho- inside the old Gare d'Orsay train tion, now the Musée d'Orsay.

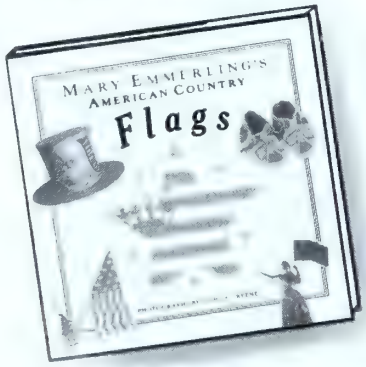
Sapet explains that the decoration had "less to do with my deciding what I was going to do than it did with my deciding what I wasn't going to do." What he chose to avoid was fabric on the walls, lacquered surfaces, and trompe l'oeil. "Believe it or not," he says, "the idea in the beginning was to leave it all, if not exactly empty, then at least without the surfeit of things that now engulf me. I was determined to have something simple and pure. And yet where objects are concerned my capacity for absorption is extraordinary."

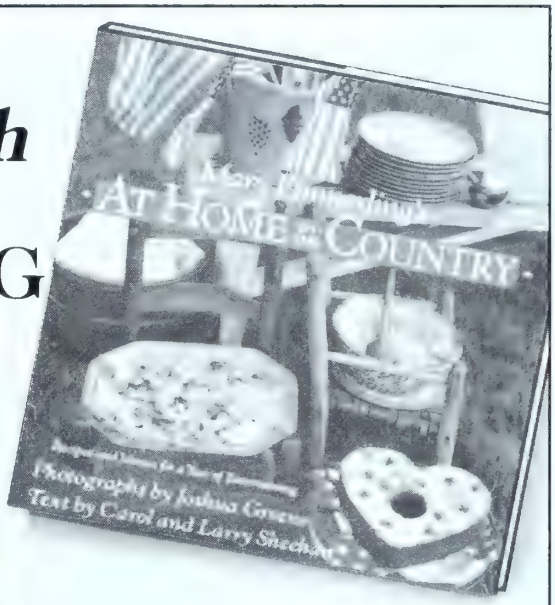




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Market Place

Like Sapet's stand at the market, the catholic contents of his house extend from the late eighteenth century (a Directoire bed with a lyre motif) to the late 1950s (Italian dining chairs in metal worked to resemble turned wood) and "from the sincere to the bizarre," as he puts it. "My preference is for things created by people whose hands are driven by their heads." Yet if a tenderness is betrayed for any one material, it is wrought iron, and if the balance is tipped in favor of any one epoch, it is the 1930s, best represented by a number of aggressively stylish pieces by the Paris decorator René Prou.

"I long to arrive at the point where I can appreciate something without having to own it," says Sapet, nervously appraising his collections. "I can't help thinking how much better the house would be with nothing in it." This is the reflective Sapet talking. When the triumphant one speaks, however, it is of his "petit oeuvre." "Because this house gives substance to a childhood dream," he reasons, "I am the only one equipped to say whether or not I have succeeded. Mine is a childhood fantasy realized with the means of an adult and transfigured by time." ▲

Bel-Air East

(Continued from page 160) The older ones have a media room hideaway, as well as bedrooms featuring such details as a Juliet balcony and a window seat that doubles as a guest bed.

For all its formality, this is above all a family house. Each child helped design his or her own room. Even the youngest, at age two, had a say about the placement of furniture in the playroom. "The rhythm of this house," says Stanley, "is a children's rhythm." Here are two parents who like the sound of running feet, of televisions and loud voices. The minute the oldest children start to settle down and have families of their own, Stanley and Melinda plan to add a second story to the guesthouse. "In our next life we want to come back as our children," says Stanley. Meanwhile, this life is pretty comfortable. ▲

Resources

WRITER IN RESIDENCE
Page 108 Doralice chairs and Filiberto sofas with cotton/Dacron covers, by Antonio Citterio for Flexform, for stores (212) 366-5346. Wicker chairs (#M105), by Mondo, for stores (212) 366-5346

WORKROOM
Pages 134, 136 Custom stonework, by Simon Verity, NYC (212) 222-7678

EDITOR'S PAGE
Page 141 Silk brocade with gold and silver thread, tasseled tieback, to the trade to order at Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121

A PARISIAN DISCOVERS AMERICA
Pages 142–49 Architecture, by Peter Marino & Assoc., 150 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 752-5444. Decoration, by Jed Johnson & Assocs., 11 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023, (212) 489-1840, and Jacques Grange, 118 rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré, 75008 Paris, (1) 47-42-47-34. Custom stenciling, by Leo Sans, Vernon (203) 872-4785 **149** Custom Special Cat carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix

SOHO SPLIT-LEVEL
Pages 150–55 Decoration, by Geordi Humphreys of D'Aquino Humphreys Interiors, NYC (212) 925-1770, and Joseph Paolucci of Perigee, Merrick (516) 379-4355. Architectural renovation, by Jim Sanford of Sanford/Strauss, Warren (802) 496-5007. **150–52** Curtains, by Harold Lebowitz of Pearl, Convent Station (201) 538-1411 **152** 1950s starburst chandelier, similar at Futurama Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 468-8885. Kidney-shaped table dining table, custom sofas, and custom ottoman, to order from Marc Balet, NYC (212) 777-5877. Dining table construction and cabinetwork, by Eamon Grant, Dobbs Ferry (914) 693-1875 **154** Vintage beanbag chairs, similar at Avant Garde, Fort Lauderdale (305) 462-7484 **155** Cloud mirror fragment chandelier, by Andrew Logan, to order from the Glass House, London (71) 407-6575

BEL-AIR EAST
Pages 156–63 Architecture, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky, 160 Fifth Ave. Room 702, New York, NY 10010; (212) 255-7827. Decoration, by Cullman & Kravis, 790 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 249-3874. Decorative stenciling and glazing, executed by Mark Uriu, Brooklyn (718) 858-2977 **156** Landscape design, by Nancy McCabe, Salisbury (203) 824-0354. **156–57** Late 19th century Agra carpet, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-6948. Montrachet Print on Moiré cotton/rayon on chairs, Ronsard Print on Moiré cotton/rayon on inner sofa pillows, Villedo Armure cotton/silk on chair pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Christelle Rope viscose on inner sofa pillows, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. 18th-century Damask linen/silk on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Satin Milleraies rayon/spun rayon on outer sofa pillows, Galon Cable rayon cord on chair pillow, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Régence giltwood sconces, at Guttmann Picture Frame Assocs., NYC (212) 744-8600. English ironstone dessert service in vitrine, c. 1840, at S. Wyler, NYC (212) 879-9848. 18th-century Chinese porcelain lamp with ormolu collar and base, similar at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770 **158** Regency mahogany table, Regency brass-inlaid rosewood dining chairs, similar at Great Brampton House Antiques, Madley, England (981) 250-244 Montenotte viscose/cotton for curtains, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Custom-color silk fringe (#FC1062-999) and custom-color silk tassels (#T2800-999) on curtains, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Villedo Armure cotton/silk on seat cushions, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Swedish chandelier, c. 1820, Regency girandoles, similar at Stair & Co., NYC (212) 517-4400. Late 19th century Mirzapur wool carpet, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715. 19th-century English porcelain in cabinet, similar at Bardith, NYC (212) 737-3775 **159** Twigs custom hand-tufted wool rug, to the trade to order at V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277. 18th-century English grandmother clock, similar at Florian Papp (see above) **160** Compagnie des Indes cotton for sofa and pillow. Giubileo wool/silk for chairs, Kohat Brun cotton for sofa skirt and pillow, to the trade at Clarence House (see above) **160–61** Defontaine Imberline silk cotton for settee and curtains, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC, Travis-Irvin, Atlanta, Shecter-Martin, Boston, Rozmallin, Chicago, Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Troy, John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston, Bill Nessen, Dania, Egg & Dart, Denver, Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Croce, Philadelphia, Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle, Primavera, Toronto. Custom-woven silk bullion fringe with hangers (#FB1051-999) on curtains, tassel silk fringe (#FT641-3) on two pillows, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). English girandole, c. 1840, similar at Philip Colleck, NYC (212) 505-2500. Famille Verte c. 1850 lamp under girandole, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644 **162–63** Pillemont Toile linen for guest room, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above). Woodcrest II wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg. 149). Custom-color single-arm tole wall sconce, to the trade to order at Joseph Richter, NYC (212) 755-6094 **163** Cumberland chintz on bed, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Trouville Linen Damask on club chair, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Persan floral print cotton on bed, curtains, and pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Bearn cotton plaid on pillow, at Pierre Deux, for stores (800) 874-3773. Custom-color single-arm tole star sconce, to the trade to order at Joseph Richter (see above). 19th-century American rocker and painted blanket chest, 20th-century American braided rug, similar at Judith & James Milne, NYC (212) 472-0107

DECORATING THE GARDEN
Pages 164–69 Treillage finials, terra-cotta pots, watering cans, antique garden furniture, similar at Treillage, NYC (212) 535-2288 **168** Swan fountain, similar at Thos. K. Woodard, NYC (212) 794-9404 **169** Plantation Teak Steamer chaises, $615 ea. to order from Smith & Hawken, (415) 383-2000

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP
Page 171 Doralice chairs with cotton/Dacron covers, by Antonio Citterio for Flexform, for stores (212) 366-5346 **174** Bergame cotton/viscose moiré stripe on chairs, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles, Travis-Irvin, Atlanta, Shecter-Martin, Boston, Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston, Egg & Dart, Denver, Matches, Philadelphia

BEAUTY AND THE BATH
Page 176 Guillaume Saalburg, 9 rue François-Bonvin, 75015 Paris, (1) 47-34-79-89 **177** Anderson Schwartz Architects, 40 Hudson St., New York, NY 10013, (212) 608-0185. Granite and marble in Anderson/Schwartz bathrooms, from Marble Modes, College Point (718) 539-1334. Sandblasted mirrors, fabricated by New York Carved Arts, NYC (212) 966-5924 by appt. Custom steel toothbrush holder above spigot, to order from Anderson/Schwartz (see above). Unglazed ceramic mosaics, 2"x2" size, high-gloss ceramic mosaics, 1"x1" size, around Anderson/Schwartz bathtub, from American Olean Tile Co., for dealers (212) 688-1177 **178–79** Antiques and decoration, by





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Anthony Ingrao, 215 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 758-2770. Custom-color slubbed silk for walls and curtain, to the trade at Scalamandré for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Renna Suede on chair, Jaguar Velours Soie silk velvet on pillow Faille Kaleidoscope silk on walls surrounding bath to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57). Mosaic Palermo Lamontage (tufted felt carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC (212) 752 9000. Faux porphyry moldings and bathtub, gilding, and painted sky dome, executed by Andrea Torrens, NYC (212) 925-0905. Lighting design, by William Riegel, NYC (212) 289-9044 by appt. Venetian mirror above sink, with painted decoration c. 1825, at Garrick Stephenson, NYC (212) 753 2570. Replica clawfoot tub, available in porcelain marble dust, or terra-cotta, to custom-order from Ireplaceable Artifacts, NYC (212) 777-2900. **180–81** Michael La Rocca, 150 East 58 St. Suite 3510, New York, NY 10155; (212) 755-5558. **180** Wicker chaise, from the Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren and fine department stores, for more information, 1185 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10036, (212) 642-8700. Majorca cotton on chaise, Onston Hall wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57). Weller bathroom, by Hayne Architects, 6162 La Gloria Dr., Malibu, CA 90265, (213) 457-0732. **181** Two-person whirlpool bath (#K-1466), from Kohler Co for stores (800) 456-4537 ext 800. English Egyptian revival metal bench, American bobbin-turned mahogany side chair, c. 1840, similar at Reymer-Jourdan Antiques, NYC (212) 674-4470. La Cascade cotton tapestry on chaise, Velours Panthère spun rayon/cotton velvet on bench, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57). Ebony polyester/cotton gaufré velvet on armchair, to the trade at Yves Gonnet, for showrooms (212) 758-8220. Chinese needlepoint wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 149). 1920s French metal/glass tables, early 19th century Italian steel engravings, similar at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 941-7354. Reproduction Irish Regency rhinestone/lacquer/giltwood mirror, to the trade at Yale R Burge, NYC (212) 838-4005. French chrome standing mirror, c. 1900, Victorian mahogany étagère, similar at Howard Kaplan Antiques NYC (212) 674-1000. 19th-century Italian giltwood chandelier, similar at Charles Cooper Antiques, New Orleans (504) 523-4718. Paris bathroom, by Bokura & Assocs., 21 rue Danielle-Casanova, 75001 Paris, (1) 42-96-08-90. Bathtub, fabricated by Guillaume Saalburg (see above). New York bathroom, by Hariri & Hariri Design, 18 East 12 St #1C, New York, NY 10003; (212) 727-0338. Steel cabinet and shelf, fabricated by Scott R. Madison Hoboken (201) 420-7404

MARKET PLACE
Pages 182–87 Selected antiques, from Christian Sapet, Paris (1) 40-12-29-12

ROBOCOP LIGHTENS UP
Pages 192–97 Decoration, by Holden & Dupuy Interior Design, 1101 1st St., New Orleans, LA 70130 (504) 524-6327. Glazing and decorative painting in dining room and entry hall, by Elloree Findley, La Cañada Flintridge, (818) 790-2641 by appt. **192–93** Paddington sofa (#346), Eaton armchairs (#383), to the trade to custom-order from Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta, Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania; Egg & Dart, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, NYC, Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. New Rustica sisal carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 149). Peruviano cotton on chairs, Caravaggio cotton on sofa pillow and bench pillow, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Floral linen/cotton damask (#4753) on sofa, to the trade at Henry Calvin Fabrics, for showrooms (415) 565-1950. Palmetto silk on iron chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57). Raffia Weave on bench cushions, to the trade at Donghia Furniture/Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. 18th-century stone cannonballs, early

9th century Italian candlestick, 19th-century Italian andirons, 1920s Murano glass lamp parts on table, similar at Panache Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 653-9436. Tizio lamp on gesso table, from Artemide, for information (516) 694-9292 **194** Late 18th century French chairs, similar at the French Antique Shop, New Orleans (504) 524-9861. Piero cotton/rayon printed moiré faille on chairs, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-888 Fiori Stripe silk on chair backs, to the trade at Clancy Corzine Textiles, for showrooms (213) 559-051. Equinoxe polyester organza for slipcovers, to the trade at Bergamo, for showrooms (718) 392-000 Isadora pleated silk for curtains, to the trade t Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-828. Silver-plate champagne bucket, Royal Bern plates, Lalique bar glasses, Riedel champagne utes, Cartier salt and pepper, at Foster-Ingersoll, os Angeles (213) 652-7677. 18th-century Italian le urn/lavabo, similar at Panache (see above) **96** 1920s Italian gilded tole sconce, similar at Panache (see above). 18th-century Venetian console with faux marble top, similar at French Collectibles, New Orleans (504) 897-9020. Late 18th century French trumeau, similar at Royal Antiques, New Orleans (504) 524-7033. Italian altarpiece, similar at French Collectibles (see above). 19th-century French Louis XVI–style chairs, similar at the French Antique Shop (see above). Travelers embossed leather on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 156–57). 19th-century sediment fragment, similar at Mac Maison Antiques, New Orleans (504) 891-2863 Paste-paper/wood box on table, similar to order from Brett Landenberger, San Francisco (415) 664-8015 by appt **197** Three Line Pattern cotton bed linens, at Pratesi, Beverly Hills (213) 274-7661. French 3-tiered walnut table with brass gallery (#221), to the trade to custom-order at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House (see above). Clinton cotton on wood chair, to the trade at Intair, for showrooms (305) 573-8956

ART À LA CARTE

Pages 198–99 Madame de Pompadour 21-piece Limoges porcelain breakfast service, $2,300, by Cindy Sherman for Artes Magnus, for galleries (212) 750-1600 **200** Classical Still Life Limoges porcelain table centerpiece, including pitcher that can be used as vase, $9,500, by George Segal for Artes Magnus (see above) **200–01** Demie Tasse 21-piece Limoges porcelain breakfast service, $2,100 in blue/white, $1,700 in white, by Arman for Artes Magnus (see above)

HIGH STYLE IN A HAYLOFT

Pages 202–03 Cypress cotton bouclé on armchair, from Zigzag Collection, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500 Teak armchair, c. 1900, similar to the trade at Ann Morris Antiques, NYC (212) 755-3308 Tiber cotton tapestry on teak chair, Clipper Cloth worsted wool on sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57) Bacchus Wool Damask on sofa pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 156–57) Victorian mahogany tray table and bark planter, similar to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking, NYC (212) 677-4316 English arts and crafts pottery pitcher on tray table, similar at H. M. Luther Antiques, NYC (212) 505-1485 1920s–30s American branch/root table, similar at Pure Madderlake, NYC (212) 941-7770 **204** Peking Chinese wool carpet, c. 1910, similar at Doris Leslie Blau, NYC (212) 759-3715 English Neo-Gothic oak table behind sofa, c. 1860, similar to the trade at Ann Morris (see above) French porcelain dandelion lamp, c. 1860, similar at Elliott Galleries, NYC (212) 861-2222 **205** Foliage wallpaper (#WM7424-1), from William Morris Collection, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons, for showrooms (212) 319-7220 Lorraine Riesenbach paintings, at Artists' House Gallery, Philadelphia (215) 923-8440 English pine farmhouse table, c. 1840, Irish pine/ash cottage chairs, c. 1860, similar at British Country Antiques, Woodbury (203) 263-5100 Handmade wrought-iron reproduction chandelier, at Nancy Fierberg Antiques, Woodbury (203) 263-4957 **206** Handmade wrought-iron reproduction of 18th-century French chandelier, similar to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320 18th-century Welsh brass/mahogany table, similar to the trade at J. Garvin Mecking (see above) Antique handmade wrought-iron palm candlesticks, similar at Pure Mädderlake (see above) **206–07** Steel canopy bed, by Niermann Weeks for J. Lambeth & Co., to the trade to custom-order at J. Lambeth & Co., Washington, D.C. (202) 646-1774 Melusine woven quilted cotton for bedcover, to the trade at Boussac of France, for showrooms (212) 421-0534 Corinthian Rose cotton print on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57) Mercerized cotton (#P-8) for shams, from Pastilles Collection, to the trade at Silk Dynasty, for showrooms (415) 965-1077 English rag rug, c. 1910, similar at Doris Leslie Blau (see above)

GREAT IDEAS

Page 219 David Anthony Easton, 323 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 486-6704 Regatta Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500 Chatillon Cut Velvet cotton/Bemberg on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 156–57) Feldman Hagan Interiors, 119 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 472-1290 **220** Robert Metzger Interiors, 215 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 371-9800. Velours Soie silk/cotton embossed velvet on walls, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 156–57) Louis XVI marble mantel, similar at A&R Asta, NYC (212) 744-8120. Late 18th century French wood mirror, similar at Metro Antiques, NYC (212) 673-3510 Louis XVI ormolu chenets, similar at Dalva Brothers, NYC (212) 758-2297 Michael Formica, Inc., NYC (212) 620-0655 Damji-Black Associates, 40 East 65 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 861-1831

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Gandee AT LARGE

Emily Fisher Landau, conscientious collector

There's only one other woman who summers on Martha's Vineyard for whom I would subject myself to seven hours of land, sea, and air travel for a ninety-minute interview. And though I've never actually asked, reliable sources tell me that Mrs. Onassis doesn't give interviews. Emily Fisher Landau, on the other hand, was almost receptive—OK, so it took some cajoling and a character reference from a mutual friend—when I suggested we get together for a chat about the museum I heard she was opening in New York on October 27.

"It's not a museum," said an emphatic Emily, whom I took a shine to the moment she bounded out of her little white convertible wearing a smile as big as her Kelly bag and what looked like Katharine Hepburn's clothes. So what should you call a 30,000-square-foot building filled with Picassos, Légers, Dubuffets, Mondrians, Matisses, Klines, Rothkos, Twomblys, Johnses, Rauschenbergs, Ruschas, Holzers, and Levines? "Call it a 'center,'" said Emily, who had clearly given the semantics some thought. The distinction is that Emily's center seems not to be about self-glorification. Rather, it's about the fact that no apartment, not even Emily's Park Avenue apartment, no house, not even Emily's Frank Lloyd Wright house in Westchester ("He called it a 'seaside cottage,' but it's no more a seaside cottage than Rockefeller Plaza"), can accommodate a somewhere-in-the-neighborhood-of-1,000-piece art collection. And, that being the case, it's about not wanting to keep such a collection in storage. Emily's center enables her to appreciate what she has spent thirty years assembling, thanks to the success of her late husband, real estate mogul Martin Fisher, and the support of her current husband, retired clothing manufacturer Sheldon Landau. And because Emily is generous, the rest of us can appreciate it too—provided we call 718-937-0727 and make an appointment. Especially telling is the life span of Emily's center. "When I am gone, so will it," she notes with characteristic matter-of-factness. In other words, the Fisher Landau Center is not a shrine.



"I feel very strongly that those of us who are lucky enough to be able to give should"

I asked if Emily thought her new center would make her colleagues on the board of trustees at the Whitney Museum mad, by which I meant jealous, envious, covetous. "Why would they be mad? I just gave them probabl the best of my six O'Keeffes, *Music—Pink and Blue, II*, said Emily. "I also underwrote the last two Biennials."

But even if the board members are filled with covetousness, Emily is committed to seeing her pictures together at last in the concrete shell of a derelict harnes factory she found in Queens. Yes, Queens. To ready the building, Emily enlisted architect Max Gordon, bes known for designing the Saatchi collection quarters in London. "Max was a perfectionist," said Emily. "I don' think many people will really appreciate what he's done here." Tragically, neither will Gordon, who died o AIDS complications last year on August 23, Emily's birthday. Gordon's perfectionism, however, lives on, no only in Bill Katz, who polished off the design work, but in Emily. For example, instead of ordering truckloads of institutional furniture, Emily zeroed in on the work of Warren McArthur, the early twentieth century master of brushed aluminum. "I thought I would just buy a few pieces that would look good in the building," she confesses. At the moment Emily's McArthur holdings hover around 150 pieces—and still counting.

But Emily will find a place for her furniture, if not in the exhibition spaces or the art library then in the rooms devoted to one of her favorite causes—an organization committed to teaching teachers how to teach students with learning disabilities. The subject is of special concern to Emily, who is dyslexic. "Do you know how many parents prefer saying 'My child needs a psychiatrist' over 'My child is learning disabled?'" To help remove that stigma, Emily founded the Fisher Landau Program, which she initiated at the Dalton, Collegiate, and Friends schools in Manhattan. A bit elitist, I pointed out. "Precisely," said Emily. "Starting at the top is like coming out of the closet. Suddenly everybody feels free."

Since the subject of philanthropy had landed on the table, I asked Emily, who is obviously very rich, her thoughts. "I feel very strongly that those of us who are lucky enough to be able to give should," she said. But to what? No one can give to everything. Emily reeled off a list that effectively suggested one person almost could, then qualified her list by distinguishing between what she gives to and what she gives to in a big way. And just how big is big? "Big is big," said Emily. **Charles Gandee**

December

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HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

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Collectors' Classic Rooms



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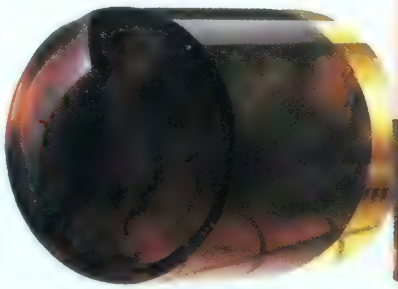
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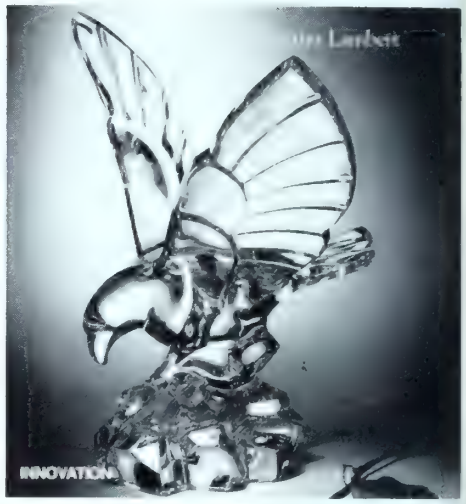
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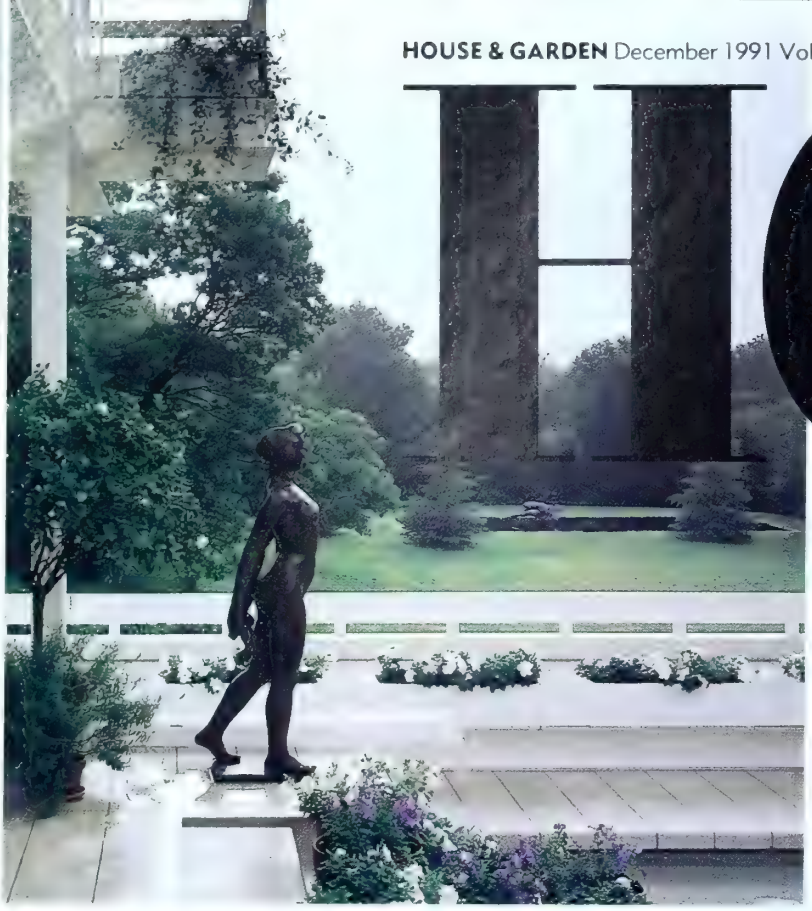
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HG



DECEMBER

COVER *Worcester porcelain brings color to a festive table. Page 132. Photograph by Michael Mundy.*



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Louis Vuitton. The spirit of travel

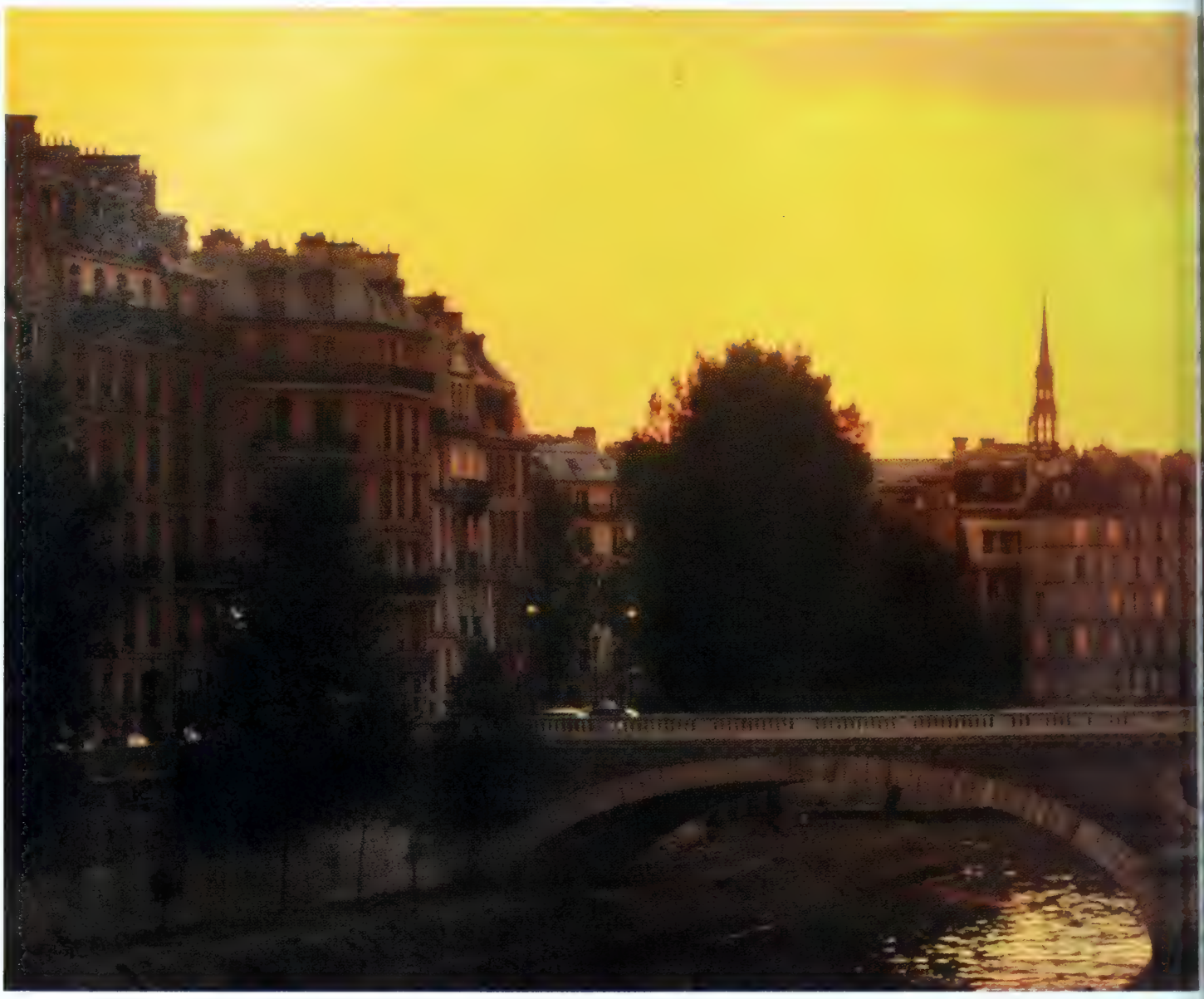


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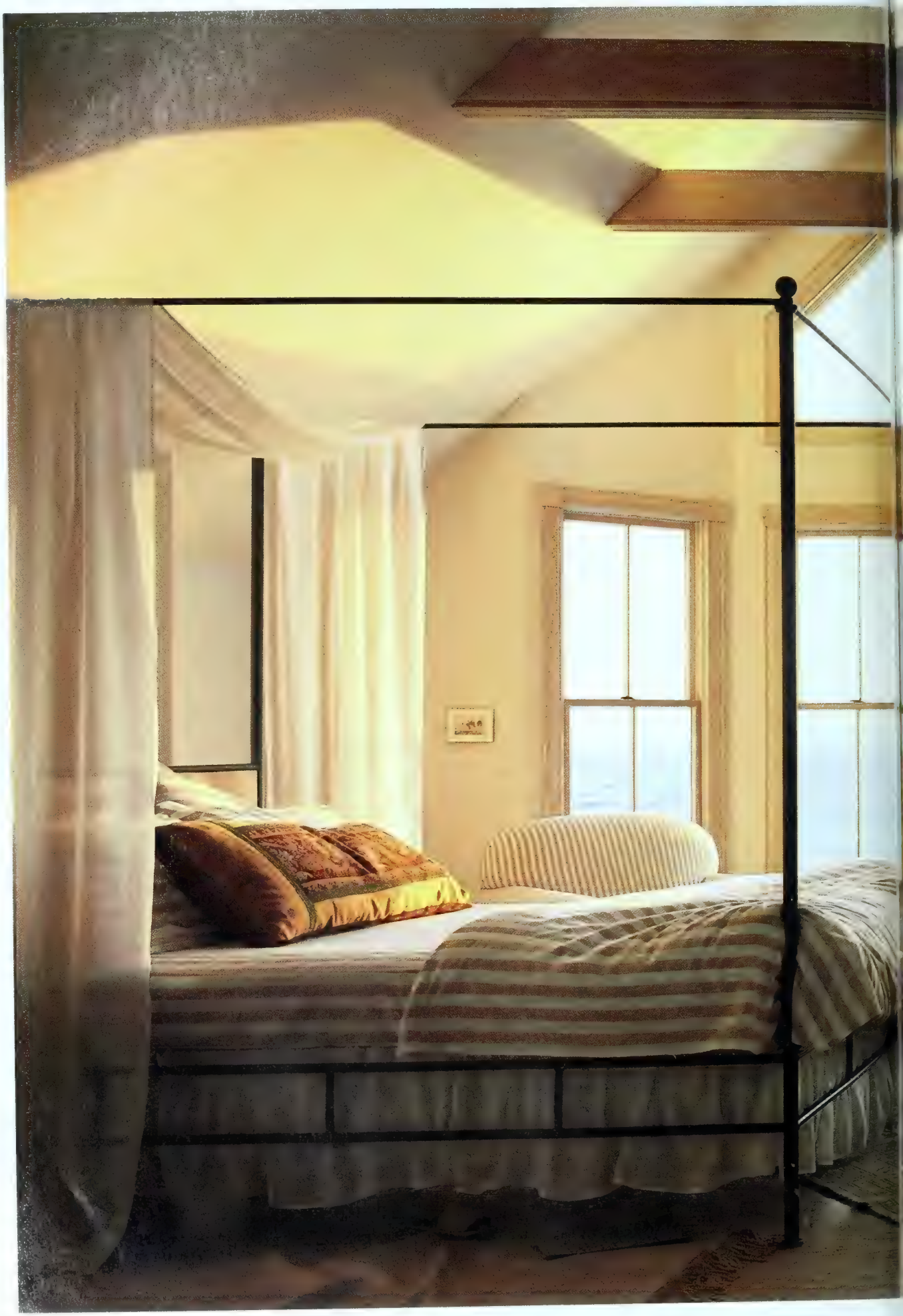
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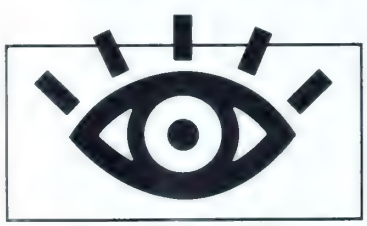
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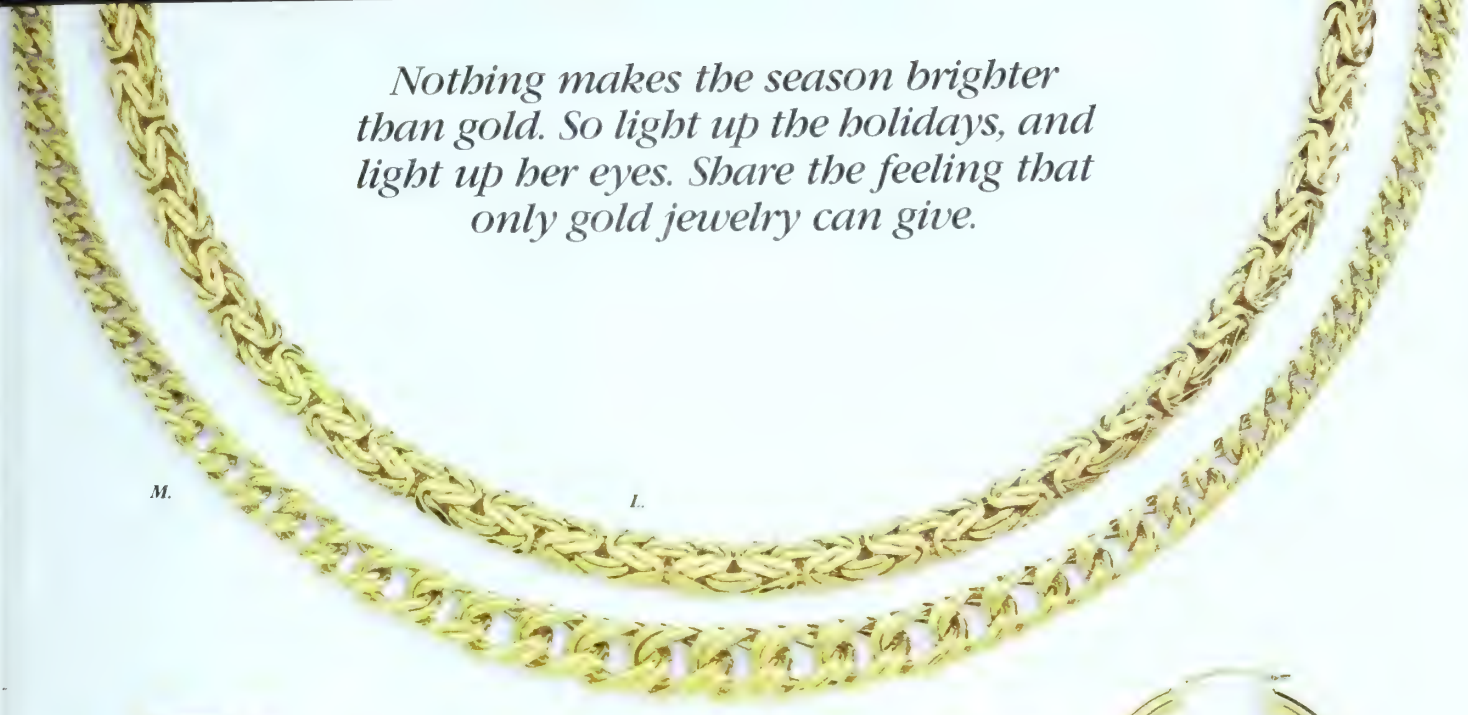
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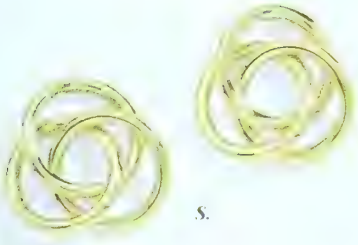
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DEWEY NICKS

Sandra Bernhard, author of *Confessions of a Pretty Lady,* star of the one-woman stage show and film *Without You I'm Nothing,* and most wanted guest on the talk show circuit, opens her Los Angeles bungalow to HG and tells it like it is chez Sandra: "This is not a Hollywood house—I don't give parties for two hundred of my closest friends." Bernhard is currently touring in her new one-woman show, *Giving 'til It Hurts,* and is at work on an HBO special, *Sandra after Dark.*



Isabel Colegate, this month's writer in residence, chronicles the oddball history of the trefoil-shaped English castle she calls home. Colegate, whose 1981 novel *The Shooting Party* was adapted for the screen, finds inspiration—and escape from the telephone—in her Gothic greenhouse where she puzzles out literary problems in the company of her terrier, Roland. Colegate's twelfth novel, *The Summer of the Royal Visit,* which has just been published in England, will be issued in the U.S. next month by Knopf.



MARK STERN

Marcos Gago, HG's associate art director, decided to try his hand at graphic design when, as an art student, he found himself incorporating letters and phrases into his canvases. Still a painter by night, Gago spends his days creating compelling layouts and indulging his passion for type by "poring over more than a dozen magazines in a sitting."



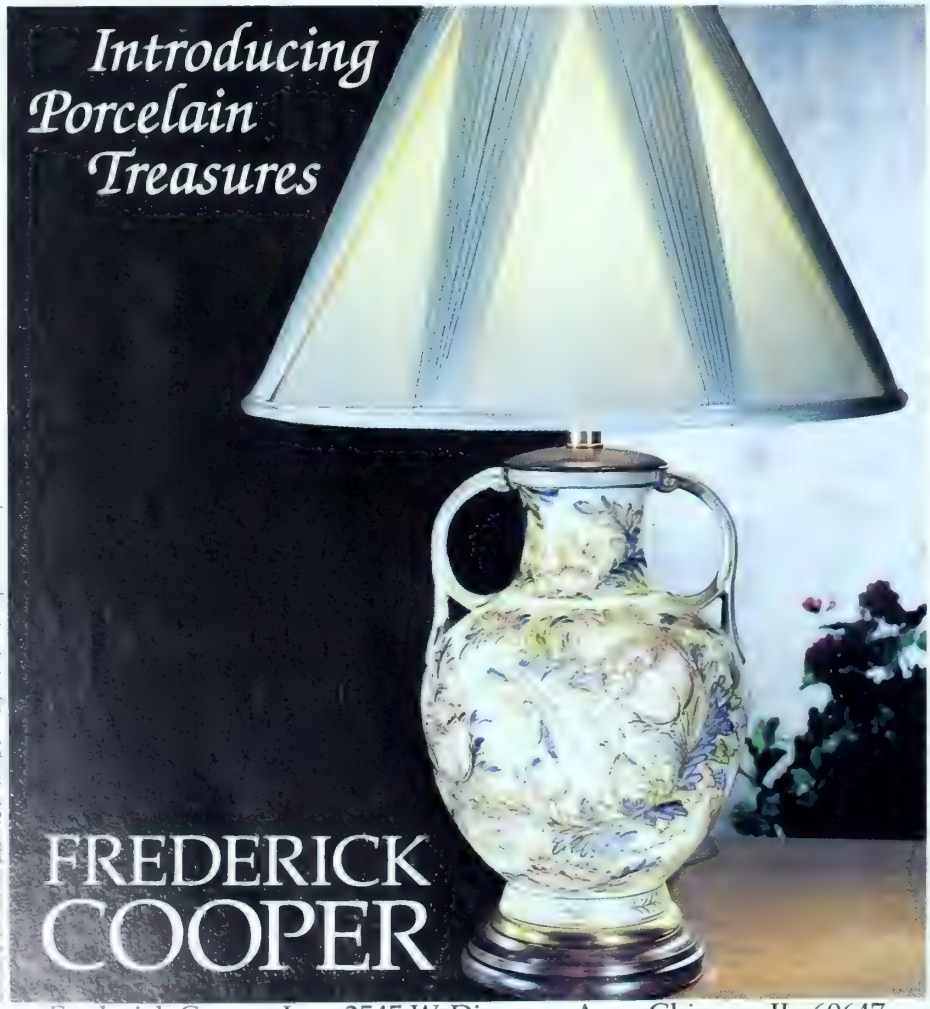
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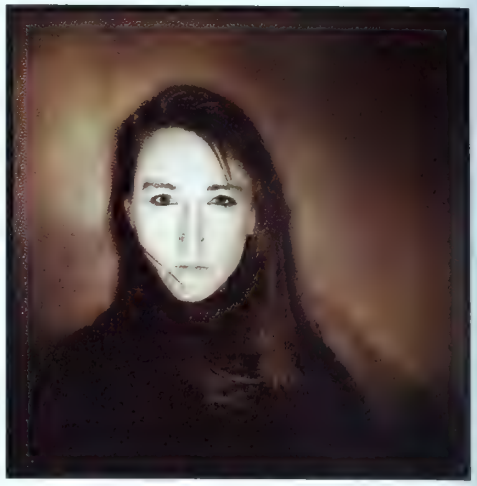
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Lamp Style No. 5342 Ht. 28" Available through interior designers. © 1991

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DAN WINTERS

Monica Stevenson discovered her calling when she photographed basketball phenomenon Michael Jordan in action for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill yearbook. She has since focused on still lifes, and her results can be seen frequently in "Notes." Says Stevenson, "I want to keep everything I shoot—it's an occupational hazard." Her first book project, *Wedded Bliss*, a celebration of Victorian wedding ephemera, is out next spring from Abbeville.



MARION ETTLINGER

David Leavitt, a recent writer in residence at the Institute of Catalan Letters in Barcelona, is at work on his third novel, which is set during the Spanish Civil War. For HG he recalls his visits to Madrid's Palace Hotel, a place so evocative of past glamour that every time he enters the lobby he is convinced he has caught a glimpse of Garbo.

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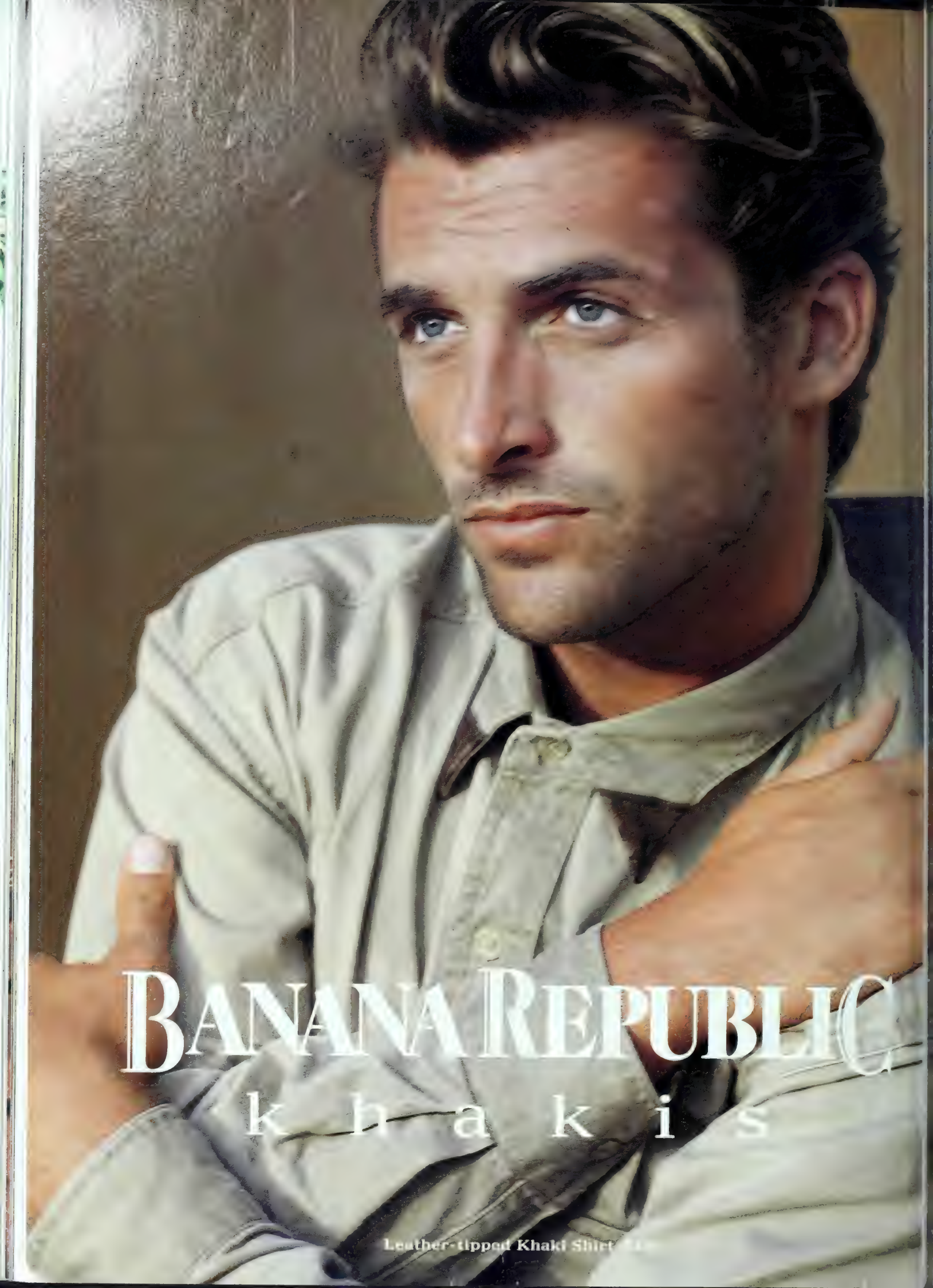


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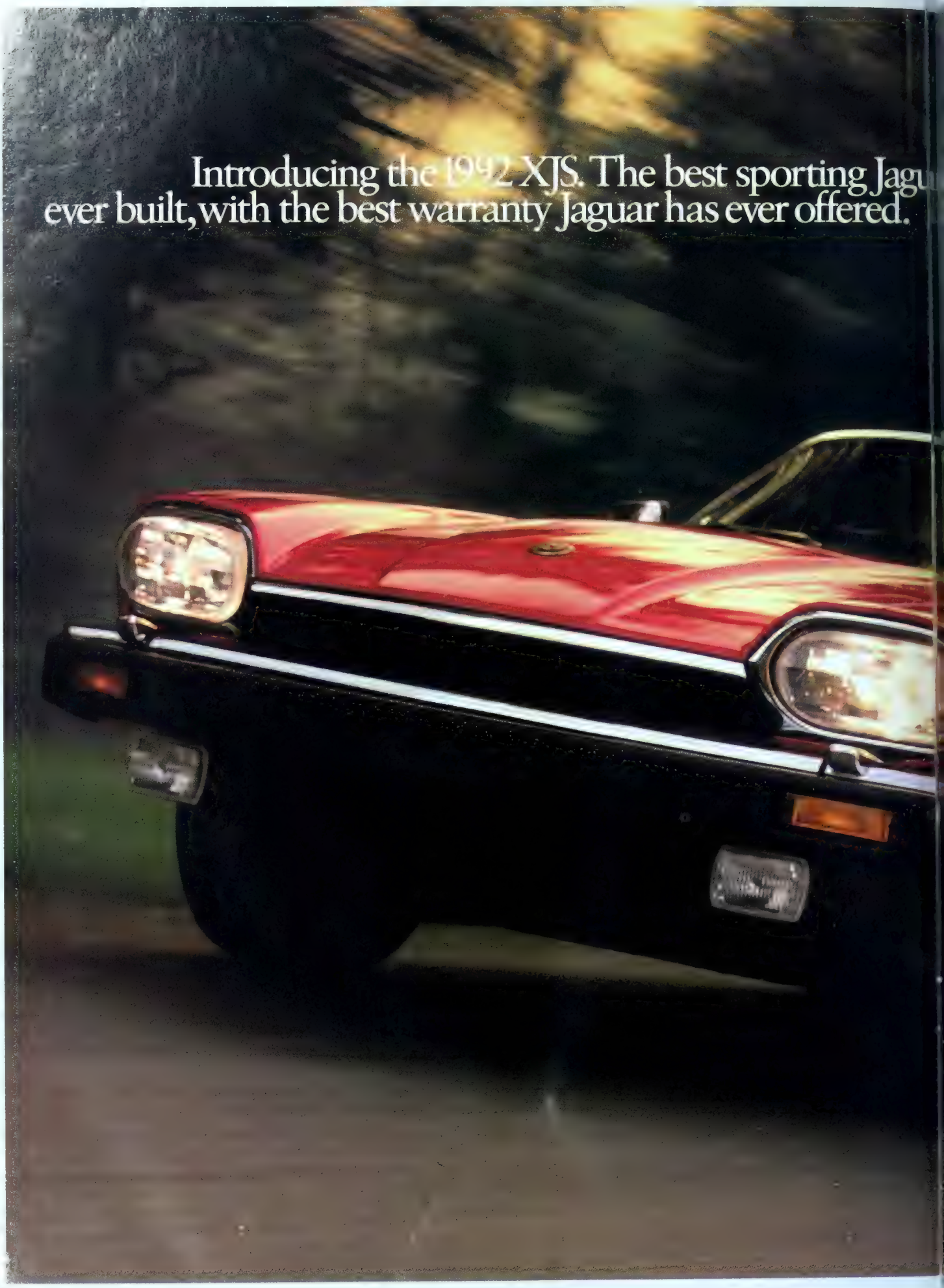
notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold





Painter Bob Christian (*above*) confides that "the craziest of my creations have often been the quickest to sell." In their Savannah studio he and his artist wife, Julia, decorate items large and small for their shop. They also take on many private commissions, and Bob, a master of faux finishes, pays house calls to work his magic on walls and floors. His latest armoire (*left*) is a "mixture of Adam and Italian influences," he says. "I wanted the inside to be as special as the outside so you could leave the doors open." (Bob Christian Decorative Art, 12A West Harris St., Savannah, GA 31401; 912-234-6866)



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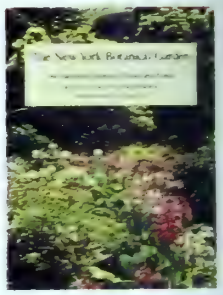


Lollapaloosa Copy of Winterthur's Duncan Phyfe lolling chair (*left*), with Schumacher fabric, from Kindel Furniture. For stores (616) 243-3676.





Dressing Up Tom Thomas wraps his teapot topiary (*above*), $175, in pearls. Call (212) 627-9046.



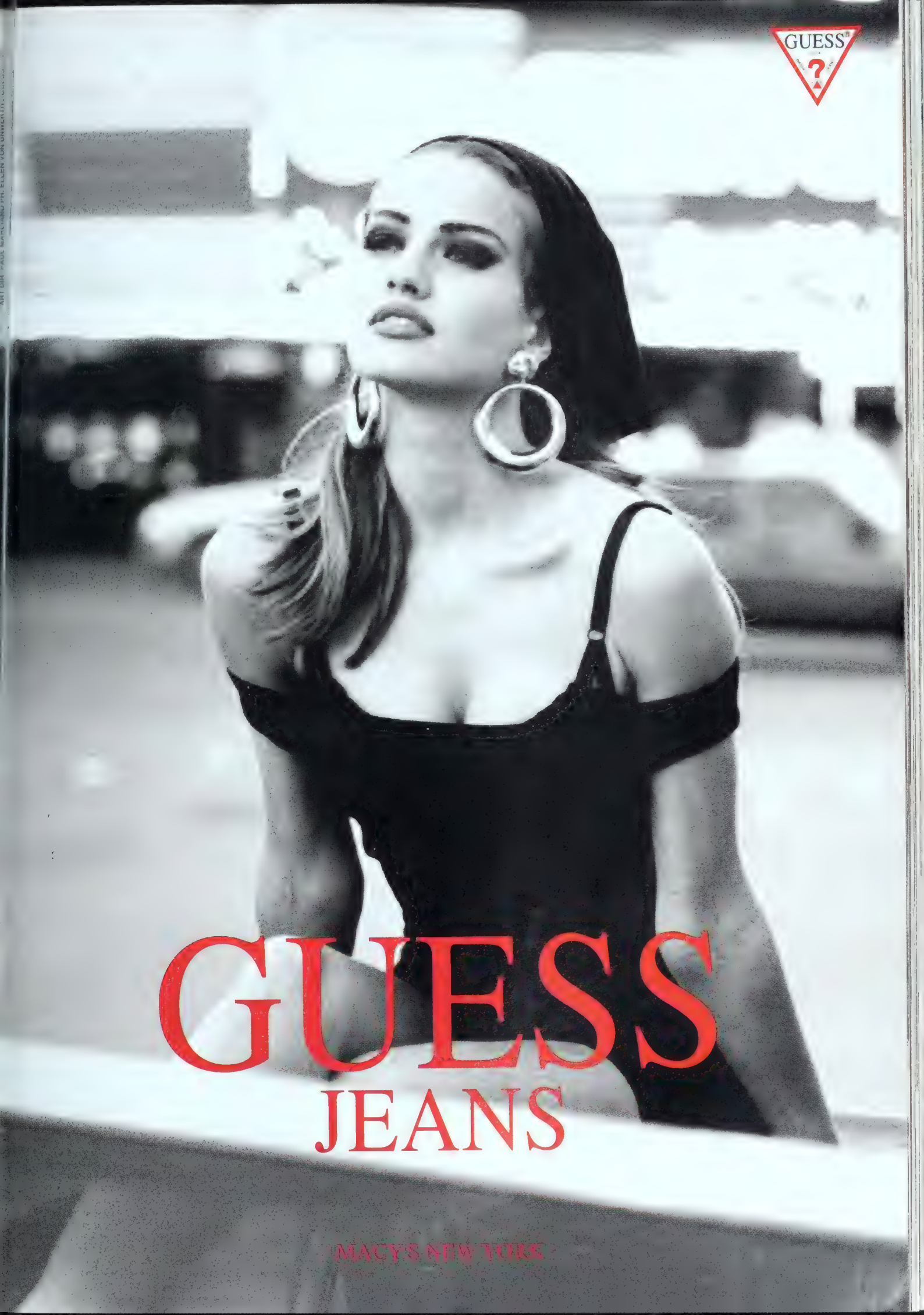
Ever Green *The New York Botanical Garden: An Illustrated Chronicle of Plants and People* (Walker Publishing, $39.95).



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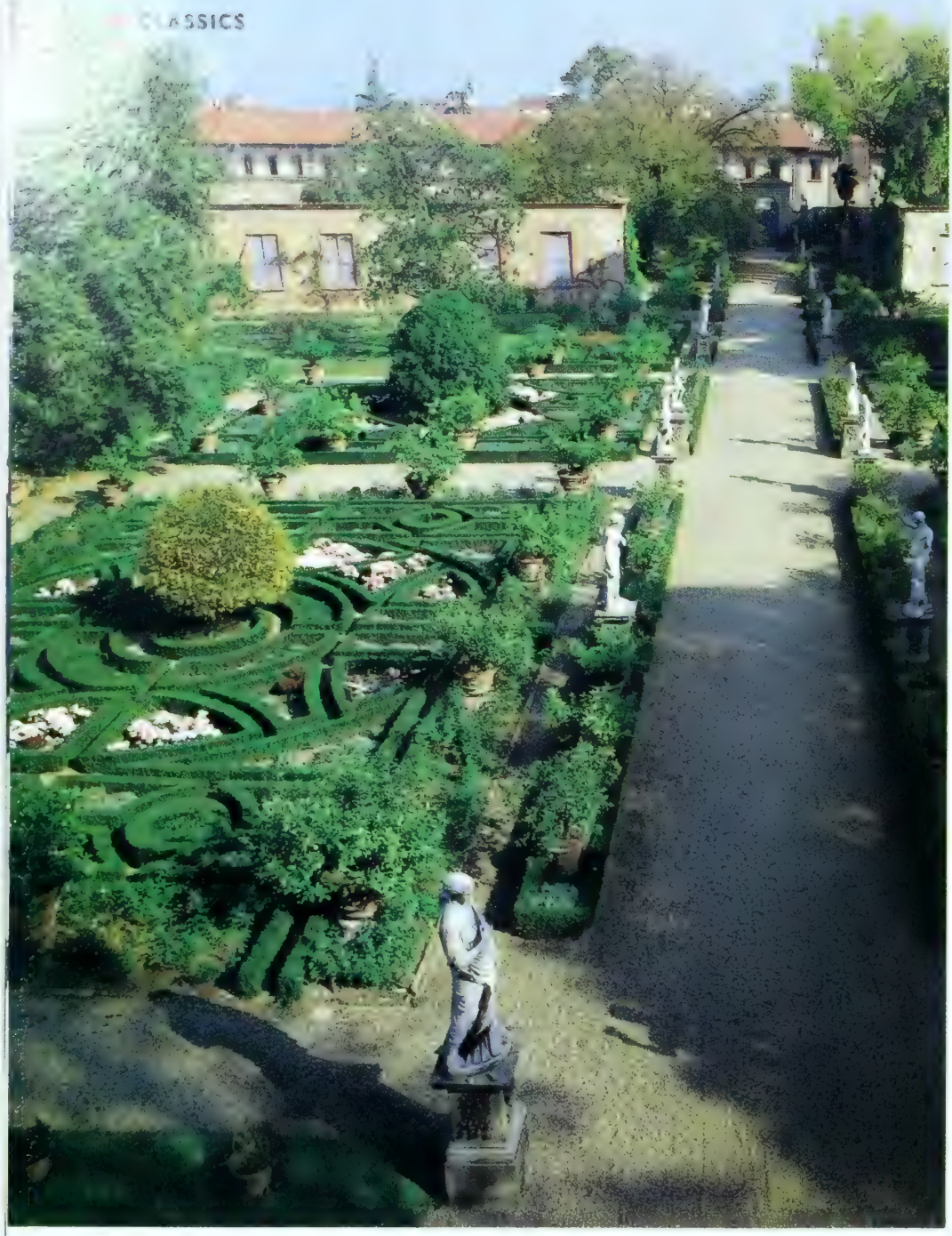
Draftsman's Contract Architect David Mayernik teamed up with Philadelphia furniture maker Thomas Heller to create a unique drafting table (*below*). Call (215) 925-3655.



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Liz claiborne







Since 1621, the Corsini family has maintained a glorious private garden, top, in Florence. Above: Roman statues lead to a loggia at the back of the palazzo. Top right: Donna Giorgiana Corsini in front of an orange tree.

The Lessons of Florence

At home in the family palazzo, the Corsini establish a school for traditional arts and crafts

BY CHARLES MACLEAN

Although it fronts half the street, the Palazzo Corsini sul Prato is surprisingly easy to miss. Its elegantly plain façade merges with other buildings; the unimposing entrance is upstaged by the grander portal of a bank next door. A glimpse of laurel through the palazzo gates, which Maurizio, the Corsini doorman, has discreetly opened and closed for forty years, only hints at the sequestered world within.

The aristocracy of Florence has always taken trouble to guard its privacy. One of its oldest patrician families, the Corsini have managed to keep a garden the size of a stadium hidden in the middle of the city for three and a half centuries. In summer, when Florence almost suffocates under locust swarms of tourists, the palazzo, with its stately ilexes, shaded walks, open orchard, and cool dark lemon houses, remains a haven of privilege and tranquillity.

The formal garden was laid out for Filippo Corsini in 1621 by the architect Gherardo Silvani, who completed the house that Bernardo Buontalenti had started several decades earlier. Viewed from the balcony above the loggia, the labyrinth of paths, laurel hedges, lemon trees in terra-cotta pots, and medulla-shaped borders reveals itself as a design of complex symmetry. A noble procession of Roman statues—time-stained allegorical figures that gradually reduce in size to create an exaggerated effect of distance—leads the eye down a central avenue toward the garden gates, then lets it

Standing on your own two feet is good. Even better when your shoes don't hurt.



Liz claiborne

SHOES





"People came here to learn craftsmanship, to acquire skills in danger of being lost"

escape to the Tuscan hills beyond.

The property was used by generations of Corsini as a daytime retreat where they could conduct business and enjoy space and greenery within the city walls. It became a center of Florentine social and artistic life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, famous for parties, masques, and musical evenings the Corsini staged in the garden. The tradition has been revived by the present principe and principessa, Filippo and Giorgiana Corsini, who not only entertain alfresco whenever possible but have converted a group of greenhouses into an art school, the flourishing Accademia del Diletto.

"The house is not so important," Donna Giorgiana declares as we settle in the shade of a magnolia tree, a nineteenth-century interloper she cannot bring herself to cut down. "It was never intended to be lived in. The garden, which reminded the Corsini of the green Tuscan countryside, was everything—a beautiful place where artists and poets were celebrated, where people had fun. I hope the Accademia will bring that aspect of the past back to life."

Without having to leave the grounds of the palazzo, Principe Filippo Corsini walks every morning to his office at the other end of the orchard adjoining the garden and returns at one o'clock—usually to discover that Donna Giorgiana has organized an impromptu lunch party. A reserved, gently elusive figure, the principe has a patrician look and bearing that embodies a thousand years of Florentine history. Although the Corsini live simply enough, the older servants in the house still call him Eccellenza; to the managers of his various properties, estates, olive groves, and vineyards outside Florence, he is Don Filippo.

The Corsini were originally wool merchants who made their fortune from international trading and banking. One of Florence's richest, most powerful families—at the height of their influence it was said they could travel from Florence to Rome without leaving their property—they kept a decorously low profile. In a city where consumption was never conspicuous, where upper-class families shared the frugality of peasants, avoiding ostentation was as much a question of style as politics. Although a Corsini always lived in Rome to be near the center of power, even when they could boast their own pope, Clement XII, they remained a staunchly Florentine family, one of the few that has never split into factious branches.

In preference to a grander official residence on the Lungarno, which Silvani had built for them in the 1690s, the Corsini decided early last century to make Sul Prato, as they call the palazzo, their home. A pragmatic move—the Prato, formerly a market area and now a street, had always been the hub of their business empire—it was nonetheless influ-



A drawing class, above left, and students' work, above right, at the art school Donna Giorgiana runs on the property. Left: The red drawing room was updated in recent years with some upholstered furniture but otherwise looks much as it did in the 19th century.



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When Florence almost suffocates under swarms of tourists, the palazzo remains a haven of tranquillity

enced by the draw of the garden and the then-fashionable idea of returning to a simpler life. In 1834 the house was made habitable, transformed from a Renaissance pavilion into a rambling palazzo in the late Italian Empire style.

A dark central stair (one of the nineteenth-century additions) leads up to the piano nobile where the principal rooms open onto each other through an endless vista of gilded double doors. Apart from the splendid red drawing room—which Donna Giorgiana has made less formal, replacing penitentially hard gold banquettes with comfortable armchairs—almost nothing in the house has been touched since the 1834 face-lift. The bedrooms, with their high painted ceilings and tiled Florentine stoves, have retained the grandiose rather solemn charm of their period. Brass speaking-tubes still connect with servants' quarters and kitchens in the bowels of the palace; though rarely used, they are kept polished and in working order.

"After about the age of twenty-five," says Donna Giorgiana, who came to live at the palazzo with her husband and their four children twelve years ago (the principe returning on his father's death to the house where he spent his childhood), "you become less interested in wanting to change everything. If you are like me, you even feel grateful that the decorating was done long ago by somebody else." Pedaling through the streets on her rickety bicycle, calling out to favorite shopkeepers, stopping to talk to friends, Donna Giorgiana plays a peripatetic role in Florence's cultural life. As custodian of the Corsini collection, which is housed along with the family archives (another consuming interest) in the Palazzo Corsini on the Lungarno, she keeps in touch with other Florentine curators and is involved in museum activities all over Europe.

While eschewing personal magnificence, the Corsini have been renowned patrons of the arts since the seventeenth century. They commissioned the then-unknown Neapolitan Luca Giordano to paint the Corsini chapel in Florence; they sent architect Silvani to Rome to learn the techniques of the baroque style, and, under the papacy of Clement XII, Rome gained, among other rich adornments, the Palazzo della Consulta and the Trevi Fountain. Donna Giorgiana sees the Accademia del Diletto, now four years old, as a tiny but positive link with a glorious tradition.

In a grove of persimmon trees the school looks out from the old greenhouses on both the orchard and the formal garden, where classes are often given in the open air. It's hard to imagine a lovelier or more appropriate setting. Courses range from life drawing and fresco painting to ceramic restoration, landscape gardening, and Tuscan cooking. Donna Giorgiana attends classes herself and would like to see the school expand to include all the classical arts pertaining to the house and garden. "We try to stimulate artistic talent, but basically people come here to learn craftsmanship, to learn how to do things as they have always been done, to acquire skills that are in danger of being lost."

As we walk to the house for lunch, Donna Giorgiana pushing her bike through a mêlée of yapping dogs, she explains that the palazzo garden was laid out according to a hidden symbology. "It has to do with a secret path leading from the darkness of ignorance to the light of wisdom," she reveals with a smile worthy of La Gioconda, "or something like that." ▲

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Seattle Diptych

A curator's and a book designer's collections live together side by side

BY PILAR VILADAS

Patterson Sims and Katy Homans are unusual people, but their domestic situation is a familiar one to the thirtysomething generation. Sims is the associate director for art and exhibitions and curator of modern art at the Seattle Art Museum, which opens its new home, designed by Robert Venturi of Venturi, Scott Brown & Associates, this month. Homans is an award-winning book designer whose credits include Peter Adam's *Eileen Gray: Architect/Designer*, Philip Trager's *Villas of Palladio*, and David Byrne's *True Stories*. They met in New York at the Whitney Museum of American Art, where Sims was a curator and Homans was working on a book project. When they moved, newly wed, to Seattle four years ago, they faced the task that daunts many modern couples: how do two people, each with a fully formed career, a distinct aesthetic outlook, as well as a household full of valued possessions, merge their lives under a single roof?



It wasn't easy. Recalls Sims, "We both felt we had good taste." Ultimately, he says, he deferred to Homans, and "Katy jettisoned forty-five cartons of stuff." She had little choice; they were abandoning spacious his-and-her New York lofts for a 2,200-square-foot house renovated by Seattle architect Larry Rouch.

The modernist design of the house provides a suitably subdued foil for the couple's combined collections of American furniture, art, and books, as well as the cluster of objects that punctuate the otherwise no-visual-nonsense look of the place. The open-plan first floor allows Sims and Homans to do the sort of casual entertaining they like best. In the living-dining area American painted chairs from Homans's grandmother sit under a Neil Jenney painting, acquired—like works by Joel Shapiro, Elizabeth Murray, and Jennifer Bartlett—by Sims in the 1970s when he worked at O.K. Harris. It's only a short hop from there to the kitchen, which is



Katy Homans and Patterson Sims, below, combined their crockery, left. Top: Paintings by Neil Jenney and Elizabeth Murray wit a Betty Woodman vase. Above: Books of Homans's design.

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screened by a counter that holds a cheerfully motley assortment of folk art and design objects which Sims calls "a shrine to the tchotchke."

The kitchen shelves are crammed with pottery, ranging from Staffordshire to Fiesta ware to Russel Wright, as well as Homans's Royal Wedding souvenir cups and a copy of a mug from Eric Ravilious's Alphabet series. Sims is no slouch himself in the crockery department. "Whenever I felt lonely," he says of his bachelor days in New York, "I would buy a plate. I must have been very lonely."

The second-floor library and sitting room is a showcase for Sims's Shaker rocking chairs and for the couple's photograph collection, which runs the gamut from Julia Margaret Cameron to Duane Michals. (Homans has designed books for photographers such as André Kertész and Lee Friedlander.) And, of course, there are books everywhere—tools of the trade for Sims and a passion of Homans's since she pored over rare volumes in Harvard's Houghton Library before moving on to a graphic design degree at Yale.

New projects continue to make demands on the couple's time. Sims has been overseeing the installation of the museum's holdings of modern art in its new building. Homans is a work on a Mark Tansey book, as wel as two other books with Lee Fried lander. But their house will never b crossed off the to-do list. Says Ho mans, "For Patterson, the house is continuous work of art. He's alway changing things."

Thanks to Seattle's civilized pace Sims and Homans now have the time to putter in their garden, designe by horticulturist Jean Albrecht, and to keep in touch with friends around town—things they couldn't do in New York. "We didn't sit there before and think how lucky we were," Homans explains. "Now we do." ▲

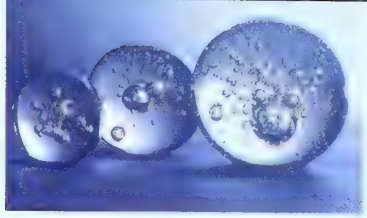


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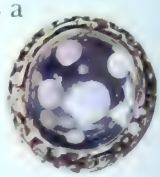






Bathed in bubbles. First row from left: Marcello Furlan's Murano glass vases. Wallpaper, c. 1930, from Secondhand Rose, NYC; glass candlestick by Mathias for D.O.T. Murano glass napkin rings and linen napkins from Barneys New York. Second row: Algerine Correia's glass bowl. Wood picture frame dotted with marbles by Wil Shepherd for Elements International and Ettore Sottsass's silver-plate frame for Swid Powell. Mossi vase from Lalique. Top right: Glass paperweights from Mottura. Below right: Angela Cummings's Seafoam earrings for Steuben. Details see Resources.

DESIGNERS ARE CELEBRATING THE HOLIDAYS WITH A BIT of the bubbly served up in objects that won't go flat once the festivities are over. Not since the thirties, when Glinda the good witch steered her sphere to Munchkinland and movie stars languished in foamy baths, have so many bubbles been surfacing as a decorative element. A candlestick by Parisian designer Mathias has tiny knobs of glass that give the subtle effect of bubbles drifting up a champagne flute. More bubbles spin around a bowl designed by Algerine Correia. And Angela Cummings, in her first collection of jewelry for Steuben, introduces the ultimate bubble—or bauble—nearly effervescent gold and crystal earrings called Seafoam. Favored as a geometric shape in the art deco era, the bubble is also natural, clean, and simple, making it a motif that's perfectly in tune with our time.



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A-List Flowers

Three designers supply the fresh ideas for parties coast to coast

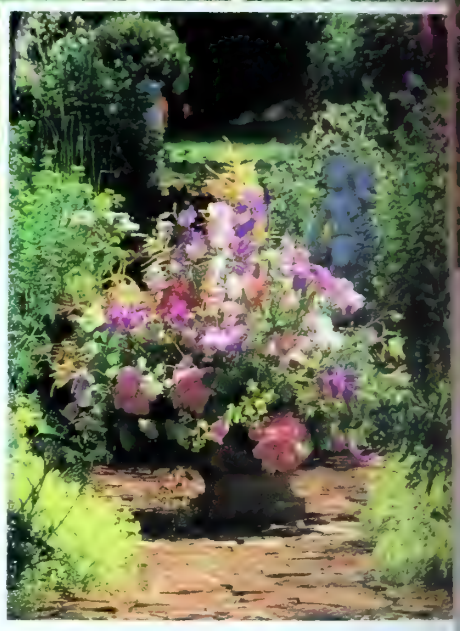
BY EVE M. KAHN

Floral designers can be sculptors, not just petal-pushers; they can bring parties into bloom nationwide and still plant their own backyards. These three floraphiles experiment constantly in pursuit of the best blossoms and the most natural arrangements.

For **Don Vanderbrook** the thrill of flowers comes from good breeding—finding hybrids that look and behave like no others. With his partner, Tony Badalamenti, he lives, grows, and harvests on a ten-acre farm outside Cleveland surrounded by greenhouses, purposely unkempt meadows, and brick paths that wind past English formal beds. And he plans parties from New Hampshire to California—starting with the first scrap of gold lamé pinned to a tent's ceiling to the last tiny light bulb tied to a topiary rosebush.

Last spring for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Washington, Vanderbrook filled the British embassy with 'Royal Highness' and 'Queen Elizabeth' roses (the former are blush pink and flawlessly shaped; the latter bear up to eight flowers per stem). And for the opening of a Frans Hals exhibition at the National Gallery, he sent fabric swatches to a Dutch grower and had 5,000 tulips bred to flower out of season *and* match the tablecloths. "To get things to bloom on just the right day," he says, sounding undaunted, "is a challenge."

Vanderbrook's interests are, in part, hereditary; he comes from a family of professional hybridizers in up-





Partners Don Vanderbrook and Tony Badalamenti, top, at their farm outside Cleveland. Above: An urn of cut flowers. Below: A sampling of the eighty varieties of roses they grow. Details see Resources.

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BY MARGARETHA LEY



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David Jones, left, at work on a centerpiece of *Cyperus papyrus* and stephanotis for Betsy Bloomingdale. Above: An English garden bouquet for Wallis Annenberg.

When Nancy Reagan receives overblown bouquets, she calls in David Jones to rearrange them

state New York. By age seventeen he was experimenting with roses; at twenty-two he was making forays into hydroponics. He settled in Cleveland after attending floral design school there, a decision he believes has boosted his career: "There's not enough local work, so I've had to look elsewhere." At the moment Vanderbrook is most passionate about breeds of foxglove and Canterbury bells he has imported from England and planted here for the first time. They thrive in American weather and, once cut, take days to wilt: "The Canterbury bells are especially exciting. They've seeded themselves everywhere. That's the beauty of my garden—things pop up."

In Los Angeles **David Jones** tends to the floral likes and dislikes of a celebrity clientele. Nancy Reagan and Elizabeth Taylor call him not only for regular doses of flowers but also in emergencies: an overblown clump of expensive blooms has just arrived from a fan, would he please transform it into something tasteful? "Mrs. R. will call in a panic and say, 'The flowers are here, come quick!' What she really loves are white orchids in the simplest arrangements," says Jones, who has also catered to Audrey Hepburn, Betsy Bloomingdale, Merle Oberon, and Marvin and Barbara Davis.

Jones arrived in town in 1962 after fleeing New York, where he had caught the flu one too many times. He opened his own shop after two brief stints as an employee "because I had all these ideas jiggling around in my head that I wanted to make reality. I wanted a darling little



Kendall Bailey, right, with his topiary elephants. Above and below: His tropical arrangements rise in a Louisiana bayou.






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stop, something to keep me busy, but then it just mushroomed." Intensive preparations are part of his appeal—he sees to it that Clorox is added to flower water to inhibit bacteria and always uses hot water for woody stems and tepid water for soft stems. Jones is also celebrated for his restraint. "Adding one more flower is often just like putting too much salt in the soup," he says. "I always know when to stop." Finger bowls of parsley capped by lone nosegays are a favorite design, as are white petunias strewn on a table just before dinner is served.

Not that Jones shies away when extravagance is required. He never hesitates to change all furniture, rugs, curtains, and lampshades for an event. Asked to plan a Christmas party in Los Angeles seven years ago, he created a New England–style winter fantasy. He gave the mirrors mullions and red paisley shades to make them resemble windows, he built an arc of bare branches covered with lights and fake snow over the dance floor, and he arranged white amaryllis and narcissus on the tables. "You were just dazzled by it," Jones says. And after everything was ripped out the next day, he took solace, as he always does, in photographs.

Kendall Bailey nurtures topiary angels and sews bridal veils for pigs

"The day after a party is sometimes depressing—it can be tough to throw everything away," says **Kendall Bailey,** who is otherwise one of the most upbeat floral designers around. He has been known to arrive at the black-tie parties he plans in a chicken-shaped delivery truck, wears neon bow ties, nurtures topiary angels in his mother's garden, and has sewn tiny bridal veils for family pigs at weddings. He works out of his hometown, Shreveport, Louisiana, and flies from coast to coast with a staff of three dozen Shreveport women who dress in pink and call themselves Kendall's Krewe. (Bailey has fun with them too; he surprises them midjob with sundaes or professional manicures.)

He has been called the Roadside Florist. "I'll stop the car to cut weeds I like," he says. Vegetables, fruit, tree branches, and grasses have all mingled with flowers in his work. His clients range from Dionne Warwick and Barbra Streisand to the Republican party—in 1984, at their national convention, he surrounded the dining tables with a peach orchard, and in 1988 he graced their preconvention meeting with topiary elephants. Bailey hates anything "floristy, fixed, or contrived," and he fantasizes about working alone on some lush island where he could gather plants as he pleased. "I'd have all the different heights and widths and stages of development I wanted," Bailey says. "And everything would fall just right. What luxury." ♠



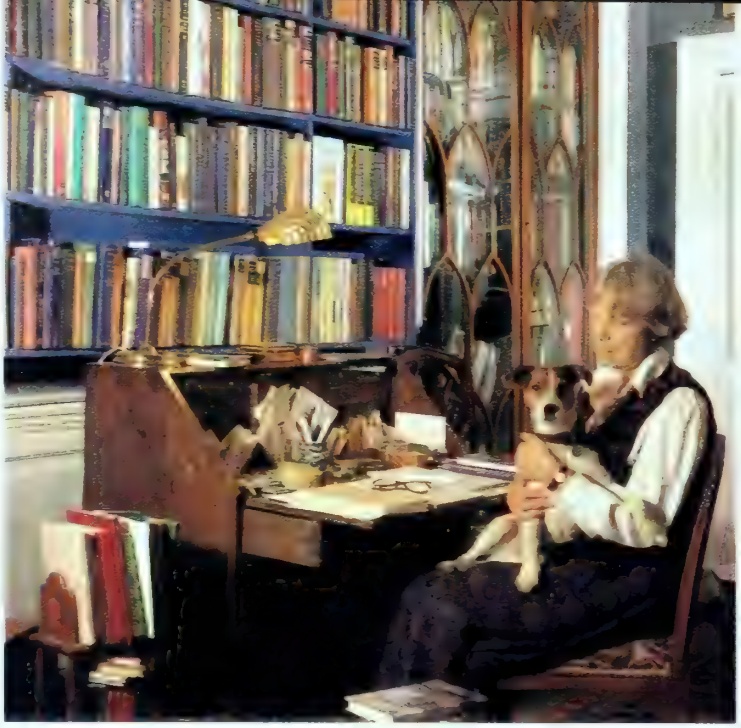


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Isabel Colegate and Roland, left, with bookshelves old and new in the library at Midford Castle, below, which was built in 1775 on a cloverleaf plan.

House of Character

A novelist dwells on the checkered past of her eighteenth-century castle

BY ISABEL COLEGATE

You can write anywhere. All you need is a pen and a notebook. On the other hand, it is more agreeable to do it in pleasant surroundings; not only that, but the more time you can spend getting yourself settled the longer you can defer the confrontation between the empty page and the sluggard brain.

For thirty years now I have lived in a house which, being something of a fantasy itself, might be supposed to favor the free play of the imagination. Whether it does or not I don't know, but some of the people who lived here before me have a fanciful air. The house was built by a certain Henry Disney Roebuck in 1775. The story is that he won a fortune gambling on the turn of a card, that the card was the ace of clubs, and that he had the house built in the shape of a trefoil to commemorate his coup. Alternatively the enabling factor could simply have been his marriage to a rich widow a year or two earlier, for there was a similar plan for a "Gothic Mansion to be Erected on an Eminence that Commands an Extensive Prospect" designed by John Carter and published in *Builder's Magazine* in 1774. The cloverleaf is a highly practical scheme: it gives you three semiround rooms on each floor and no awkward passages. Nevertheless Mr. Roebuck soon moved, was divorced by his wife, and ended his days living on his yacht somewhere off the South Coast. He sold the house to Mr. Pugh, a medical man who is remembered for his pioneering work on anesthetics, and when Mr. Pugh died, it passed into the possession of the Conolly family, the last of whom married a certain marchesa di Santa Agata, who long survived him. She lived to a great age, surrounded by reminders of the Roman Catholic faith, to which she was devoted, and left the house to her favorite priest. He sold it in the early years of this century and put the money toward the founding of a nearby school for Catholic boys.

The new owner was Major Hepworth, who kept a well-turned-out carriage and a wife who wore a whistle round her neck; she blew it whenever she thought someone might be trying to steal her precious peacocks. Between the Hepworths and ourselves came Mr. Whately, a retired solicitor from Wales, whose wife soon died but whose two sisters-in-law lived with him until he died at the age of 104; they were then 94 and 96, respectively. During his last years, unfortunately, things went rather to pieces. His favorite chestnut



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[illegible] cut down and sold, and [illegible] was planted in their place. The old man was said to have heard the axes falling and the great trees crashing to the ground and to have struggled to rise from his bed while his ruthless nephew assured him he was suffering from delusions.

The room I usually work in was called the library because it had two glass-fronted bookcases put in when the house was built. It was some time before we got up the courage to fill the other walls with badly needed bookshelves because we were afraid of diminishing the effect of the delicate Gothic woodwork of the original ones. Eventually we put in the simplest shelves, painted the same color as the walls and curved to fit them, and wondered what we had been worrying about. This room being also the focus of life in the house, I try not to allow the chaos on my desk to spread too far into the rest of it. Fortunately, the glass-fronted bookcase nearest to my desk has a surprisingly roomy drawer—or, to be more accurate, a cavity in the stone wall—underneath it. If necessary, piles of papers, notebooks, letters, typescripts, and goodness knows what else can be hastily stuffed into it, in some cases never to be seen again.

There is, however, the dread necessity of the word processor. I resisted it until very recently and even now look on it as a harbinger of doom which turns the placing of a word on the page into a game and thereby undermines the purity of language and the clarity of thought, but used with ferocious self-discipline, it does save a lot of retyping. For this it's up to a spare bedroom so that when the green flickering screen bemuses me I can look out at the trees.

But then there is the telephone, prime saboteur of trains of thought; to escape that, I am driven out of the house altogether. The dog, Roland, suggests we run around the field, easier for him than for me since my spine has recently rebelled against all those hours of immobility at a desk. Roland may run; I follow at a temporarily more sober pace. There is a verb, "to stot," which means what deer do when, in running at speed, they take successive leaps into the air with all four feet off the ground; it is a means of locomotion much favored by Roland when in the grip of joie de vivre. So, stotting or not, we make the circuit and end up at the greenhouse where there is no telephone. The greenhouse is round the corner from the house, behind the marchesa di Santa Agata's chapel, which collapsed in the Second World War when it would have been unpatriotic to mend the roof. The chapel was mostly a heap of rubble when we came but is now tidied into something a little more picturesque in the way of a ruin, and the greenhouse, aspiring with its pinnacles and Gothic windows to seem a miniature orangery, shelters behind it in semi-secrecy. Here a sentence begun has no excuse not to come to its due conclusion. You can write anywhere, of course, but there's a lot to be said for doing it in a folly. ♠

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An early 20th century Indian Agra carpet interpreting 17th century Jaipur design, measuring 14.10 x 11.7. The deep garnet ground is symmetrically diapered with a series of flowering plants, some already in bloom and others exhibiting a profusion of buds. It is exciting to note that the leaf forms have a rather primitive look, as opposed to the naturalistic view of the flowers. The density of design makes for a miniature forest of delight.

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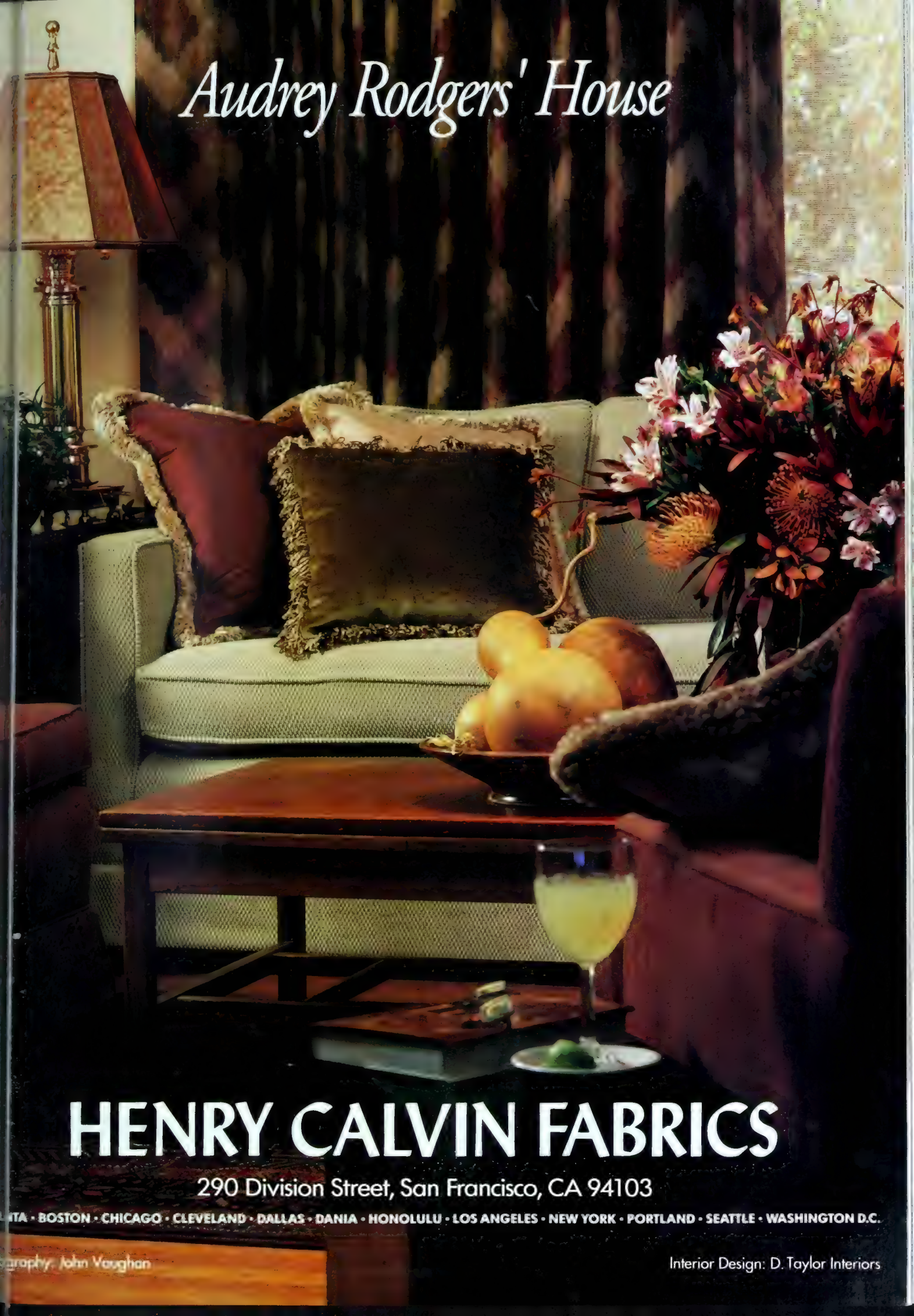
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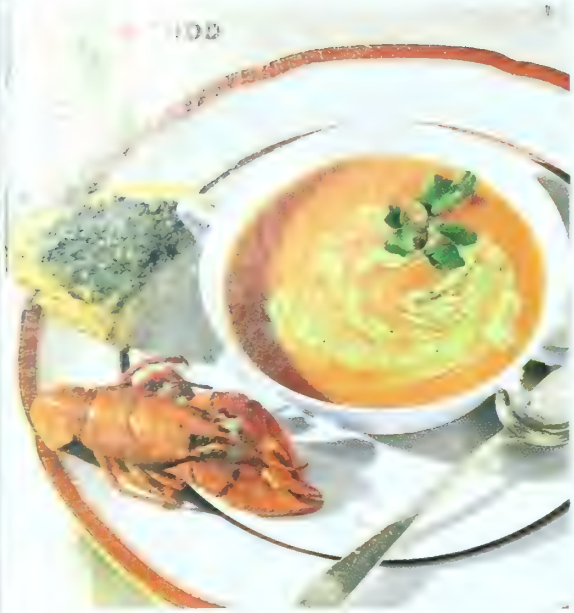
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From lobster bisque to pistachio stuffing,

Color-Coordinated Christmas

red and green dress the menu for a holiday dinner

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER





The brighter the better was the theme of a red and green feast of lobster bisque with watercress purée, top left, tandoori turkey, above left, and green beans with red peppers, left.

ONE OF MY HAPPIEST CHILDHOOD MEMORIES IS cooking for the holidays with my mother and an Italian neighbor we called Aunt Eda. One December when Aunt Eda had just returned from a trip to India and was still inspired by its vivid colors, she suggested we cook a red and green Christmas feast. We did our best, considering that this was the 1950s. Aunt Eda made pickled pigs' feet and claimed they were red when we all knew pigs were pink. (My brother, well aware that I was horrified by the sight of pigs' feet, pilfered one from the pickling jar and wrapped it up in a deceivingly pretty box for me to open Christmas morning.) My mother braised leeks in port and crumbled Stilton on top of them, sautéed beets with red onions and added a garnish of chives, and assembled a broccoli wreath with cherry tomatoes as ornaments. She thought her ideas were pretty avant-garde, and we humored her because they tasted so good.

But we always wished we could come up with a way to make a red turkey. One year we tried basting it with a sauce of catsup, red wine, and bacon, to no avail. The roasted bird looked like polished mahogany. I was determined that the day I finally figured out how to have a red turkey was the day I would have the holiday meal at my house.

Then one summer I visited friends in Sun Valley and offered to cook for a dinner party. I marinated chicken breasts in yogurt and Indian tandoori paste while I picked corn and snow peas in the garden. My friends chatted me up as a San Francisco cook, but I think they were a little embarrassed when the chicken coming off the barbecue was fuchsia. And you should have seen their faces the next day when the leftover chicken—and there was a *lot* of leftover chicken—became a neon-pink chicken salad as the Tandoori paste mingled with the mayonnaise. It was an alfresco fiasco. But there was some consolation: I had figured out a way to have a red turkey.

Luckily most of my friends have colorful imaginations, so it wasn't hard to rope them into sharing a red and green Christmas dinner at my house—the brighter the better. By Thanksgiving even people who had never set foot in the kitchen were coming up with ideas like a Santa Claws sculpture made of lobsters and crayfish. Finally we agreed on an unforgettable menu.

Given the scale of our ambitions, we wanted to keep the hors d'oeuvres light. We started with chilled blanched snow peas arranged in a fan and alternated with strips of roasted red peppers drizzled with a sesame and rice wine vinaigrette, served on a black lacquer tray. Then we whipped up a double-decker cake of cream cheese mixed with green onions and parsley, filled and frosted



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Neon-pink chicken was an alfresco fiasco, but a deep-red turkey was a yuletide hit

with red caviar. This creation was served on a bed of greens, with cucumber rounds to use as crackers. To keep the kids happy, we also made old-fashioned onion puffs colored bright green with scallions.

Our first course was a light lobster bisque with a swirl of watercress purée, accompanied by a basketful of bright sun-dried tomato bread with pesto butter. The tandoori-brushed turkey was roasted to a deep red, stuffed with a dressing of spicy red Italian sausage, green pepper, and pistachios, and surrounded with holly. Then there were steamed string beans flecked with dried chili flakes and strewn with strips of red bell peppers in a creamy miso sauce; red onions roasted in red wine and topped with chopped green onions; puréed sweet potatoes mixed with blood oranges and their zest, rum, and dark brown sugar and sprinkled with chopped Italian parsley; baby beets cooked with garlic, doused with balsamic vinegar, and garnished with mint sprigs; cranberry relish served in hollowed-out lime halves; and, of course, my mother's legendary leeks braised in port with crumbled Stilton cheese.

I suggested that the kids get in on the desserts. (I always encourage kids to bake. That's how I got started, and I've read about chefs who began their careers with baking.) It was quite an array: a grasshopper pie inspired by the after-dinner drink that always brings me luck when I gamble at Lake Tahoe, scoops of raspberry ice and mint chocolate chip ice cream in a chilled silver bowl with hot fudge sauce on the side, a tray of Christmas cookies, and a cranberry tart in a circlet of mistletoe.

When the feast was over and my grandmother's white damask tablecloth was as spattered as a Jackson Pollock painting, we sat around the fire sipping hot mulled red wine and opening presents—the perfect finish for a red and green letter day.

SHANNON KELLY'S LOBSTER BISQUE WITH WATERCRESS SWIRL

Watercress purée
- ¼ pound butter
- 2 bunches watercress, leaves only
- ½–¾ cup heavy cream

Bisque
- 2 live lobsters, 1–1½ pounds each
- ⅓ cup olive oil
- 1 large white onion, sliced
- 1 bunch parsley stems, chopped
- 1 carrot, julienned
- 1 small head of garlic, halved
- 1 bunch celery, leaves only from the heart
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- 1 teaspoon thyme
- 2 pinches saffron
- ½ bottle champagne
- 1 pint heavy cream
- Zest of ½ orange

Watercress purée. Melt the butter. Add watercress leaves and stir for a minute or two until limp. With a slotted spoon remove the leaves and purée in a blender. Heat the heavy cream and add slowly to purée until liquid but not runny. Set aside.

Bisque. Cook the lobsters as quickly as possible, about 6 minutes, in at least three gallons of boiling water. Allow to cool. Separate claws and tail and remove meat. Cut into bite-size pieces and set aside. Put lobster shells, head, liver, and coral into a food processor a little at a time and crush well.

Heat olive oil in a stockpot and sauté next 5 ingredients. When they are soft, add tomato paste and spices and stir well. Add the shells and the champagne. Simmer 10 minutes. Add 2 quarts of water and simmer 25 minutes.

Remove from heat and strain through a fine sieve, pressing down. In a clean pot, reduce the resulting liquid by ⅓–½ its volume. In a smaller pot heat the heavy cream. Slowly add the cream to the lobster bisque. Stir in the orange zest.

Divide lobster meat into equal portions in shallow soup bowls and pour in the bisque. Drizzle watercress purée over each serving, then swirl with a fork. Serves 6–8.

TANDOORI TURKEY WITH SAUSAGE AND PISTACHIO STUFFING

- 1 pound Italian sausage meat
- 1 yellow onion, chopped
- 6 cloves garlic, minced
- 3 green peppers, chopped
- 1 cup green pistachios
- 8 cups homemade French bread croutons
- 2 cups chopped parsley
- 3 teaspoons dried sage
- 3 teaspoons dried oregano
- 3 teaspoons dried thyme
- 2 teaspoons freshly ground pepper
- 1 12-pound turkey
- ⅓ pound butter
- Salt
- 5 ounces tandoori paste

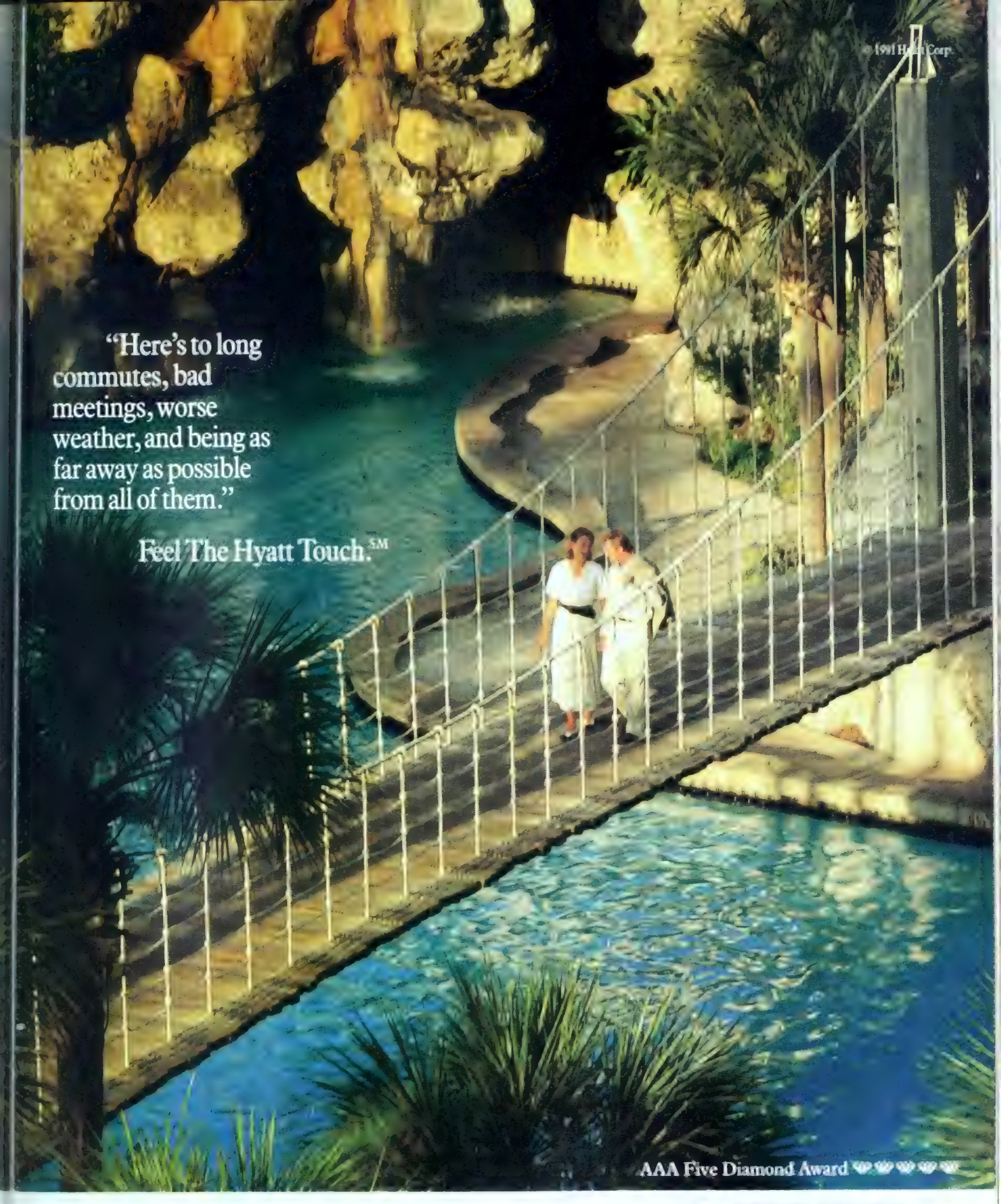
To make stuffing, crumble and brown sausage in a large skillet, then drain on paper towels. Cook onion and garlic in the drippings for a few minutes. Then add green peppers, pistachios, croutons, herbs, and black pepper and cook 1 minute. Allow to cool before stuffing. Makes 8 cups.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Rinse the cavity of the turkey and pat it dry. Stuff the turkey and truss. Rub the skin with butter and sprinkle with salt. Cook about 15 minutes per pound. Baste every 20–30 minutes until the leg moves easily in the joint or until the internal temperature is 180 degrees. When 30 minutes' roasting time remain, mix the tandoori paste with ½ cup of pan drippings; brush the bird with this mixture. Allow the bird to rest 15 minutes before carving. Serves 12.

STEAMED STRING BEANS WITH MISO

- 3 dried Chinese sweet sausages
- 2 tablespoons roasted sesame oil
- 1 onion, thinly sliced
- 2½ pounds string beans
- 5 tablespoons mirin
- 4 tablespoons rice vinegar
- 4 tablespoons red miso
- ½ teaspoon Chinese black bean sauce
- 2 tablespoons dried red pepper flakes
- 2 red bell peppers, julienned

Slice sausages into ¼-inch rounds. Sauté in oil until no longer pink, then add onion and cook 3 minutes. Set aside. In a medium saucepan, steam the string beans until al dente. Make a dressing with the mirin, vinegar, miso, and black bean sauce. Toss the sausage mixture, green beans, and dressing together. Sprinkle with pepper flakes and bell pepper. Serves 12. ♠

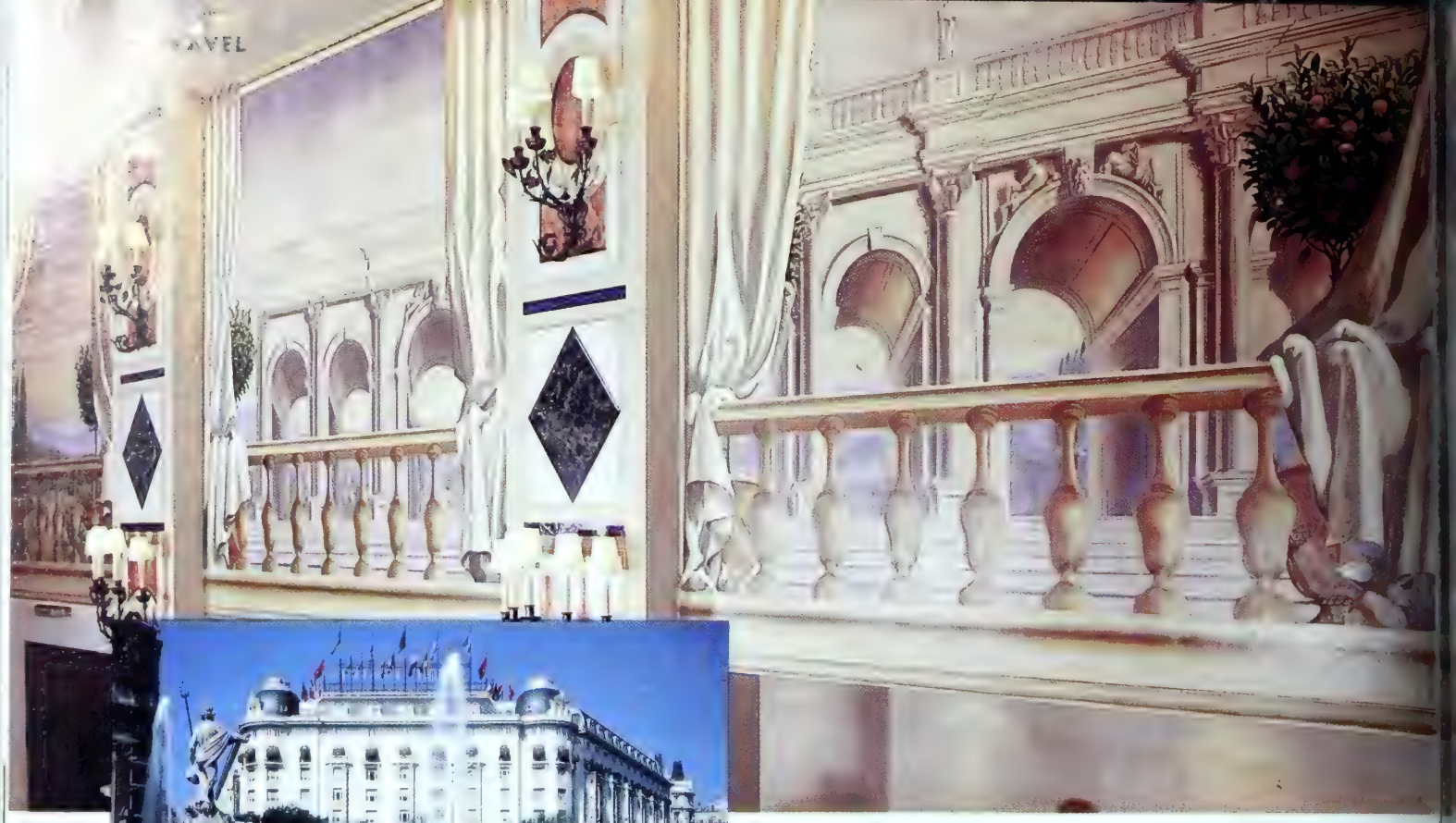


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Palace of Memories

Prewar glamour gilds Madrid's venerable hotel BY DAVID LEAVITT



There exists, in my imagination, a certain Grand European Hotel, no doubt the legacy of too many rainy afternoons spent watching 1930s movies on television. Here couples move fleetly over polished dance floors, and arch young women thrust vivid remarks into the tinted black and white atmosphere. In the bar, intrigues and imbroglios unfold, while upstairs, secreted in some inaccessible suite—doors beyond doors—Garbo smokes a cigarette, a maid quietly unfolds satin pajamas, a silent waiter arranges a tray of drinks. This hotel is a dream without color but one that suggests color beyond imagination. I never thought I'd see it realized in the physical world until I stayed at the Palace in Madrid.

Grand hotels are worlds of their own, and the Palace is no exception. It provides not so much a respite from the inelegance of city life as an alternative to it, a fantasy in which city life is not weary trudges down dirty streets because the metro's on strike, not traffic jams, not drugs and poverty and sickness, but rather the thrill of arrival, dinners and dancing and cocktails, clothes that shimmer, and the heady sense of standing at the center of the world. Perfumes mingle, high heels click and echo on gleaming floors, bellboys respectfully wrestle suitcases out of your hands. There is always discretion and a drink.

The Palace is famous for its extraor-

The aura of Garbo, left, seems to linger at Madrid's Palace, inset above left, a grand 1912 hotel facing the Neptune Fountain. The lobby's trompe l'oeil vistas, above, and the skylit rotunda, far left, provide a setting for fantasies of intrigue.



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The Palace provides an alternative to the inelegance of city life

dinary rotunda—a carousel of a room, its stained-glass dome a glowing canopy adorned with garlands of roses. An intriguing variety of sofas and armchairs in pastel shades spread out over the intricate and vast carpet, the horses and carriages of the carousel. Across from you dark-suited men discuss the fate of vast governments. A famed singer of sevillanas glides by, stirring up a cloud of dusty speculation in her wake. And who is that woman in dark glasses drinking a vodka alone by the columns? Somehow you're certain you recognize her. Upstairs the corridors are surprisingly airy and capacious, a marked contrast to the claustrophobic hallways of American hotels. The room is a 1930s room—elegant, old-fashioned, and (thanks to thorough but invisible restoration) without a touch of wear; marble everything in the bathroom, and lavish showers with wide-spraying flared heads.

Of course, such a place gets to you. That is its great advantage as well as its great danger. You forget that the Palace is not the world—which makes the world, when you step back out into it, a bit harder to bear. And Palaces, of course, cost dearly. The two times I've stayed there someone else was picking up the bill. Still, even if I can't afford the Palace, it's my favorite hotel. These days, when I go to Madrid, I usually find a room at some quiet place more suited to my income, but I make a point of visiting the Palace at least once and having a drink in the rotunda. I choose a seat in the carousel, I settle in, I order a drink, and I watch. Each time I swear I see Garbo. (Palace Hotel, Plaza de las Cortes 7, 28014 Madrid; 1-429-7551; fax 1-429-8266) ▲



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Over the Alps in a Porsche



Neither curves nor cows daunt a once-timid driver

BY ERIC BERTHOLD

When the directors of Porsche handed me the keys to the new 968, a picnic lunch, and a road map with a marked course from the small southern German town of Donaueschingen to Bürgenstock, an idyllic mountain retreat in the Swiss Alps, I pictured a grand tour in a grand touring car. Once the flags were waved and my group of test drivers hit the open autobahn, however, the temptations of torque took over: the race was on to see who would get there first. Even I, a rather sheepish driver who considers 55 miles an hour on an American interstate a daredevil pace, felt completely confident zipping along at —well, yes—120. To me that says a lot about this car.

At first glance the 1992 Porsche 968, which arrives stateside this month, does not seem very different from the 944 it is replacing, but pop the hood and you'll discover that the 968 is eighty percent new. It offers more horsepower, more torque, and a new six-speed manual shift or a refined Tiptronic dual-function automatic shift. The secret behind the added surge of power that I found so reassuring is Porsche's patented VarioCam, which adjusts the timing of the engine so that it runs at its optimum at all speeds, with lower fuel consumption and exhaust emissions.

Given the choice of a manual or an automatic model, my first impulse was to take the stick shift—don't *all* race car drivers use a stick?—but I opted for the Tiptronic instead. It was the best of both worlds. I could change gears with the flick of the shift lever—no clutch—or leave the car in automatic and let it switch on its own. On narrow winding alpine roads, which seemed to have more cow crossings than guardrails, I felt secure enough to enjoy the scenery without having to downshift, and on steep inclines the ease of dropping to second gear made me confident I was in control.

I was also comfortable, at six foot four inches tall. The orthopedically designed seats gave me plenty of support; I can honestly say that after eight hours behind the wheel I did not feel fatigued. The backseat of the coupe is, however, a little cramped for adults, even adults shorter than I am. (The cabriolet will have no rear seats.)

Some subtle design changes accompany the dramatic technical advances. The large round front headlights are in view at all times, although they retract into the fenders when they're not illuminated. Rear sill spoilers protect the area in front of the rear wheels on rough terrain. And special optics and color filters allow the red taillights to serve as yellow blinkers and white backup lights.

Why such a modest shift in styling? "Continuity is a key element," says Brian Bowler, president and chief executive officer of Porsche, North America. Evolution, not revolution—a reasonable position, given that some 550,000 of the 875,000 Porsches produced since the company's beginnings are still on the road.

I did find one thing revolutionary about the 968 I drove: the anodized blue of its upholstery and exterior. But with twenty-seven color combinations, you can choose to be radical or conservative. At $44,500 for the coupe and $53,000 for the cabriolet, the company hopes the 968 will attract first-time Porsche buyers. I'd be happy to become one—even though I didn't win the race to Bürgenstock. ▲



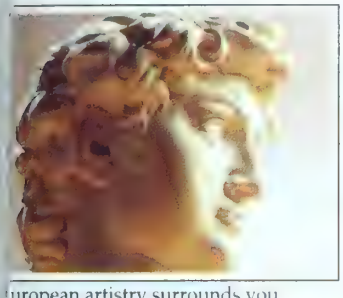


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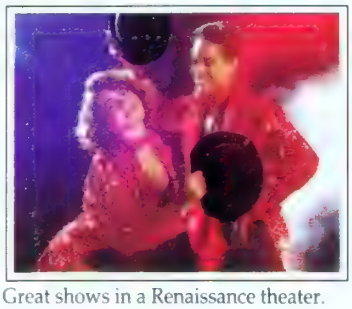
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Gift Rapping

HG's editors talk up their favorite books of the season

THE EYES HAVE IT the editors' pick of gift books is, once again, full of visual delights as well as literary pleasures.

The Splendor of France (Rizzoli, $110; $125 after Jan. 1). A lavish and magnificently produced album of France's great châteaux, mansions, and country houses with histories of each. Both architecture and interiors are presented in this pluperfect gift book, a sequel to *Italian Splendor*, issued last year. *Nancy Novogrod*

The Venetian Hours of Henry James, Whistler and Sargent (Bulfinch/Little, Brown, $29.95). This view of Venice through the eyes of three late nineteenth century American expatriates captures the romance and real life of the city. A wonderful mix of paintings, drawings, etchings, and period photographs complements essays by Henry James and an intelligent text by art historians Hugh Honour and John Fleming. *N.N.*



The Architecture of Western Gardens (MIT Press, $95; $125 after Jan. 1). Like one of those vast formal landscapes that conceal nymphs and grottoes behind clipped allées, this sprawling yet orderly tome rewards the wanderer with unexpected vistas. More than seventy essays by international scholars, including editors Monique Mosser and Georges Teyssot, survey all manner of cultural terrain: from symbolism in Renaissance gardens to escapism at Disneyland, from the hydraulics of eighteenth-century French cascade to the politics of twentieth-century German vegetable patches. Exceptionally legible garden plans are invaluable guideposts. *Douglas Brenner*



The Paris of Henri IV: Architecture and Urbanism (Architectural History Foundation, $35). On my first visit to Paris, at an impressionable age, I was fortunate in having a friend who led me straight to the place des Vosges. The ruddy brick walls surrounding the square looked exotic in the midst of an otherwise grisaille metropolis, and the age of Henri IV seemed as palpable as the patina that has since been scrubbed off the restored arcades. My encounter with this evocative relic took on new meaning as I read Hilary Ballon's absorbing account of life in a modern capital emerging from the Middle Ages. *D.B.*

Horst: Sixty Years of Photography (Rizzoli, $85). This glorious album of images that have become icons to today's fashion photographers is really a history of six decades of style. Horst's portraits have a timeless monumentality, his still lifes and advertising shots a surreal eeriness. *Wendy Goodman*

Vionnet (Rizzoli, $150). She established the bias cut, bringing fluidity to fashion, and lived a thoroughly modern life at a time when women were prone to keeping their place. The photographs are exquisite and surprising—vintage black and whites, color studies of fabrics and accessories, even a dozen close-ups of Azzedine Alaïa draping a Vionnet dress. One beacon of sensuality is a 1908 photo of Mademoiselle Lantelme wearing a Vionnet negligee. It puts the 1990s to shame. *W.G.*

Travels with Cole Porter (Abrams, $39.95) Soon after Cole Porter's wife died in 1954, their great friend, photographer Jean Howard, suggested that a trip abroad would do him good. Howard's record in pictures and words of the two grand—and we do mean grand—tours she took with Porter offers fascinating glimpses of a vanished way of life. *Pilar Viladas*

Seaside: Making a Town in America (Princeton Architectural Press, $39.95). Modern town planning was not much to write home about until Robert Davis hired Miami architects Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zy-

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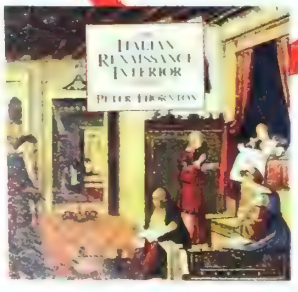
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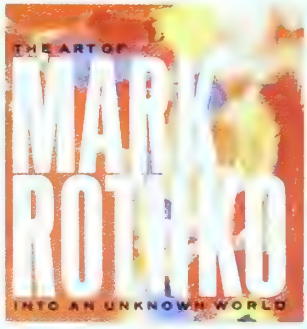




berk to create a plan for Seaside, Florida. Editors David Mohney and Keller Easterling have put together a comprehensive history and analysis of this influential project. *P.V.*

The Italian Renaissance Interior, 1400–1600 (Abrams, $125). Peter Thornton proves once again that he is a master at illuminating the history of domestic life in all of its minutiae. Beautifully reproduced paintings and drawings become valuable illustrations for topics as narrow as the "lettuccio and other forms of daybed," as broad as "fashion and the spread of ideas." Sketches, diagrams, plans, notes, and inventories accompany a fact-packed and fascinating text. Of special interest to city-dwellers is an examination of the concept of the apartment, an often overlooked achievement of the Renaissance. *Heather Smith MacIsaac*

Russian Design and the Fine Arts, 1750–1917 (Abrams, $75). In the 1850s, when Victoriana was clogging the living rooms of Europe, Russia was happily in the midst of a national arts revival. The glorious but rarely seen results—buildings of multicolored brick in patterns that mimic peasant embroideries, set designs with the stylized glow of icon paintings—are presented in a thoroughly researched book that may well inspire another *le style russe* revival. *Margot Guralnick*



The Art of Mark Rothko (Clarkson Potter, $100). By combining the plates and essays from the catalogues of five Rothko exhibitions at New York's Pace Gallery, this handsome large-format monograph illuminates the artistic evolution of one of America's most significant abstract painters. *Denise Martin*

The Great Country Houses of Central Europe (Abbeville, $95). Over the entrance to Lazienki, the Palace on the Water of the last king of Poland, are the words, "This house hates sadness." Stanislaw August's retreat has seen more than its share of sadness—but it has survived. Or, to be more precise, enough has been restored by the Polish government and photographed by Gerhard Trumler to allow us to appreciate its glories—as well as those of the other villas in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary covered in this lush and timely volume. Michael Pratt's history of the region, the houses, and the families that built them is brisk and refreshingly candid. *D.M.*

Harriet Hosmer, American Sculptor, 1830–1908 (University of Missouri, $29.95) How many young unmarried Massachusetts women hied off to Rome in 1852 to carve nudes from blocks of stone? Dolly Sherwood fashions a vivid picture of the artist and her circle. *D.M.*

The Gardens of Russell Page (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $50). "Whether I am making a landscape or a garden or arranging a window box I first attack my problem as an artist—my preoccupation is with relationships between objects." Russell Page's faithfulness to this credo—one of many revealing comments Marina Schinz and Gabrielle van Zuylen have drawn from his unpublished papers—is confirmed by photographs and text that chronicle his fifty-year career. Many Page gardens have vanished, but the survivors recorded here pay tribute to a landscape architect of boundless confidence and a plantsman of great sensitivity. *Senga Mortimer*

Exquisite Corpse: Writing on Buildings (Verso, $39.95). Michael Sorkin is the Lenny Bruce of American architecture: satirist, moralist, agent provocateur. As this country's most outspoken and contentious architecture critic, he attracted a cult following to *The Village Voice* during the building boom of the 1980s, when his kamikaze attacks on the excesses of the postmodern decade were aimed with deadly accuracy against the prows of such major targets as Philip Johnson, Donald Trump, and Tom Wolfe. Sorkin's fearlessness has not done his parallel career as a practicing architect much good, but his losses are his readers' gain. His courageous, outrageous, and often hilarious insights into the architectural culture of our times are expressed with antic brilliance and deep conviction. Like Bruce, Sorkin's hipster façade conceals a heart that breaks over missed opportunities and lost hopes, exemplified by his touching obituary of architect Alan Buchsbaum. *Martin Filler*

Also among our favorites are the following books by regular HG contributors:

The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890–1940 by Mac Griswold and Eleanor Weller (Abrams, $67.50; $75 after Jan. 1).

Hats by Jody Shields (Clarkson Potter, $25).

The Irony Tower by Andrew Solomon (Knopf, $25).

A Life of Picasso (Vol. 1, 1881–1906) by John Richardson (Random House, $39.95).

Matisse, Picasso, Miró as I Knew Them by Rosamond Bernier (Knopf, $50).

The Elements of Style by Stephen Calloway and Elizabeth Cromley (Simon & Schuster, $65). ▲



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Inventing Alexis Smith

In her Whitney Museum retrospective, the artist expands her own myth BY MARTIN FILLER





Alexis Smith, above, in her storefront studio in Venice, California. Top left: *Men Seldom Make Passes at Girls Who Wear Glasses*, 1985. Top right: *Fruits 'n' Nuts*, 1990. Right: *Rocky Road*, 1990.

Just who is this Alexis Smith?" asks the poet Amy Gerstler in her "fictional biography" of the artist whose work is the subject of an exhibition at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art through March 1. Gerstler's answers are many: "Social historian with a paste-pot. Irony-edged architect of the vernacular. . . . Distiller of disillusionment, longing, and humor into a potent but sippable visual moonshine. . . . Elegant pack rat. Sharp-eyed scavenger . . . tickler of the ivories of the unexamined American conscience. . . . Her oeuvre is the rearview mirror in which the USA, en route to who knows where, frequently checks her freckling complexion."

As that almost Homeric catalogue of epithets suggests, Smith and her work are neither easy to categorize nor place with precision on the contemporary a scene. Rather, the forty-two-yea old southern California collagist ar installation artist is an America original in the manner of Josep Cornell and H. C. Westerman oddball outsiders whose highly pe sonal mixed-med assemblages ra counter to the pr vailing directions the art of their time

Thus the show curated by Richar Armstrong and a companied by an e cellent catalogu (Whitney/Rizzoli), a long-overdue vind cation of Smith unique and necessar voice, which was o ten drowned out amid th cacophony of the eightie dominated by large-scal figurative painting of overreachin intent and underachieving conten Smith's intimate text-laden work were antithetical to that decade taste for the grandiose gesture. Fu thermore, her unabashed Amer canness seemed embarrassing t some at a time when overt patriotism became associated with political cor servatism and a reactionary stanc toward art and censorship.

But Smith doesn't feel that the sym bols she grew up with in fifties publ schools can be the exclusive propert of any one group. "People have lo their grip on what America is reall about," she says in her Venice, Califo nia, studio, a funky storefront on heavily traveled commercial strip "We've produced some incredibl artistic geniuses—eccentric, quirk people who have been naive an ingenuous and yet have had the gu to come up with something totall new. You're basically talking about bunch of mavericks and misfits wh came here to break out of the restric tions of an older world."

Much in the same way, in fact, tha Smith herself broke free of her mid dle-class upbringing. Born Patrici Anne Smith, she was the daughter o

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psychiatrist and grew up on the grounds of a state mental hospital. One theme in Smith's art is genius as the flip side of insanity.) At seventeen she renamed herself Alexis Smith after the forties movie star, reflecting her fascination with Hollywood, the power of popular icons, and transformations of the self, all quintessentially American preoccupations.

Although she had made collages as a child, Smith never considered becoming an artist until a classmate at the University of California at Irvine suggested she take art courses. Influenced by late-sixties conceptual art, Smith's earliest works were long on idea but short on artifact. Chaste sheets of paper bearing typewritten texts, those narrative pieces used photos and other found images to illustrate the words of writers like Jorge Luis Borges. Smith later moved into a less rarefied literary mode, adopting the pop-metaphoric style of the L.A. mystery writer Raymond Chandler and the well-worn clichés that are woven deep into the fabric of everyday life. Although words now play a less important role in Smith's art, brief texts still bring her seemingly casual juxtaposition into sharper focus.

Increasingly, Smith's work shifted toward three-dimensional pieces made up of the things she finds at swap meets, which in her hands become endowed with acute emotional connotations. "For whatever perverse reasons I've always had a strong affinity for the inanimate," she confesses. "I'm fascinated more with images and objects as symbols of people's belief systems. I like stuff from what I call the real world as opposed to art stuff."

For example, in *Fruits 'n' Nuts,* an old sightseeing-tour sandwich board is embellished with a plastic basket of the title foods, as well as a metal nut and bolt, a color postcard of jolly nudists bearing fresh-picked citrus, a tiny roulette wheel, plastic tanning goggles, a prize ribbon emblazoned LAST PLACE, a small swastika poker chip, and an inscription taken from Jack Kerouac's classic *On the Road:* "It was the end of a continent. They didn't give a damn." This ironic tribute to California as the punch line "land of fruits and nuts," a funny but pointed commentary on America's final destination, is characteristic of her double-loaded aim, resonant with multiple meanings and right on target.

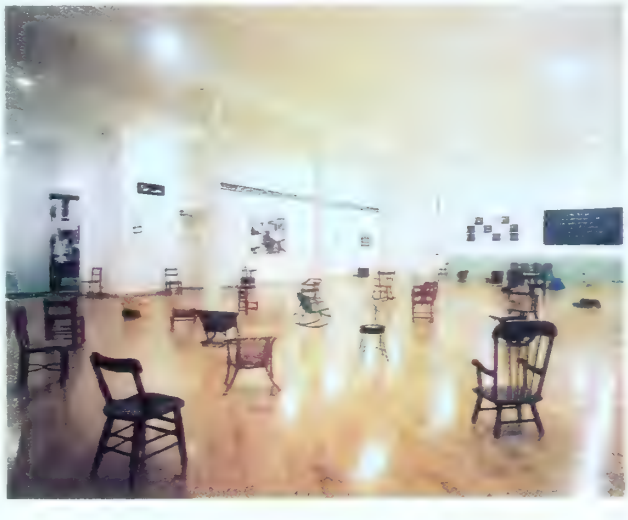
Of late she has favored public installations, including *Past Lives,* an evocative gallery piece done in collaboration with Amy Gerstler and using Smith's own collection of children's chairs; *Snake Path,* a reptilian slate walkway for the University of California at San Diego, scheduled for completion next year; and intricate terrazzo floor designs for Pei Cobb Freed & Partners' new Los Angeles Convention Center, set to open in 1994.

Although there is a *Twin Peaks* duality to Smith's authentically American vision—familiar but far-out, warm but somewhat warped, comforting but also disturbing—she shuns any notion of heavy-duty social critique. And despite her frequent resort to domestic imagery and exploration of gender roles—as in her deadpan *Jane* series of 1985—she rejects being labeled a feminist. "I'm interested in the transmission of experience," she explains, "the way people manufacture the world, and the myths and stories that seem interconnected with that. But I don't believe in cynicism. Cynicism does nobody any good, and I'm more committed to all the poignant contradictions of life. I believe in setting a good example." ▲



There is a *Twin Peaks* duality to Smith's vision





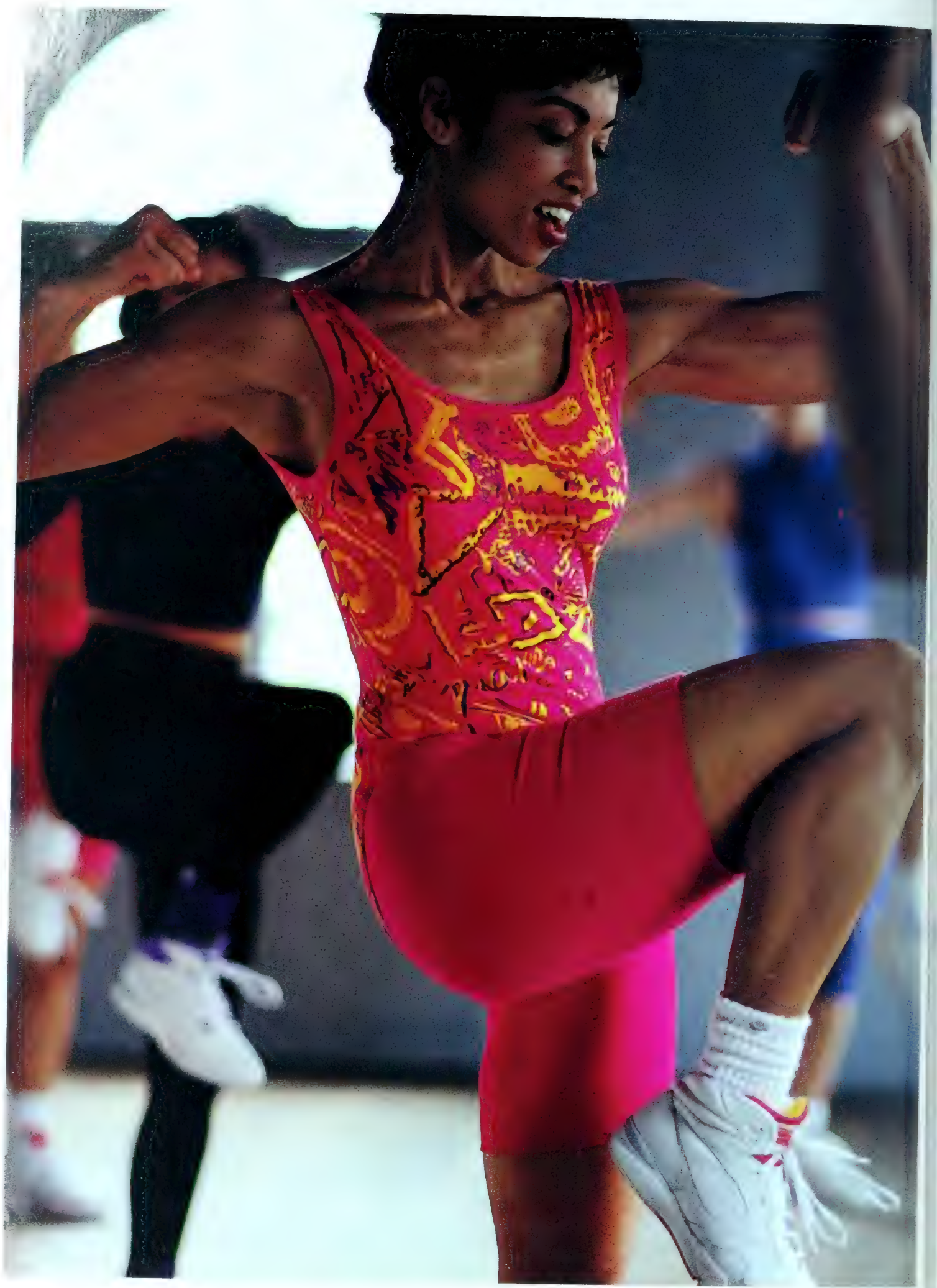
Smith's *Wild Life,* 1985, top, mixes an old magazine cover and a mink stole. Above: *Rock of Ages,* 1988. Below: *Past Lives,* installation by Smith and Amy Gerstler, Josh Baer Gallery, New York City, 1990.



Estate of Marilyn Monroe. Represented by The Roger Richman Agency, Inc., Beverly Hills, CA



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The Cambridge Beat

A former reporter and a decorator investigate newsworthy attics

BY CATHERINE BARNETT



Matz and Pribell, above, in the back of their truck, have an inventory that ranges from Anglo-Indian bureau bookcases to cast-iron birdbaths, below. Right: One of a set of four 18th-century Swedish chairs with French tapestry upholstery.



When Marc Matz moved into his Cambridg storefront sixteen years ago, he was sand wiched between the dilapidated Broadwa Snack Shop and a launderette. Miles from the tony bou tiques of downtown Boston's Newbury Street, across th Charles River, down a potholed residential road dotte with pizza parlors, bike repair shops, and a Buddhist cen ter, he and his partner, Heidi Pribell, have spearheade the development of an unlikely antiques haven.

A visit to the gallery turns up welcome surprises, fron an accordion-action Regency banquet table to a ma chine-age spun-aluminum compote. The unconvention al stock reflects Matz's broad-ranging interests, whic perhaps stem from the fact that he was an investigative journalist before he became a dealer. To augment his in come, he worked in an antiques store in Maine, stripping the original paint off eighteenth- and nineteenth-centu ry American furniture to make it, according to his bosses more valuable. "I didn't know much about antiques a that point," Matz says, "but I sensed we were destroying the beauty of the pieces. I couldn't stand it." Eventually he left to open his own shop where he could sell furniture with what he calls a good "grungy" surface.

Since then his journalist's willingness to pursue ob scure leads has often panned out: several years ago he and Pribell were asked to examine a suburban New York estate up for sale. "We were skeptical," says Pribell, "until we saw the dilapidated Greek revival house and our hearts started to pound." In the front hall they found an Empire pier table and family portraits placed there 150 years earlier. A day at the mansion turned up a whale oil lamp with whale oil still in it, a bust of Napoleon now at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and a series of diaries chronicling, in a microscopic, almost hieroglyphic script, the building of lower Manhattan from the 1820s to the 1840s. Reaching up to clean out a closet, Matz was show ered with fetid water inadvertently pre served in an Imari bowl.

Pribell was working as a decorator when she stumbled upon the gallery seven years ago. "I was riding my bike," she says, "and I saw what looked like a Madison Avenue gallery. I couldn't believe it was right here." Their apt partnership developed quickly and combines Pribell's design experience with Matz's knowledge of antiques (he also wields the hammer at the auctions they hold several times a year). While Matz fig ures out the who, what, when, and why of an object, Pribell contemplates the where. But theirs is clearly not the hard sell. "The buying is always exciting," says Pribell. "The selling is still mixed with tears." (Matz & Pribell, 366½ Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139; 617-661-6200) ▲


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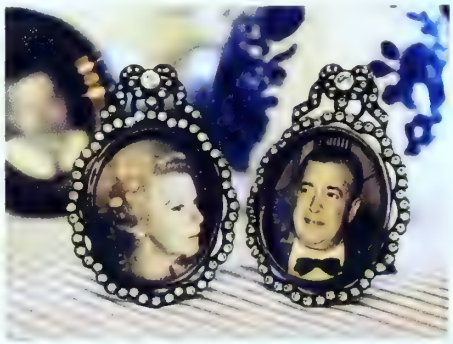
BY WENDY GOODMAN





A Cecil Beaton portrait of Lambert, c. 1938, adorns a table, top left. Top right: Lambert at home. Above: Her breakfast tray. Below: Antique frames with photos of Lambert and her late husband, Seymour Berkson. Left: Mats protect the bed linens.

PUBLICIST ELEANOR LAMBERT has lived in a spacious Fifth Avenue apartment since 1946, when her campaign to put American fashion on the map was only just beginning. At home, the dynamic Lambert, who conceived of fashion press weeks, which paved the way for today's ready-to-wear shows, and who presides over the International Best Dressed List, prefers to spend most of her time in her distinctly feminine bedroom. There, perched on her canopied bed, Lambert works—she talks on the phone with Bill Blass, Tiffany's, and other clients, writes press releases—or reads one of the books or magazines piled high at her bedside. The room is lined in a Geoffrey Beene ticking and furnished with a mantel bought from Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and other treasures collected over the years. Her mother-of-pearl breakfast tray is set with the same pieces every day, reminders of her travels. This quiet and beautiful place is a perfect haven for a powerhouse.




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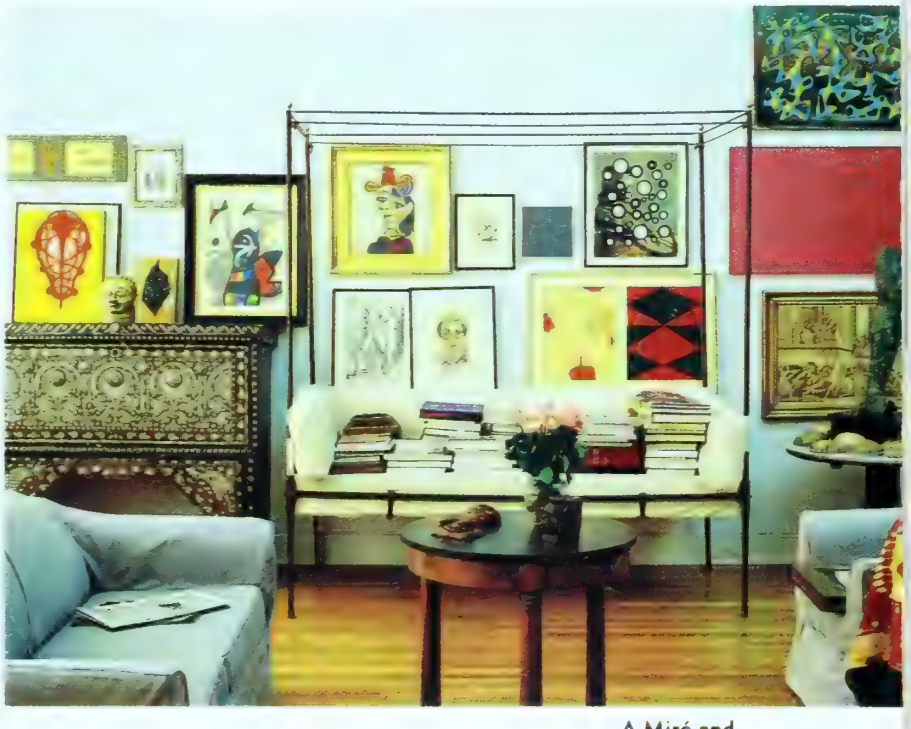
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Editor's Page

december

HAVING JUST COME HOME from a cocktail party at one of New York's extraordinary apartments, where Monets and Rothkos mingle with a Matisse and an unforgettable Picasso, I am thinking about the qualities that enable those special sites where art and decoration meet to be also settings for life. Admittedly, possessing the judgment to amass things of aesthetic quality and the taste to take joy in them reflects a certain refinement, but we have all heard stories about the lonely and eccentric collector whose treasures are stashed away and enjoyed only as the most greedy and solitary of pleasures. How much luckier we are to encounter individuals like the Grunwalds of New York and the Washington couple featured in this issue whose collections of furniture and art are reflections of their rich involvements with interesting places and people. It's no coincidence that stories about such generous spirits appear in this holiday issue where they are joined by the lavish layering of decoration practiced by that twentieth-century aesthete Carlos de Beistegui, the startling juxtapositions of modern art and wide-ranging furniture and objects in Gian Enzo Sperone's Manhattan loft, and the cutting-edge retro style of Sandra Bernhard as she brazenly throws open the doors of her North Hollywood house. And as long as we're talking about collectors and houses, I am very happy indeed to be featuring Anne Bass's sublime Paul Rudolph–designed, modern art–filled house in Texas. Then in the spirit of the season we deck the halls and wrap the gifts with the help of some experts in embellishment—that is, decorators. I hope your holidays are filled with art, life, hospitality, and good cheer.



A Miró and a Picasso are among the works of art in Gian Enzo Sperone's New York loft.

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Capital Collectors

The grand tour never ends for an American couple in Washington. By Celia McGee

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet



With more volumes than their library shelves can accommodate, the couple use their billiard table, formerly Napoleon's, as a surface for books and sculptures. The bust is by Camille Claudel. Chairs range from a Louis XV fauteuil to Claude Lalanne's crocodile creation. Details see Resources.



Italian opera plays on the sound system at all times; opera s



sionally break into song at their dinners

ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT that Henry Adams, who lived there, or Henry James, who visited with eagle eye, would have noted the paradox of Washington, D.C. But Adams was too busy bemoaning political corruption and James escaped to Mount Vernon. The capital of the United States is in many ways a very un-American city.

The prominent Washington couple with the stately house live happily according to this contradiction. "I like Washington because it's quite like Europe," says the husband. Throughout a residence filled with European and Asian art, decorations, and furniture, practically the only piece of Americana is an eighteenth-century weather vane in the garden. The couple were just doing what comes naturally when they chose a house that fronts on the strip known as Embassy Row.

They didn't turn the house into a foreign affair by staying at home. The husband has made his family business, founded in the Midwest three generations ago, a global presence. He and his wife visit England and Paris every spring. They've flown to Austria for the opening of the Salzburg Festival. Italian opera plays on the house's sound system all the time; opera stars have performed at their dinners.

It's reasonable that gentlemen and ladies on the grand tour, curiosity seekers from Victorian England, hold resonance for this couple. "They went anywhere where there was sun and happiness," says the husband, cradling one of the porphyry spheres those earlier travelers brought home from Greece and Italy as souvenirs. His wife has arranged clutches of the lapidary balls here—by the curved staircase in the front hall—and there—next to a Japanese writing table in the living room—

Years of globe-trotting contributed to a living room furnished with a Russian games table lined with Italian temple models, an English chinoiserie cabinet, a neoclassical French armchair, and an English child's chair, c. 1750. A Camille Claudel bronze rests on an English table. The rugs and pillow are Aubussons.





with her customary sense of the unusual and dramatic. It takes nerve, taste, and an ease around art that comes from growing up with it, to place Rodin's *Walking Man* on top of the dining room table. Or to allow the languorous Pre-Raphaelite beauty of Albert Joseph Moore's *A Palm Fan* to mix it up with a small Rodin, *The Minotaur*, and some Thai incense burners splashed with gold. Or to put two Napoleonic fauteuils in the same room with a William and Mary black lacquer chinoiserie highboy, a nineteenth-century Russian games table, and a suite of Charles X chairs. The house springs surprises.

It takes nerve, taste, and a considerable ease around art to place Rodin's *Walking Man* on top of the dining room table

To say that the place is dramatic is not to suggest it's theatrical. The couple look for something *in* their art and objects as much as on the surface: "The things we like have to have been created with a certain amount of energy, a spirit that's still in them," says the wife. "Our French refectory table, a great oak slab in the dining room, is incredibly architectural and has that strength." She and her husband know that they're drawn to anything sculptural, especially along the strong impassioned lines of Rodin, of his ill-fated mistress, Camille Claudel, or the contemporary English artist Elisabeth Frink and her monumental bronzes. The attraction extends—or, more accurately, contracts—to a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century walking sticks, several of them topped with carvings that the wife describes as "tiny sculptures." One has a likeness of a Chinese man with a silver braid that can be raised to dispense perfume; another bears a portrait of Lord Byron.

The walking sticks offer a confusion of form and function that appeals to the couple, who relish an element of fancy, so dear to the heart

A central spot on t 17th-century Frenc table, *opposite*, is reserved for Rodin: one end is set with William III candlesticks, Ming vases, a Queen Anne silver service plates. *Abov left:* François-Xavie Lalanne's gorilla sculpture interrupts the solemnity of a corner in the living room. *Left: Running Man* by Elisabeth Frink is framed by Claude Lalanne mi in the ballroom.



of the eighteenth century, in the things they own. This includes a number of pieces by the Frenchman François-Xavier Lalanne, and his wife, Claude, who would have done well in rococo times if they hadn't been born into our own. Two of François-Xavier's gorilla sculptures—which, if you opened their doors, would make dandy sideboards—flank an entryway in the drawing room and his banana-cluster-shaped humidor fools the unwary in the library. Claude's floor-to-ceiling mirror sprouting bronze leaves and tendrils cast from her garden near Fontainebleau was commissioned after the couple saw a wall of smaller versions of the looking glass chez Yves Saint Laurent. The playful side of this collecting comes out especially when the couple entertain. "Because our dining table is so narrow," says the wife, "when we seat people there rather than at several round tables in the ballroom, their knees touch. So we put the women on one side and the men on the other." She leaves the table bare of linens and sets it with statuesque Georgian silver.

When she's not entertaining, the opposite end of the table from the Rodin is taken up by her group of Ching dynasty candlesticks: she recently acquired the last known pair of these blue and white porcelain altarpieces. Also in the dining room are four Ming vases from the Hatcher collection, sunken treasures rescued from the South China Sea only eight years ago and auctioned off by Christie's in Amsterdam to some of the world's most competitive bidders. Ceramics are the wife's special passion, not only the museum-quality Asian wares on display along one wall of the dining room but also the Flora Danica, Royal Copenhagen, and Limoges pieces that line the pantry. *(Continued on page 181)*



A late 18th century Japanese bamboo writing table is put to use as a bed tray in the master bedroom where several Chinese ceremonial robes are on display. The kidney-shaped desk with inset bookshelves is English, c. 1860. The painting over the mantel is by Cara Costea.

"The things we like have to have been cre



t a certain amount of energy, a spirit that's still in them"



Nathaniel and [illegible], *opposite. Below:* In their living room, decorator Mark Zeff positioned a Breuer chaise and an Eileen Gray sofa at opposite ends of a 1930s French rug. The hat-shaped lamp came from a flea market. Nathaniel found the cubist paintings in his parents' attic. Details see Resources.



Sharp Focus

Creating a downtown loft on the Upper East Side, a photographer and a model take a wide-angle view on style

By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Anne Foxley

SEVERAL YEARS AGO NATHANIEL Kramer made a few major changes in his life. He moved out of his downtown loft, quit the family investment banking firm, where his "father, grandfather, and almost every other relative all worked," and became a fashion photographer. "My parents were appalled," he says. Despite this breach with tradition, however, the apple really didn't fall so far from the tree. Kramer's great-grandfather was a photographer—his 1919 panorama of a Gene Tunney fight, a masculine sea of straw boaters, hangs in the dining room. And when Kramer decamped for Manhattan's Upper East Side, he acquired an apartment in the very same building where he grew up and where his parents still reside. "I decided it was time to live in a real apartment," explains Kramer. "And then he proceeded to turn it right back into a loft," jokes his wife of nine months, Anne, a German-born model whom he met three years ago on a shoot.

Their apartment, which Nathaniel believes was originally a service kitchen and pantry for the whole building, had at some point been chopped up into an awkward two-bedroom dwelling with "no flow of space and very little light," according to Leonard Woods of Kroeger Woods Associates, Architects. By knocking down walls, Woods and his partner, Keith Kroeger, created a "sense of loftlike openness while still maintaining private areas such as the bedroom and the study." The architectural team brightened the gutted rooms by bleaching and pickling the dark floors. All the old parquet—a jigsaw puzzle of planks, squares, and herringbones—was left intact so that "you can still make out the blueprint of the former apartment," says Woods. The architects' desire to, as Woods puts it, "leave a record of what happened"—to allow the apartment's archaeology to remain apparent—shows up, too, in the remaining moldings that start and stop accord-

Original parquet floors outline the apartment's former layout



ing to the original plan. The existing doors, which had been painted innumerable times, were simply stripped and waxed. "Their weather-beaten look is in keeping with the loft aesthetic," says Kroeger. "The apartment was really treated like a gallery space because we knew Nathaniel would fill it with interesting objects."

Once Kroeger Woods laid out these backgrounds, Mark Zeff came on board to fill in the foregrounds with a mix of his own designs and several decades' worth of modernist forms. Worked up from a napkin sketch, Zeff's glass-topped and wooden-legged dining table bears traces of his idol Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann's spare polished aesthetic. Surrounding it are Zeff's steel and cherrywood Equus chairs, named for the slender ball-tipped tail that extends from the center slat. The horsey allusion couldn't be more apt for Anne, an avid equestrian who spends weekends riding on Long Island, where the couple is building a country house. "When we're in the city, we live in the dining room," she says. "I've even used it as my photo-editing room," adds Nathaniel, who says that for them entertaining usually means "hanging out here with a few old friends, eating, and then watching TV in the study."

Sympathetic to Kroeger Woods's work, Zeff tampered with only one section of their reconstruction. To

To draw light from the study into the entrance hall, *above*, Zeff installed a shoji-style screen crowned by a steel valance. A newly exposed steel girder post offers an unexpected counterpoint to the cherrywood paneling. *Left:* A Zeff-designed mobile set of shelves supports vintage cameras and Italian glass. *Opposite:* Zeff's sandblasted-glass dining table floats over the cherrywood seats of his Equus chairs. Lamps by Noguchi.

light to flood from the study into the entrance hall, he took out the study wall and inserted a sliding shoji-style screen of sandblasted glass. To hide its overhead tracking device, Zeff installed a large steel valance curved to suggest what he calls a "nineteenth-century silhouette"—a form echoed, on a smaller scale, over the study window. And in one of his most daring moves, Zeff, acting on instinct, ripped the plasterboard off an ordinary column opposite the front door and created out of the exposed steel girder post a rugged focal point for the apartment.

The entrance hall is articulated on one side by this metal monolith and on the other by a set of movable glass and steel shelves. Castored and attached by a pivot to the wall, "it separates the dining room from the entranceway," says Zeff. The shelves also help partition Anne's office where a slyly naive rug she designed for her husband as a surprise birthday gift rests below her sleek orderly desk. "I doodled a stick figure in red crayon on a scrap of newspaper and G. Fried Carpet reproduced it in exact facsimile," Anne relates.

Just beyond, the living room stretches out, anchored by an Eileen Gray sofa slipcovered in deep blue canvas. Its rectilinear lines are softened by the loopy contours of a cork kidney-shaped coffee table picked up at a Los Angeles flea market by Nathaniel's stylist friend, Muriel Phan-Van-Thiet. And on a chest nearby stands another of her unorthodox discoveries, a cockeyed topper-shaped lamp that might have illuminated the Mad Hatter's tea party. "Muriel calls from wherever she's traveling to tempt us with her finds," explains Nathaniel. No stranger to out-of-town flea markets himself, he displays on the coffee table a group of sixties bud *(Continued on page 178)*

In the bedroom, Robert Mapplethorpe photographs rest on a cherrywood and iron bookcase Zeff designed to dovetail with the arced headboard. The steel tables are a 1929 Chareau design from Écart International. Nathaniel's rowing machine doubles as a wall sculpture.

"With all the straight lines we needed some sensual contours," says Zeff of the gentle curves in the bedroom



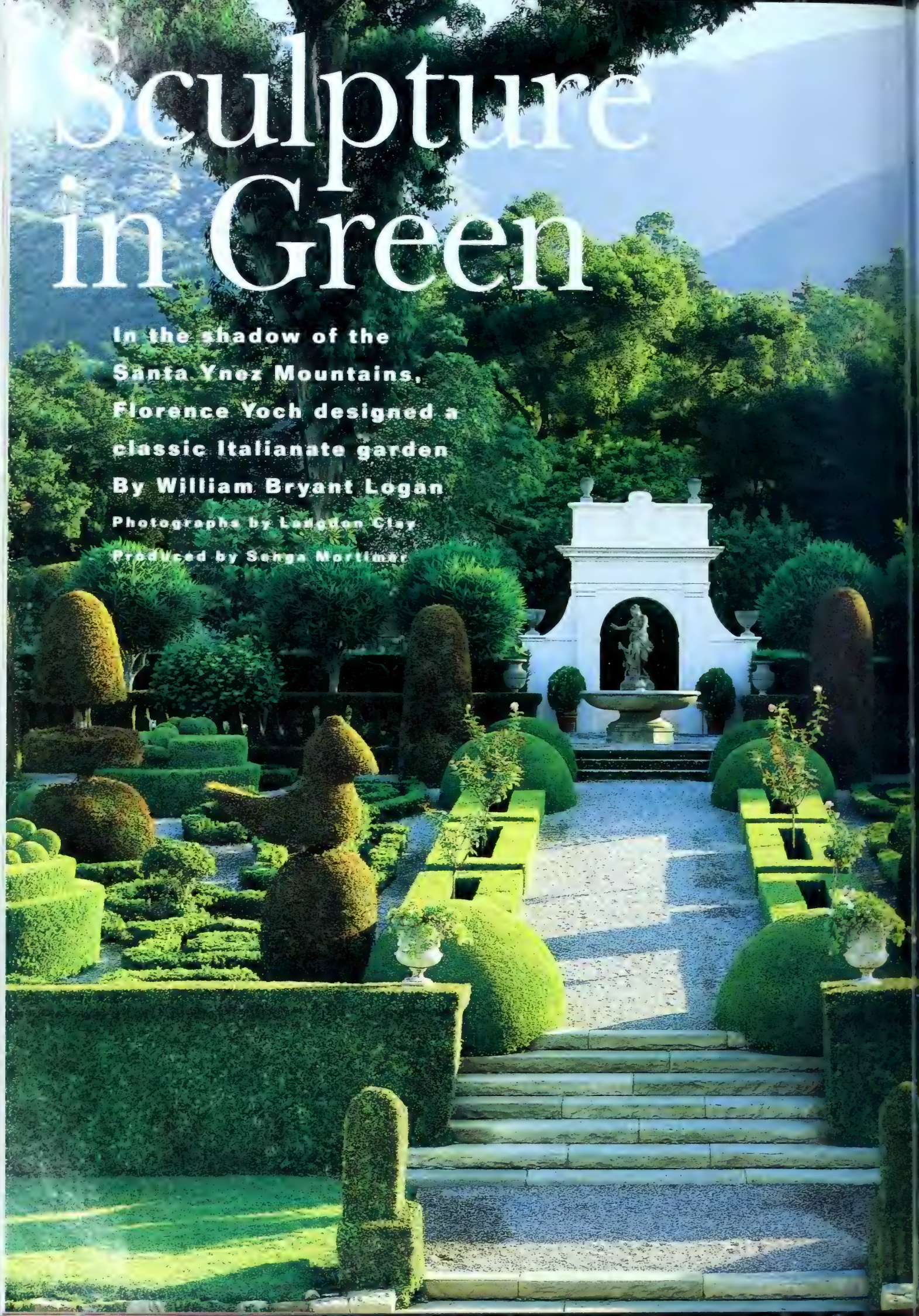
Sculpture in Green

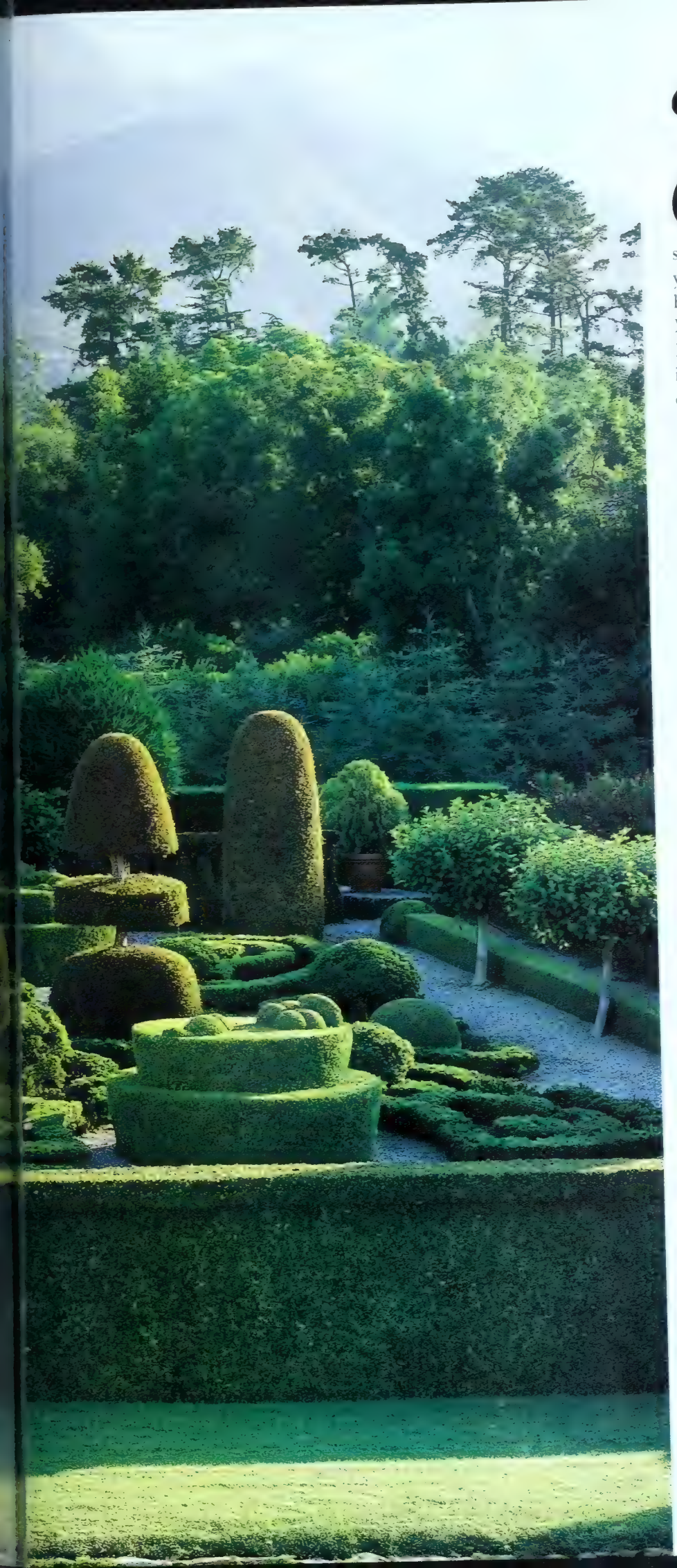
In the shadow of the Santa Ynez Mountains, Florence Yoch designed a classic Italianate garden

By William Bryant Logan

Photographs by Lavedon Clay

Produced by Serge Mortimer





AROUND 1925 A YOUNGER neighbor asked southern California landscape architect Florence Yoch what a would-be garden designer should study. Yoch's list began with four years of Latin and chemistry. Given her own and her clients' taste for Mediterranean styles and details—Italianate in particular—the Latin isn't surprising. But chemistry? As one of the most notable designers then working on the West Coast, she certainly spent little time investigating ion exchange in the rhizosphere. Still, it is chemistry of a sort—perhaps even alchemy—that informs her best gardens.

At Il Brolino, a seven-acre estate in Montecito near Santa Barbara, California, she married straight line to curve, house to garden, and the whole to the landscape with a chemistry that verges on magic. Created in 1922–23 for lumber heiress Mary Stewart around a fine simple Mediterranean-style villa designed by architect George Washington Smith, the garden looks north to a saddle in the Santa Ynez Mountains and south and west to the sweep of the Santa Barbara Channel.

In Italian *brolo* means an enclosed garden; perhaps the diminutive *-ino* makes sense in the context of the immense ranch from which this estate and neighboring properties were carved. But the name is too modest, even so, since the garden consists of a whole series of linked terraces, edged in walls or hedges and supported by stone ramparts, surrounding the L-shaped house on all but the street front to the east. This framing is the key to Il Brolino's beauty. The hedging, clipped by hand into sharp angles, makes green walls; stucco walls covered with creeping fig appear to be precisely carved hedges

Beyond walls covered in creeping fig, Florence Yoch's topiary of boxwood, euonymous, and eugenia lines the path to an Italianate fountain and an arched exedra. The axial vista links Il Brolino's parterre with the Santa Ynez Mountains.





that happen to carry stone urns. In contrast to this formality, other walls of local yellow sandstone are irregularly dressed so that they look as though they had simply been picked up from the nearby landscape and set down here. Their buffs and ochers bring the light browns of the summer hills beyond the ramparts into the garden. If Il Brolino were to bear a coat of arms, it would show a pair of gardener's shears and a stonemason's hammer.

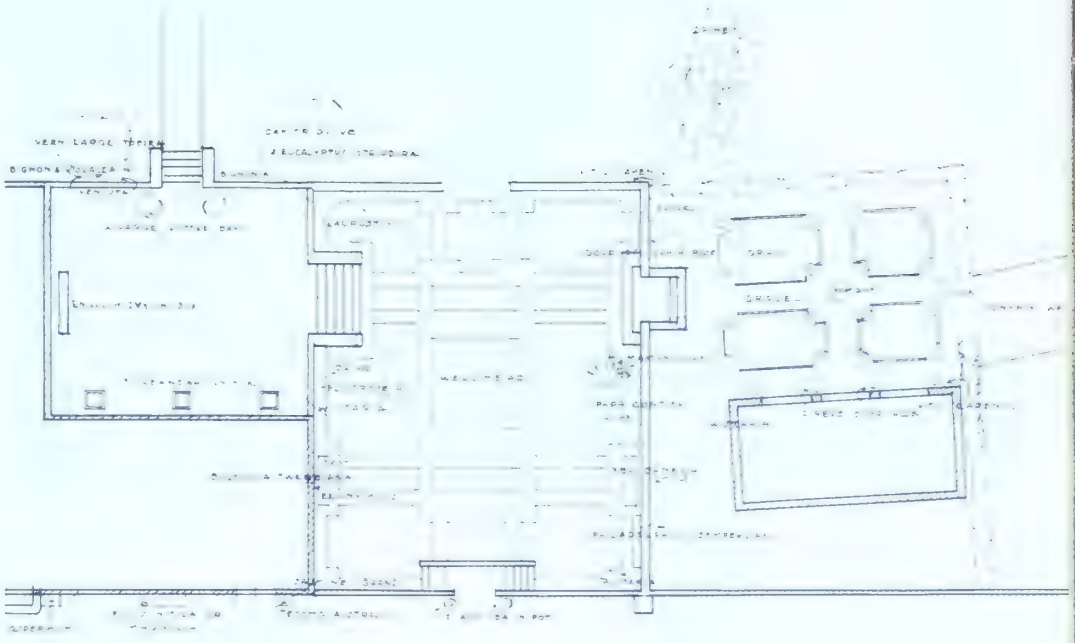
From the street, monumental iron gates open onto a broad gravel court. The visitor who turns immediately left to face the house might think the garden consists of nothing more than the elegant arches and corkscrews of topiary flanking the door and the slender columns of Italian cypress that rise against the walls. A turn to the right, however, is a glorious shock. There, climbing the slope and framed between rounded mountain peaks, is an astonishing topiary parterre, terraced behind a stone rampart.

As fantastical as its immense leafy birds and twin-domed cake stands appear, they are scaled to the hills behind, and they become part of the intricate geometry of straight line and curve. The axial path leads directly up from the front door, ending at the far northern end of the garden in a large exedra, a stone arch with big eucalyptus trees set off-center behind it. As Yoch's cousin James J. Yoch explains in *Landscaping the American Dream*, a recent study of her work published by Harry N. Abrams/Sagapress, she redesigned the exe-

Topiary near the front door, *above*, mimics arches designed by the architect George Washington Smith. *Center left:* Florence Yoch in 1915. *Left:* Yoch's sketch for the stone exedra is one of a series of drawings analyzing scale within the landscape. *Opposite above:* A detail of her planting plan shows, from left, the gravel court, sunken garden, and cutting beds. *Opposite below:* A Florentine well is the focal point of the sunken garden.

five times, making it taller so the
ntains could not dwarf it and
ening its upright classical eleva-
with buttresslike supports.

n front of the exedra is a simple
ranate fountain surmounted by
early eighteenth century Diana
lding a rather phallic bow). The
w of the garden from Diana's
ntain is excelled only by that from
second-story windows of the
ise. Long low rectangles of box-
od border the topiary, punctuat-
at the ends of the path by taller
unds. Deeper inside the parterre,
ight lines dissolve into labyrin-
e scrolls of box and euonymus,
of which emerge taller rounded
ms cut from a eugenia that puts
lovely dull red new growth in ear-
spring. From Diana's vantage
nt or from the house, the geome-
plays wonderful foreshortening
ks, distorting the onlooker's sense
actual dimensions and perspec-
e. It is easy to see in this garden of
early 1920s how Yoch would lat-
become an important designer of



It is easy to see in this garden how Yoch would later become a film set designer: she understood how to manipulate perception







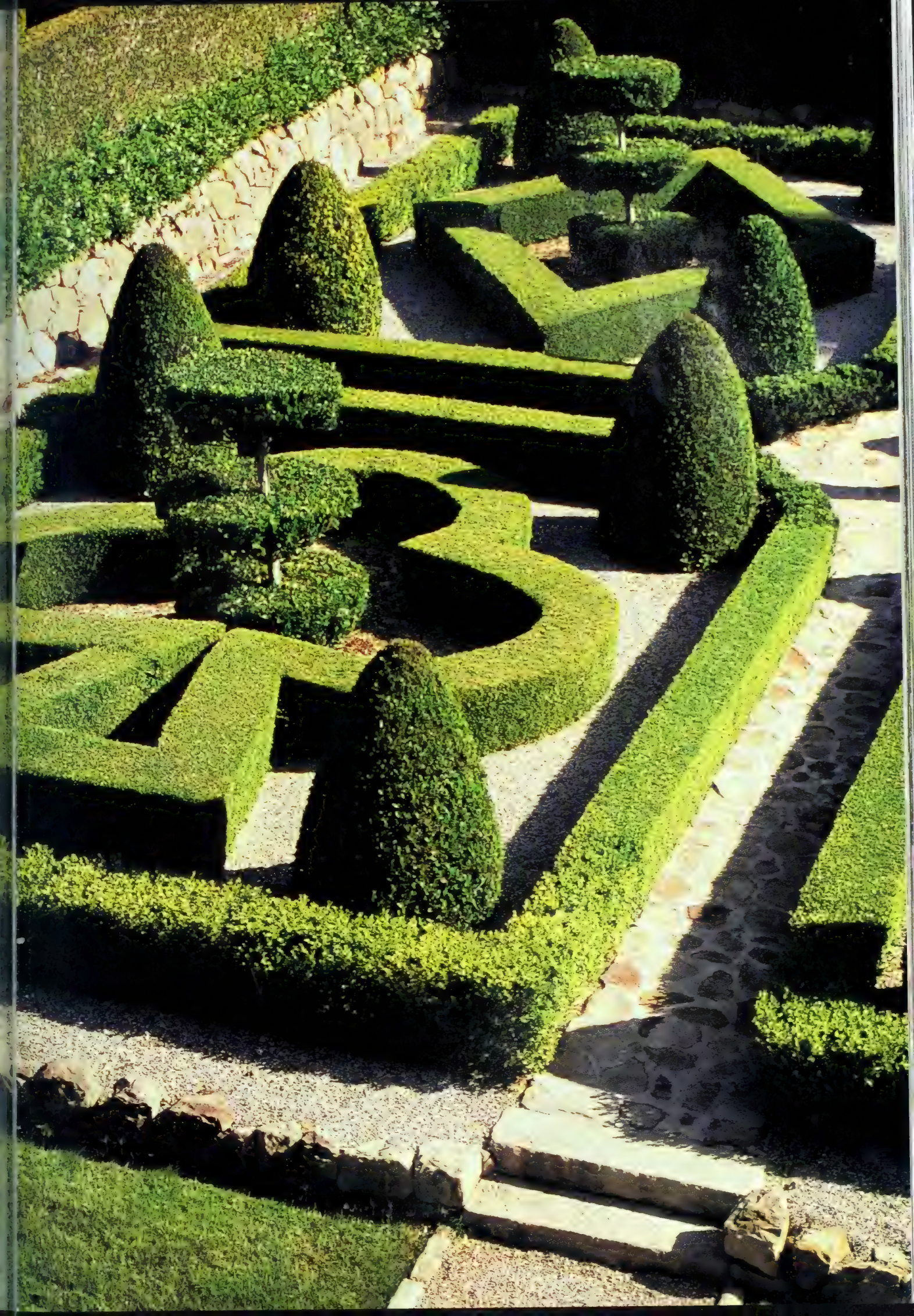
If Il Brolino were to bear a coat of arms, it would show a pair of gardener's shears and a stone-mason's hammer

landscape sets for films like *Gone with the Wind:* she understood how to manipulate perception. But more important at Il Brolino, the mixed patterning of the parterre makes a singularly graceful transition between the rectangular architectural mass and the hilly landscape.

To east and west, hidden behind hedges, are two smaller parterres. The eastern one is a four-square pattern of box with low *Ligustrum texanum* inside, each square outlining the shape of a different suit in a deck of cards. (Older photos of the garden do not show this parterre, and as none of the windows of the original house overlook it, it may not have been planned by Yoch.) The western parterre is a transition to the informal agapanthus- and clivia-planted oak woodland beyond, its neat squares enclosing pear trees and espaliered roses.

The ell of George Washington Smith's villa looks south and west, embracing a patio that complements the fairly narrow living and dining rooms within. Yoch designed the surrounding garden rooms for surprise, for intimacy, and for ease. Here the axes are all skewed. From the gravel court at the western end of the house a little iron gate leads down into a sunken *(Continued on page 182)*

Japanese boxwood traces playing card suits, *opposite*. Although this parterre may not have been part of Yoch's original plan, the juxtaposition of clipped foliage and rugged local sandstone walls is true to her design. *Above left:* Canterbury bells and roses bloom near an orange tree and trumpet vine outside the main parterre. *Left:* Rose standards and an ancient oak flank the axis through a balustraded terrace above the nearly hidden lily pond





In his New York loft, Rome-based art dealer Gian Enzo Sperone, *opposite*, sits in front of [illegible], a 1988 canvas by [illegible] Dessi, whom Sperone represents. *Below:* On an 18th-century Italian rococo console, wooden vessels from Nepal and Tibet surround a stuffed bird specimen in a glass case.



A Fine Italian Eye

IN A NEW YORK LOFT, ART DEALER GIAN ENZO SPERONE INSTALLS A GALLERY FOR EVERYDAY LIFE. BY MARTIN FILLER

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

TRACED TO ITS GREEK ROOTS, the word "cosmopolitan" can be taken to mean a person who lives in a universal city. On the evidence of his remarkable New York pied-à-terre, the Rome-based contemporary art dealer Gian Enzo Sperone might be deemed to be a leading citizen of that global community, composed in large part of members of the international art world. Precisely where this sophisticated domicile might be is not readily apparent at first glance, except perhaps for a few of the telltale details that give it away as a downtown New York loft. But this is not one of those it-could-be-anywhere interiors typical of the uptown condominium towers favored by the foreign flight-capital crowd. That the inhabitant is a man of exceptional cultivation and independence is as definite as the cultural identity of his home is vague.

Owner of Italy's most influential contemporary art gallery, Sperone was an early European champion of American art of the sixties, discoverer of the Arte Povera school, and maker of the reputations of such eighties stars as Francesco Clemente and Mimmo Paladino. Since 1975 he has been a partner, with Angela Westwater, in the SoHo gallery Sperone Westwater representing such major figures as the painter Susan Rothenberg and the sculptor Richard Long, in addition to such emerging talents as the young duo of David McDermott and Peter McGough.

From fall to spring, during the art season, Sperone comes to New York seven or eight times, staying about a week each month. Tired of hotels, he decided to take a loft in a late nineteenth century building, and the result is an intriguing mixture of palazzo and caravansary. "My first idea," explains Sperone, "was to create a silent Franciscan setting. But in the end I was won over by my nature, which is that of a fetishist traveler. And now, as you can see, the loft is more like a bazaar. The truth is that I love the style of living of the nomadic tribes of central Asia just as much as the lazy and routine life one happens



Sperone's arresting art collection



Renovated by architect Alan Wanzenberg, the loft is a spare backdrop for a highly personal collection of art and objects. Columns framing the dining area are the stripped-down wooden originals. At right, Richard Long's 1988 *Missouri Mud Footprints*.

than hold its own against the considerable visual competition





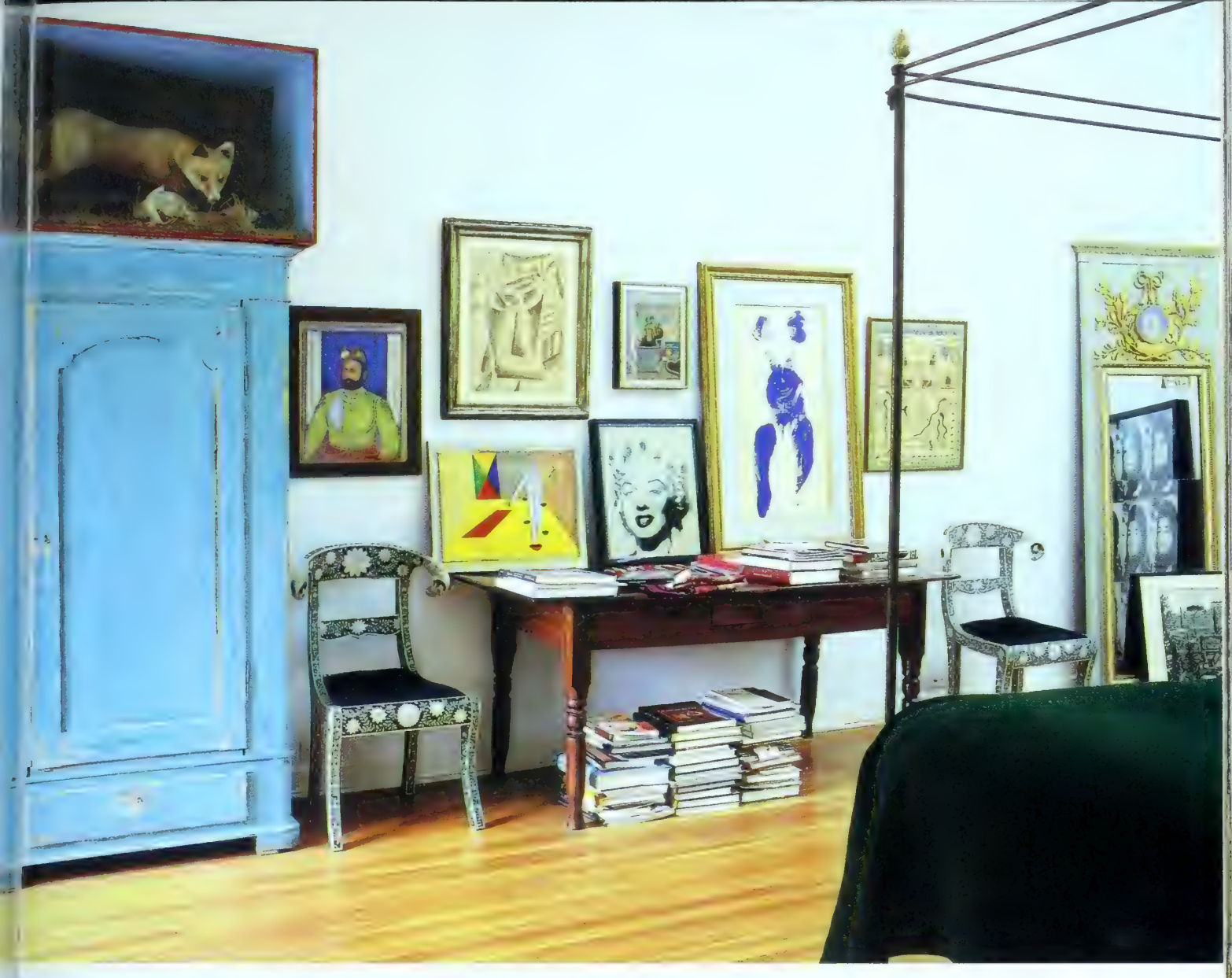
to lead in a Western house." Bu there is nothing at all ordinary abou the way Sperone has arranged th clean, handsomely finished spac renovated for him by Manhattan based architect Alan Wanzenberg.

"The art is the big story there," concedes Wanzenberg. "I knew i would be strong and subject to a cer tain amount of fluidity. Art require a volume around it and each can en rich the other, but a certain amount of detail was needed to give it a do mestic character. Gian Enzo wanted a place that had a certain ease and ac cessibility, and the trick was to let the progression of spaces capture that."

Entering the sprawling loft from an elevator, one steps into a broad entry area flanked on one side by a pair of rhapsodic rococo console ta bles and on the other by a pair of leather-covered eighteenth-century Italian chairs pulled up to a round ta ble skirted to the floor in richly col ored patterned silk. This stately arrangement would not be out of place in the salone of a Roman noble. That is, were it not for the startling things Sperone has placed among those decorous totems of tradition. Though one of the flamboyant con soles is jammed with blue and white porcelain, the other holds a slew of folkloric wooden vessels from the Himalayas which surround a nine teenth-century stuffed bird in a glass case, one of several unnerving taxi dermy displays throughout the loft.

On a wall near the table where Sperone takes his morning coffee hangs a drawing Richard Long made by dipping his right foot into mud and imprinting it around a large

The loft contains many works by noted contemporary artists, including Long's floor piece *SoHo Circles*, 1989, *top left*. Behind it, Alexis Rockman's 1990 canvas *Phylum II*, at left, and Peter McDermott and David McGough's 1985 *Reformatory Future, 1908*. *Left:* Francesco Clemente's *Keystone*, 1983, and Cy Twombly's *Suma*, 1982. *Opposite:* In his bedroom, Sperone wakes up to an ever-changing wall of favorites, ranging from classics by Léger and Chirico to an Andy Warhol *Marilyn* and Yves Klein's blue figural smears from the *Anthropométries* series of 1961.



heet of paper. That primitive impulse is echoed in the aboriginal-looking columns that mark the transition into the loft's largest area. But as it turns out, they are actually wo of the structure's existing wood-n supports stripped down by the architect to their basic material. As Vanzenberg notes, "Columns can be problem in what they imply, so we ook a bit of the edge off that."

The huge sweep of open space is ivided between a sitting area at the treet end and a larger gallery area at he center of the typically long and arrow floor-through. One of ong's hallmark floor pieces—con-entric rings of granite paving locks, entitled *SoHo Circles*—gives it he aura of a citified Stonehenge.

At the rear are two bedrooms. perone's eighteenth-century Ital-an iron tester bed faces a very per-sonal and ever-changing gallery of small works, which he customarily adds to and subtracts from during his sojourns. They range from delicately detailed Indian miniatures to the suggestive figural smears of one of Yves Klein's famous *Anthropométries* series of 1961 (immortalized in the film *Mondo Cane*, Klein had naked models slather themselves with blue gouache and roll around on paper).

The guest bedroom breaks all the middle-class rules for a comforting home away from home. Yet those who stay in it will find much to nourish their creative imaginations, if not to soothe their sense of displacement. Odd juxtapositions of form, line, texture, and material are the only constant. The bed and its adjacent table are covered in intricately embroidered fabrics from Uzbekistan, while over the bed hangs a Tibetan Buddhist tanka. On a rough-hewn country table is a surreal painting of common garden mollusks, a row of silver-encrusted women's headdresses from Afghanistan, and a garish enameled Satsuma vase. A chrome and leather moderne lounge chair adds an urban counterpoint to the pungent oriental exoticism.

The works in Sperone's collection, including arresting paintings by Clemente, Paladino, and Gianni Dessì, can more than hold their own against the considerable visual competition. The striking interrelationships between art and objects are never facile, as many collectors can be in setting up too-perfect analogies of pictures and furniture. Interestingly for an art dealer, Gian Enzo Sperone does not establish a hierarchy of fine art over decorative art. Perhaps his quite literal belief in the spiritual power of inanimate objects gives his American home such a potent quality. As he says, "Great poets and great craftsmen all make the history of art. The fact is, it's almost certain that, like dogs, objects too have a soul." ▲

I love the style of life in Asian nomadic tribes as much as the ro



ne happens to lead in a Western house"

Sperone's eye for the exotic makes for an unconventional guest room. A demonic untitled 1989 Clemente hangs above Mimmo Paladino's 1990 *Souvenirs* next to the 18th-century Italian bed. Beneath Alexis Rockman's *Snails and Slugs*, 1990, an array of Afghan women's silver headdresses.





Couture

At designer Zang Toi's showroom the clothing is hot—and so is the food

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili

I've always wanted to combine food with fashion," says Zang Toi, *opposite*, with his sketch, *inset*, of an outfit from his 1991 resort collection. His onion flowers, *bottom left*, have the same flair as his denim jacket with heart buttons, *bottom right*. *Below:* The dining area in Toi's showroom. Details see Resources.

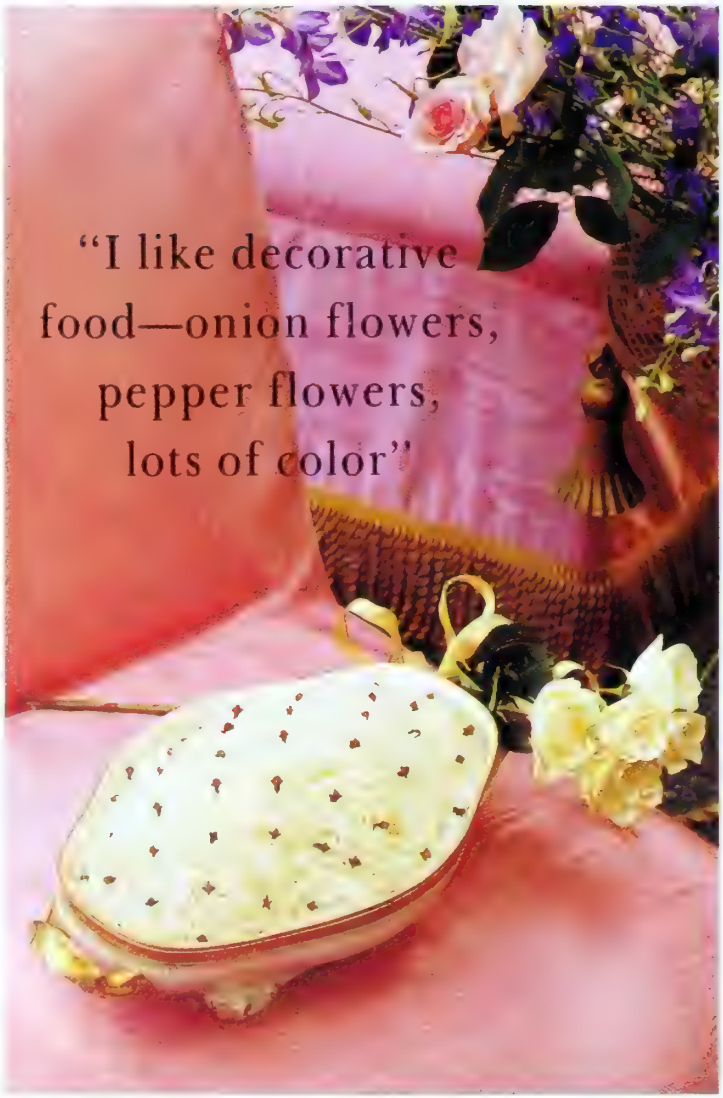






Cuisine




"I like decorative
food—onion flowers,
pepper flowers,
lots of color"



MALAYSIAN-BORN fashion designer Zang Toi says food is like fashion: "When you're making clothes, it's just a piece of cloth until you add the decoration and the look—then it's fashion. The same with food. Once you start decorating it, you make it appetizing. Food should be beautiful."

The Malaysian Chinese specialties that Toi whips up in the airy kitchen behind his showroom and workshop are wonderful to look at: a plate of tiny spring rolls atop an Italian wire stand full of roses and delphiniums, curried chicken with golden quail eggs and onion flowers on a gold-bordered Limoges platter, coconut crème caramel wrapped in gold ribbon. They are also so wonderful to taste that invitations to lunch in Toi's showroom are almost as hot a commodity among fashion editors and buyers as a table at La Grenouille.

"Eating beautiful food has always been part of my life," Zang Toi confides. The youngest of seven children, he grew up on the east coast of Malaysia where his father owned a grocery store. "My family loves to eat," he says. "We all cook. One brother, Luon, is a professional chef, and when I was little, I used to watch him. I was the taster. I guess it rubbed off." Zang's recipes are full of references to his family: Mom's Magical Shrimp, Sister Mey's Golden Mixed Malaysian Vegetables, Dad's Fabulous Curried Chicken. (They are also full of thirteens—"my lucky number," he says, laughing.)

Toi left Malaysia at eighteen to finish high school in Canada. Then it was on to *(Continued on page 178)*





On a table draped with velvet, *opposite above*, Toi serves up a Malaysian Chinese feast of curried chicken; rice garnished with whole cloves, *opposite below left;* Zang's iced tea served in faux tortoise glasses from Henri Bendel, *above right;* and gift-wrapped coconut flan, *right*. *Opposite below right:* Model Anne Marie Regal relaxes in an orange and red moiré pantsuit from the 1991 fall collection. *Far right:* Toi added leopard print and chartreuse borders to an industrial carpet.



Classic Unde

Louise and Henry Grunwald edit the collections of two busy li



In the living room, Louise Grunwald and decorators Albert Hadley and Mary Hager of Parish-Hadley grouped 18th-century French armchairs with modern pieces. A Picasso hangs behind the sofa, and a Degas bronze rests on the low table. Above the mantel is an Hubert Robert. Details, see Resources.

atement

Osamond Bernier Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Sanya Mortimer

Louise Grunwald does not set herself up as a collector, but she surprised Viennese curators with the assurance of her eye

MRS. HENRY ANatole Grunwald is that rarity among New Yorkers—someone who lives half a block away from the house in which she was raised and from which she was first married. She doesn't want to move up, down, or sideways from New York, NY 10021. She just wants to stay there forever with her husband of four years. Formerly editor in chief of Time Inc., Henry Grunwald retired in 1987 and was forthwith appointed United States ambassador to Austria, serving in Vienna, the city in which he was born and which he had left as a refugee after the Anschluss in 1938.

Louise Grunwald has had her present apartment on the Upper East Side since not long before she and Henry Grunwald were married. "This was Gianni Agnelli's apartment, with all his things in it," she explains. "He had a big Manet here and a Turner of Venice over the sofa, the front hall was all Picassos—pictures from every period—and there were five Matisses. The decorating had been done by Françoise de la Renta in two weeks. It was all draped, and it was very attractive—Indian cottons and things like that." Other people might have been intimidated by the thought of the great paintings and seduced (as many a visitor had been) by the draped cottons. But although Louise Grunwald does not set herself up as a collector, she is perfectly secure in her tastes. When in Vienna, she surprised the staff of the Kunsthistorisches Museum by the amount that she knew and the assurance of her eye. "Imagine," one of them said, "an ambassadress who never yawns."

Louise Grunwald has been a lifelong looker—here, there, and everywhere—and a lifelong nester, too, who loves to have things around her that she has found. She is also a quick visual study who thrives on a little homework. "I can't imagine going to Mozambique without knowing something about it before I get there," she will say, already alight at the very name of that remote island.

Her tastes were not inherited. "I was brought up in a house on a grand scale built by Delano & Aldrich, the architects of so many big houses on Park Avenue. My mother didn't care much about pictures or furniture, and my grandmother left the most hideous junk. But my mother did care about clothes and about bibelots. It was through her that I learned about flea markets, especially in Paris but also in India and Bangkok—all



A Zoffany portrait of a judge, *left*, presides over the library. Carpet from Saxony. *Opposite above:* Old-master drawings are displayed in the morning room near Regency chairs and a Parish-Hadley designed banquette in Cowtan & Tout damask. *Opposite below:* A 17th-century Flemish satyr stands alongside fragments of Greek and Egyptian figures.



er the place. One of the great ings about being married to Henry that he enjoys antiquing as much as do. Most men hate it, but he can end five hours going from shop to op on a Saturday. When Henry ilt a house on Martha's Vineyard, decorated it together. We found erything on our travels, and noth- g cost anything.

"I was still single when I set out to this apartment. It was a moment hen everyone was becoming very nglish, very chichi, very faux every- ing. I said to my decorators Albert adley and Gary Hager of Parish- ladley, 'I can't look at those apart- ents anymore. They're so verdone.' I don't want fakery. I ant natural walls. I don't want tas- els and tiebacks. I want the rooms to e a background for pictures and objects and furniture that I like. I don't want anyone to walk in and say, 'Those are the most extraordinary curtains I have ever seen.' By now a lot of people have discovered that beige is a nice color, but I think we did interesting things with it then.

"This was just a pied-à-terre for the Agnellis. They spent at tops a month a year here, so there weren't many bookcases in the apartment. I had to add and add and add. Then Henry came into my life and I really had to add. Combining his books and mine was like combining two armies. And we both like to look at pictures, too. It was fun, though, because I came here from a much bigger apartment. With the lower ceilings, some things edited themselves—some of the furniture was just too big. There was a green églomisé mir-



that I loved. When I asked Albert, 'Can't we use it somewhere?' he said, 'Louise, you can use it if you don't mind it sitting on the floor.'

"I never put things into storage. I sell them. It's not simply the economics of it. I just don't believe that things do well in storage. Gilt crumbles, for instance, so why have to worry about it? You should be able to put your feet up on the furniture. In my old apartment, I had a Bessarabian rug in a room I hardly ever used, and every summer it had to be restored. Who needs that? I wouldn't own fine French furniture that needed a special humidifying system and an expert to come and pamper it every month. We have every kind of thing in this apartment—every period, every place, every quality. That's a good tray, that's an eighteenth-century English chair, but this telephone table I found at a tag sale. There's no common denominator."

I don't quite believe that. There is the common denominator of private and shared affection. There is also the common denominator of a taste that is none the less sturdy for being without pretension. "The mixture of things fits in with our life. We have a lot of different kinds of friends. We don't travel in a pack or in one kind of group. We have a load of young journalists who come here. I want always to have young people in my life, and I don't want them to come to our apartment and think, 'Can I walk on this? Which fork do I use?' I want to be really comfy, really relaxed. That's why I like to have things that belonged to friends—torchères that were at Ditchley when Ronnie and Marietta Tree were there, some things bought from Kitty Miller's



Green leather-covered chairs that once belonged to Nancy Lancaster surround an early 19th century English mahogany dining table set with Chamberlain Worcester porcelain. Light reflects off lacquered walls and a mirrored screen designed by Syrie Maugham. *Famine*, one of a pair of paintings by Alexandre-François Desportes, hangs above an 18th-century Italian inlaid console (*Feast* accompanies a matching console against the opposite wall). Carpet from Rosecore.





sale, and a tea set that came from a tag sale at the house in Washington in which a friend of mine had died. Even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* came from the house of a friend."

In this apartment the past is not dwelt on, but it is cherished. Even a cruel past can have a happy ending, and that is the case here. Given her lifelong allegiance to a neighborhood from which no one is ever likely to evict her, Louise Grunwald is particularly sensitive to the implications of her husband's appointment to Vienna. As she said to a visitor not long ago, "It was an amazing experience for Henry to have been born in Vienna, to be kicked out of Vienna by the Nazis, and to go back there as ambassador. Someone else might have gloated a bit. But I really don't think he did. He is very humble. If he ever had a certain feeling of triumph there, I think it was when they named a park after his father, Alfred Grünwald, who wrote the words for more successful operettas than anyone can count. He was the Oscar Hammerstein of Vienna, and those operettas are still being played."

It is not in the apartment but in his Manhattan office that Henry Grunwald has the playbills for his father's operettas which his wife found for him in Vienna. But when I walk into that apartment, something of the feather-light hit songs from *Countess Maritza* seems to hang in the air. ♠

"I don't want tassels and tiebacks. I want the rooms to be a background for pictures and objects and furniture I like"

David Roberts's 1848 prints of Egypt adorn the master bedroom, *above*. Beyond the 19th-century Russian desk are an Adam shield-back armchair in Brunschwig velvet, a Parish-Hadley chaise longue, and a japanned cabinet. *Opposite:* In front of a Georgian mirror, bisque vases and a blanc de chine cachepot flank a Fulco di Verdura painting.





Despot of Decoration

Twentieth-century absolutist Carlos de Beistegui endowed his surroundings with princely opulence

By John Richardson



TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER HI death, the Mexican Maecena Carlos de Beistegui continue to influence high-style decorating He brought back to fashion the sumptuous overscaled look, eclecti but classical in feeling, that charac terized great houses of the earl nineteenth century from the hills o Wicklow to the shores of the Crimea It is a look that Mario Praz's *An Illus trated History of Interior Decoration* also helped reinvent, one that implies no ble birth, vast wealth, ancestral hold ings, fastidious taste, a wide culture. Then, as now, a magnificently ap pointed house magnificently run was a shortcut to social acceptance.

The Beistegui family was not so much distinguished as upwardly mo bile and exceedingly rich. The father had done well enough out of silver mines to be appointed Mexican am bassador to Madrid, where his wife became friendly with Alfonso XIII. The king decreed that young Carlos (born in 1895) should have Spanish nationality. Another friend of his mother's, Edward VII, decreed that Charlie, as the boy was known, should go to Eton and Cambridge. Beistegui ended up a grandee by os mosis. Had he been an authentic aristocrat, he is unlikely to have de voted his life to decorating. That would have been our loss. Charlie de Beistegui had remarkably little charm, but he was a decorator of ge nius and he was fortunate in having a client of genius: himself.

Besides decorating, Beistegui had two other passions—the nobility and women—passions that he combined in a series of liaisons with ladies of ti tle: duchesses for preference, vicom tesses at a pinch. People said he never got married because romance was unthinkable with a mere *Madame* de

Carlos de Beistegui, *above left,* costumed for his Venetian masked ball, in a 1951 Cecil Beaton photograph. *Left:* A mantelpiece embellished the surreal Paris penthouse Le Corbusier designed for Beistegui in 1930. *Opposite:* During World War II, the patron-decorator amassed art and objects from many periods in the 19th century–style library he created at his Château de Groussay.





stegui. He got around this prob- by siring the scion of at least one al family. An English friend of e described the perils of staying is château. The old lecher had her in a bedroom without a lock. keep him out, she had to block the r with a baroque armoire.

Galanteries" notwithstanding, chez Beistegui was stiflingly for- l. It would have mattered less if re had been more substance and show to the host's largesse. Liver- footmen would murmur the ne of some rare vintage and pour w token drops into an armorial eglass. And just as the food was ipsed by the place settings, the npany tended to be eclipsed by decor: silver chargers arranged iers like profiteroles, avenues of oque busts, acres of simulated faces, and miles of specially wo- silks and brocades.

The decorators who have carried the Beistegui tradition (above all, nzo Mongiardino and the late offrey Bennison) have never ked for discriminating clients. w money as well as old still aspires a style that can endow opulence h a patina of taste and breeding, a le that plays things right up but, occasion, right down. Beistegui

oussay, *above right. Right:* The teau's pagoda is one of a series of twar garden follies. *Far right:* The rary in the 1940s. *Below left:* The nted-métal Tartar Tent. *Below right:* e pyramid. *Opposite:* In one of the wings added in the 1950s by Emilio rry, the Louis XIII salon combines lianate architecture with delft tile ders and a Dutch porcelain birdcage.

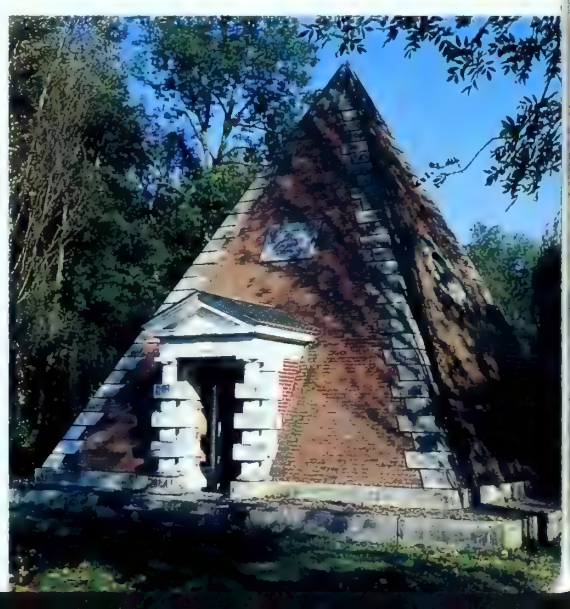






A decorator of genius, Beistegui was fortunate in having a client of genius: himself







knew how to exorcize the throne room look by slipcovering heavily gilded furniture in humble piqué or Vichy (checked material that Valentino now gets the credit for rediscovering) and by mixing status symbols of no value—sporting prints, trophies of fur, feather, or fin—with more precious items.

In his early years Beistegui entertained literary and artistic ambitions. In 1914 he published a book of poems illustrated with his own modish drawings. By the end of the twenties he had succumbed to modernism and astonished le tout Paris by commissioning a surreal penthouse on the Champs Élysées from Le Corbusier. Everything in this playhouse was electric. You pushed a button and walls, windows, and mirrors slid aside. The roof garden was the ultimate folly: a walled room, open to the sky, furnished with a Louis XV fireplace and commode and a carpet of real grass. At the touch of a switch, walls of clipped box parted to reveal the top of the Arc de Triomphe. By the time the penthouse was built, Beistegui had turned against the modern movement: too bourgeois. When he came to decorate his aerie, he eschewed minimalism for thirties chic: Venetian chandeliers and blackamoors and tufted Second Empire upholstery. It was all a bit camp—and Le Corbusier was predictably *(Continued on page 180)*

Beistegui turned against the modern movement: minimalism was bourgeois



Guests in towering costumes by Dior and Dali, *opposite*, assemble at Beistegui's ball in the Palazzo Labia. The watercolor was painted by Alexandre Serebriakoff. *Below right:* Chilean guano magnate Arturo López with his wife, Patricia, at center, arrayed for the ball in Chinese dress by decorator Georges Geffroy, at right. *Above:* Trophies of the hunt are displayed in the faux bois and faux marbre lined entrance hall at Groussay. *Left:* Movable hedges and walls adjoin rooftop stairs at the Paris penthouse. *Below:* To Le Corbusier's chagrin, Beistegui installed Second Empire gilt furniture inside the modernist penthouse.









All decked out in twirling Pucci, Sandra Bernhard strikes a Norma Desmond pose in front of her thirties Spanish-style bungalow. Details see Resources.



enny Bruce, Lucille Ball, Lily Tomlin, and Laura Nyro got together and an incorrigible child, that incorrigible child might be actress, singer, er, stripper, writer, satirist, comedienne, social critic, full-service girl Sandra Bernhard. HG tracks down the rapier-witted rising star of e and screen in her North Hollywood bungalow, where she camps out

ographs by Dewey Nicks Produced by Charles Gandee


"cleaning
is so relaxing"
PASQUAL'S



I moved here from New York City where I was living with a pseudoschizophrenic in a studio apartment, which wasn't working out all that well. Anyway, I resisted buying a house for a long time because I'm always afraid I won't have enough money. But my friend Tanya, who sells real estate in the Valley, brought me here and I just fell in love with the house because it's the antithesis of all my personas. It's simple, it's calm, it has no bad vibes. It's a place where I can be completely myself. But I can also play roles, play games. Which is what I do very very well, if I do say so myself. Here I am in front of my little house stepping out into the world. The limousine is late. I've lost my sunglasses. But I've got attitude. Lots of attitude. And here I am in Mizrahi sequins with big hair. I always want to be in Mizrahi

o stranger to Playtex ves, Sandra, *left*, ides herself on eping a tidy kitchen. *ove:* An entirely fferent woman, wever, emerges in e living room, where ndra, shimmering in aac Mizrahi sequins, elcomes visitors retta Young–style her house. The holstered armchairs e from Domestic rniture Co., L.A. The fa, from Dialogica, YC, is entitled She's Touch with Herself He Surrenders.

sequins with big hair when entertaining in my very spacious living room. The woman in the kitchen is a combination of my mother, Jeanette, and my grandmother Edith, who spent eighty percent of her life in the kitchen making brisket and every imaginable Jewish dessert. Yes, I like a tidy house. My housekeeper cleans the top of my Maytag, I clean underneath my Maytag.



That girl in the backyard is somebody who likes to kick back and take care of the garden in cutoff jeans and cowboy boots. And if the yard was big enough, she'd have a horse and she'd jump on it and go for a ride. Eventually she might meet up with a Gary Cooper type. The bedroom? A lot of great things have happened in that bedroom. But I do insist that all weapons be left at the door, and I always keep a guard dog by the bed just in case of violence. . .

In her bedroom Sandra sends seductive signals with scarlet red sheets and a black peignoir. The erotic photograph was a gift from best girlfriend Madonna; the mint-green bedside table is from Domestic Furniture Co. *Opposite:* Isaac Mizrahi's Star of David cowboy belt punctuates Sandra's at-home ensemble of choice, cutoffs and a T-shirt.


I just love
that green lawn.
Don't you?"



I like balance, so I
use pairs," says Mar
Paule Pellé, *opposite*
in a shirt by Christi
Lacroix and skirt by
Chantal Thomass.
Among the pairs in
her sitting room, *lef*
are plaster medallio
faux bois pedestals,
and African stools.
Details see Resourc



Flair for the Unexpected

Master stylist Marie-Paule Pellé assembles a Cartesian collage in her New York City apartment

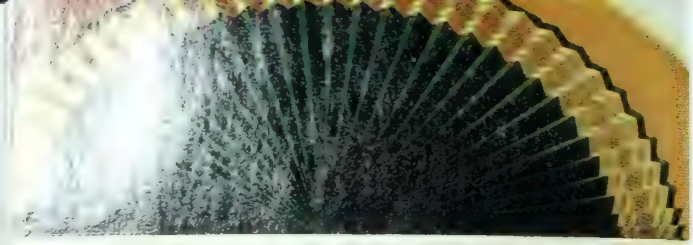
By Gabriella De Ferrari

Photographs by Gary Deane

EVER COME HOME EMPTY-HANDED FROM A FLEA arket," says Marie-Paule Pellé, as she surveys r Manhattan apartment. A tireless traveler no has rummaged through flea markets and tiques shops on four continents, she has creat- in this turn-of-the-century building on the pper West Side a magical milieu with a decided- European sensibility, a place that exemplifies r talent for taking disparate objects and form- g them into harmonious and powerful collages.

Pellé is a legendary figure in publishing and esign circles, a master stylist whose boundless eativity and restless spirit have enlivened nu- erous enterprises, ranging from *Vogue Décora- on*, HG, and *Condé Nast Traveler* to the new enri Bendel store on Fifth Avenue. "I have no les," she says. "I go where my duty—which is y pleasure—calls me."

This energetic and engaging Parisian is ressed this morning in a black Nehru jacket of r own design, simple white pants, and large





"This place reminds me of Europe," says Pellé of her apartment. "It seems to be inspired by an English mansion"



A collage of flea market finds combines a stove, a glass ball, and a fireplace fan, *above*. *Right:* A small portrait of Napoleon's son rests against a plaster relief. *Below:* A sunburst on the bedroom ceiling. *Opposite:* Original paneling and plasterwork create an old-world setting for 1930s gilded iron chairs from Malmaison Antiques, NYC, a chandelier of Pellé's design, and a table dressed in a Pierre Frey fabric available from Clarence House.



coral earrings. The effect is muted and discreet. Her apartment is anything but. In the wood-paneled dining room a lively tablecloth harmonizes the sophisticated discord created by emerald-hued Venetian glassware, gold-bordered Italian dinner plates, Japanese and Chinese bowls, and French silver, all under a plaster chandelier Pellé designed. On the mantel a blue ceramic Brazilian ball with painted yellow stars, a gift from the late New York decorator Rubén de Saavedra, stands between two chimneys for hurricane lamps, one of them topped with a small costume crown. A ceramic piece by Lisa Rubenstein stands on the window ledge in front of French trellises from the 1930s which Pellé installed to improve an unappealing view. Poised in the fireplace is a metal angel wing by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray.

In the sitting room she pours coffee into the Chinese rice bowls that serve as cups. She admits that she bought the coffee we are drinking mostly because she found the label attractive. It is easy to like Pellé.

She is, above all, aesthetic. "I am not buying what everyone else is," she explains. "I am buying what pleases me." She rushes off to find a Christie's catalogue. "I just bought two great paintings," she confides, showing me reproductions of two twentieth-century American pictures, one a 1917 portrait of a young boy. "They wanted $4,000 for one of them, and I got them down to $500." These paintings speak more of Pellé's exquisite whimsicality than of an art historian's sophisticated eye. "I just fell in love with them," she says. "The eyes of the boy haunted me. They tell a whole story."

Hers is not the taste of a museum curator; it is visceral, instinctive.





A devotee of flea markets, Pellé relies on her instincts. "I am not buying what everyone else is," she says. "I am buying what pleases me"

"Once I tried to be reasonable," she recalls. "I was looking for an apartment, trying to find one the way most people do it, using all the rules of reason. It did not work. I need to be impulsive. Then it works." Pellé, who once bought a house because she liked its pink exterior, searched a long time before finding a Manhattan residence that suited her. "This one reminds me of Europe," she says. "It seems to be inspired by an English mansion."

The elegantly proportioned rooms, with original wood paneling and plasterwork, are painted in golden tints—in the bedroom, a muted green that captures the morning sun; in the sitting room, a soft beige. This palette provides a uniform light that helps integrate the diverse objects she collects. She seems to have a special fondness for the artifacts, real or imaginary, of departed royalists. Crowns are everywhere. Pairs are everywhere, too: the sitting room boasts a pair of judiciously placed white plaster medallions, one "real, found in Nice," one a copy. Over the fireplace a pair of nineteenth-century Italian wood and crystal girandoles frame an eighteenth-century French portrait, a small gilded wooden crown from a canopy bed, and a perfectly situated blue bowl from Kyoto. "I am a Cartesian," says Pellé. "I like balance, so I use pairs."

Her invented objects, collages of flea market finds, have their own order and balance. Between two glossy white pilasters in a hallway painted in a rich yellow taken from Russia's Pavlovsk palace, for example, a deep blue Bavarian glass ball meant to frighten *(Continued on page 182)*

A painted floorcloth suggested by a Lacroix dress creates a flowery ground for a black steel bed made to Pellé's design, *opposite*. Poised in the corner is a delicate metal sculpture inspired by 18th-century court dress, which Pellé commissioned from Lucio Romero. *Left:* Gilded iron Italian sconces from the 1950s flank a mirror with an arched top, which echoes the garlands on the walls, and a Venetian sunburst with mirrored rays. The painting on the mantel is by Christine Rohmer.





California Suite

One of rock and roll's coolest lawyers, John Branca strikes a traditional chord in Beverly Hills. By Peter Haldeman

Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Joyce MacRae



For the Brancas' kitchen, decorator Lynn von Kersting began with 1940s tablecloths from her Los Angeles shop, Indigo Seas, then added old yachting pictures and antique majolica. Details see Resources.





John Branca represents bands like Aerosmith, but there's nothing rock and roll about his house

IF HOUSES TELL STORIES, LOS ANGELES HOUSES are Scheherazades. On a corner in Beverly Hills, a photogenic Mediterranean villa presents to the procession of videocam-sprouting Alamo rentals a vast expanse of salmon pink stucco relieved by green shutters and the noirish shadows of oversize palms and banana trees. Despite the presence of a black Jeep in its driveway and the absence of its address from any star map, the place fairly oozes faded glam: the chiaroscuro surface insinuates dimmer recesses concealing, perhaps, the detritus of better times for a movie queen whose hairstyle and wardrobe alone remain undisturbed by the years.

In fact, the house admits an abundance of sunlight, light that saturates pastel shades on the walls and settles on the evidence of a rich and hardly moribund existence—orientalist découpage screens plastered with monkeys and clowns, English horse and dog paintings, Russian and Turkish carpets in mellowed floral and geometric patterns, Indian games tables draped with rich Kashmiri paisleys and brilliant Chinese tassels, heavy Venetian grotto furniture, a bust of Liszt on a Steinway concert grand, and chests lad-

John Branca, *left*, with his wife, Julie, and daughter Jessica, in a Rolls-Royce given to him by Michael Jackson *Above:* In the living room sofas and chairs from Indigo Seas ring an oversiz ottoman used as a coffee table, under the gaze of Franz Liszt. *Opposite:* An 18th-century Venetian commode holds delftware and a French tureen.



en with silver boxes, candlesticks, picture frames, seashells, and stacks of books. The imagination veers from actresses in decline to widely traveled expatriates of mysterious nationality.

But heed the Jeep. It hints at another scenario, one that can accommodate a forty-year-old music industry lawyer hunkered down in one of those grotto chairs, his shag haircut damp at the tips from a late Saturday morning shower, blowing on his coffee and confiding, over the strains of Aerosmith that issue from a sound system no less powerful for being invisible, "My main idea was to put some furniture in it." John Branca's is a tale for our time and place, and it goes like this. He bought his first Elvis album when he was seven; learned keyboards and jammed in garages above the Sunset Strip until, at sixteen, he was slick enough to open for the Doors at the Aquarius Theater; and instead



Chinese pottery and 18th-century chinoiserie chairs, *above*, lend an exotic touch to the dining room. *Left:* A mosaic fountain, vintage florals, and wicker give the garden room an alfresco air. *Opposite:* The bed is draped in linen, a pale pink accent to the chintz curtains and slipcovers. The Portuguese carpet is from Y&B Bolour, L.A.

At first, says Branca, "my main idea was to put some furniture in the house," but he proved to be an avid shopper, especially for antiques

of overdosing or taking a Mulholland curve too fast, went on to UCLA, picked up a law degree, and within a few years was representing both Elvis's estate and the Doors. His clients came to include Michael Jackson, who, along with his chimpanzee, Bubbles, was best man at John's wedding to Julie, a shy Stevie Nicks type he met in aerobics class. After the ceremony, performed by Little Richard, John and Julie shacked up in Beverly Hills, had a baby, Jessica, and called a decorator about fixing the place up.

This would be Lynn von Kersting, who was raised on a ranch in Arizona, who put her feet up in "fabulous funny old family houses" in Palm Beach, Paris, and Malibu, and whose efforts on John Branca's behalf provide the occasion for sharing her own L.A. story: Lynn, who used to act, came here to do a play, but then she met Richard Irving, a friend of John's who ran a chic and very successful bakery, and before long Lynn and Richard had opened the Ivy, a little restaurant with a battered picket fence and plates on the walls and chairs on the ceiling and other suggestions of a fabulous funny old house somewhere between New Mexico and New England, a fairly unusual reference in Los Angeles at the time, and one that everybody loved, so when the Chinese health food restaurant next door lost its lease, Lynn took it over and turned the place into Indigo Seas, a showcase for all the hutches and ivory laces and seashells she had collected, and pretty soon everyone was heading over to Indigo Seas after lunch and Lynn was taking on decorating clients.

"For John we brought in these really cool 1940s tablecloths from the shop and made curtains for the kitchen," says Lynn over an Ivy lunch of blackened redfish. "Then majolica for the walls and a couple of carved mantels from Savannah to serve as

(Continued on page 180)





Anne Bass, *left*, stands with Paul Rudolph, the architect of her Fort Worth house. *Below:* Beyond a reflecting pool and Maillol's *La Rivière*, terraces and roofs appear to hover above the hillside site.



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Texas Tou



e Force

Anne Bass and Paul Rudolph achieve an exquisite balance of art and architecture in her Fort Worth house

By Mildred F. Schmertz

Photographs by Scott Frances

Produced by Charles Gandee



Rudolph's cantilevers jutting from a vertical core recall Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater of 1939, *above*. *Below:* In its transparency and pure geometry, Mies van der Rohe's 1951 Farnsworth House is another precursor.



THE ARCHITECT Paul Rudolph once proclaimed Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater to be "that rare work which is composed of such delicate balancing of forces and counterforces, transformed into spaces thrusting horizontally, vertically and diagonally, that the whole achieves the serenity which marks all great works of art." At the time he penned this tribute, Rudolph himself was about to design a house that could be just so described. Wright's masterpiece at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, finished in 1939, is the most famous twentieth-century house in America. In contrast, its direct descendant, Rudolph's Bass house in Fort Worth, Texas, begun in 1970, is virtually unknown, having been off-limits to all media until now.

The house was commissioned by Anne Bass and her former husband, Sid Bass, only a few years after they graduated from college. In the first half of the sixties, when he was at Yale and she at Vassar, Yale was perhaps the liveliest and most influential center for the visual arts in America. Rudolph was a strong presence as chairman of the School of Architecture and architect of Yale's new Art and Architecture building, completed during Sid Bass's years in New Haven. Many Yale undergraduates and friends from nearby colleges, whatever their majors, found Yale's art and architecture programs irresistible, attending exhibitions and auditing lectures, particularly those of the great architectural historian and critic Vincent Scully. Anne Bass, who studied art history at Vassar, remembers that Scully's teaching gave her fresh insight into the world of contemporary architecture.



An axonometric of the Bass house, *above*, displays its complex pinwheel plan and interlocking volumes. *Below:* Entry steps lead the way to a varied sequence of spaces.



She recalls that in approaching Rudolph as clients, the Basses "both knew that what Paul had done at Yale and elsewhere was not precisely what we wanted, but we realized that he had the vocabulary to speak to some vague idea of what we hoped to accomplish. We were very young and very intimidated by the prospect of working with Paul because we admired him so much. But from the very beginning we felt that he really understood what we wanted to do." And what they really wanted to do, elevated in spirit as they were by the high architectural culture that had entranced them at Yale, was to foster the creation of a masterwork that they themselves would live in and enjoy.

Rudolph, already in his early fifties, did find the Basses rather young to be launching such an ambitious enterprise. He recollects, however, that vague and intimidated they were not. Even in the nascent stages of working with Rudolph, it is likely that Anne Bass soon revealed her own lean and spare aesthetic, her desire to reduce the house to its essentials, pure and clear. No other conceivable demand could have better matched Rudolph's own powerful architectonic will. Thanks to Anne Bass's ardent and dedicated connoisseurship, the couple got their masterpiece. Rudolph has yet to build a greater house.

His design is all about space: boundless space; nest and cavelike space; space that stacks, projects, overhangs, recedes; space that inhabits sky, terraces, and inner court; space that focuses garden vistas, frames paintings, enfolds sculpture. Although Rudolph's other works of the period, such as the well-known Boston Government Service Center, embody monumental curvilinear elements in exposed corduroy-textured concrete reminiscent of Le Corbusier, the Bass house is composed of rectilinear shapes with no curves at all. There were reasons. At the beginning of the design process, reports Rudolph, Anne Bass asked, "Well, do we have to have curves, or could we just have straight lines?" As it happened, Rudolph already had in mind a rectilinear house that would perch dramatically on the irregular hilly site. Furthermore, he believed that right-angled flat-surfaced walls would best display the contemporary painting and sculpture the Basses had begun to collect. These considerations led to a building framed in wide-flanged structural steel,



The allée of pleached oaks extends the rectilinear precision of white enameled steel and aluminum into the parklike landscape devised by Robert Zion, Russell Page, and Anne Bass.

painted white, and enclosed by glass or white porcelain-enameled aluminum sheathing, its lightness and transparency recalling Mies van der Rohe's Farnsworth House in Plano, Illinois, of 1946–51.

Like Mies's classically modernist pavilion, the Bass house hovers slightly above the terrain. It is sited halfway up a slope and relatively close to the street, ensuring that as much of the land as possible can be used for lawn and garden. The plan is essentially a pinwheel organized by placing the long axis of each rectangular plane at a right angle to the one it adjoins. Three basic stories are subdivided into a series of twelve levels with fourteen different ceiling heights, plus a small penthouse. The various levels of the living and dining floors interact with those of the bedroom and study floors above. Several levels are placed at the low end of the hillside with a central court in the middle, facing the main view, and the service facilities partially dug into the slope. As the land falls away, the house floats above the ground in a series of cantilevers, which include the swimming pool and the automobile courtyard. One of the more spectacular cantilevers is a forty-foot-long rectangular expanse under which one enters the house. Noting that the principal entrance is the fulcrum or point of balance between the hill and the house, Rudolph explains that the "ideal of weight and counterweight, similar to the movement of the human body, became the genesis of the house."



The multiple floor levels and ceiling heights are proportioned to the horizontal dimensions of the spaces, allowing one to experience an extraordinarily varied series of environments in moving through the house. Intimate spaces open into ample ones, rooms are dark or light, inward or outward looking, intense or serene. The core of the

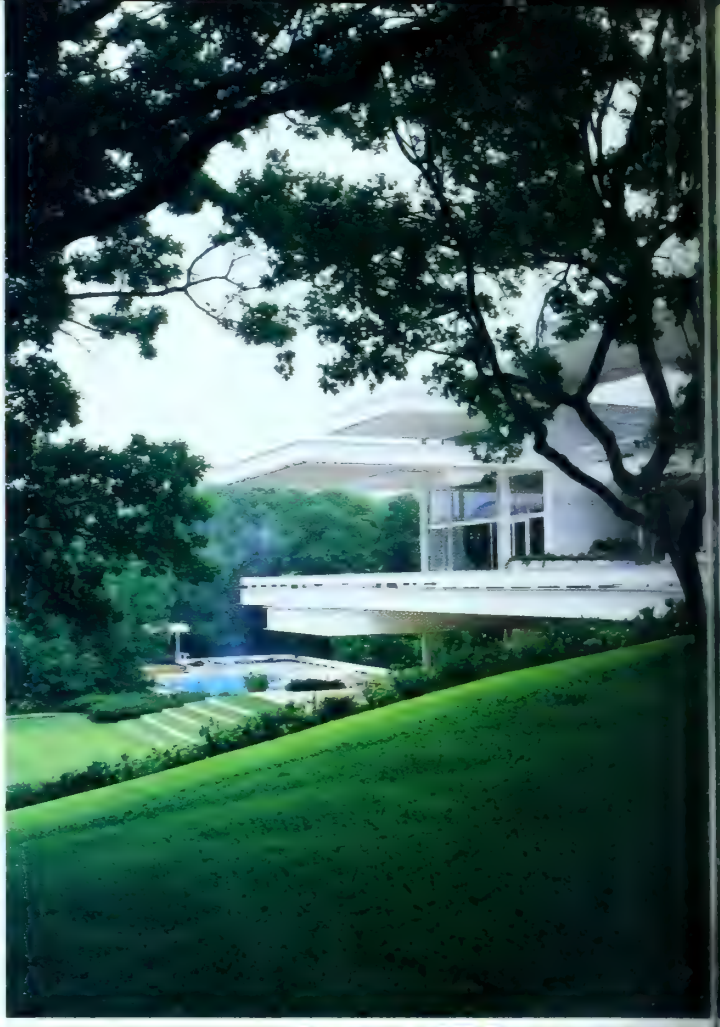
The Bass house is all about space: boundless space, cavelike space, space that projects and recedes, space that frames paintings and enfolds sculpture



In one of the grander spatial contrasts that unfold as visitors ascend within the house, a low-ceilinged seating area, *right*, opens onto the two-story living room. Banquettes reflect Rudolph's preference for furniture integrated with its architectural surround. Silvery upholstery is keyed to the hue of gray carpet and the sheen of a Cedric Hartman lamp. Beneath a Calder mobile, a Mies table holds a Dale Chihuly glass bowl. A Rothko hangs to the left of the stairway. *Above:* Stairs between the entry and living room levels overlook a blue Ellsworth Kelly set in a black pool. Details see Resources.











"The ideal of weight and counterweight, similar to the moven



ouse is the vertical chimney mass, revealed at every level s it rises through the interior. Rudolph calls the chimey the stake or magnet around which the spaces of the ving room, the upper portion of the study, the library, nd stairs revolve.

He subscribes to the theory that once an architect has vented the best way to enter a building, half the design ttle has been won. This is well demonstrated in the ort Worth house. Anne Bass enjoys watching a first-me visitor experience her architect's ingeniously comlicated spatial sequences on the way from the car to the cond-floor living and dining spaces. Beginning at the utomobile arrival terrace, the entry route makes eight urns through a vertical height of fifteen feet to reach is principal floor. The visitor starts out by passing rough a gate in a garden wall; a row of potted seasonal lantings straight ahead directs one to the left to the acual entry door. Purposely unadorned and almost secreve, the door opens onto a rather low dimly lit hall with a iew to a brilliantly sunlit courtyard, the floor of which is black reflecting pool with a single sculpture by Ellsorth Kelly, surrounded by white walls with ivy cascading from the top. Cantilevered stairs lead to a skylit planted landing, more stairs, more landings, more art, and finally to the seemingly boundless living room with its long axis directing the eye to a majestic view of the lawn and gardens beyond. For anyone not in the mood for spatial juxtapositions, however, there is a more direct route to this level via shortcuts intended for family use.

The Bass house is unquestionably one of the high points of a great architect's immense oeuvre, but how does it accommodate family life? Anne Bass recalls that from the beginning "it was a long struggle to achieve a

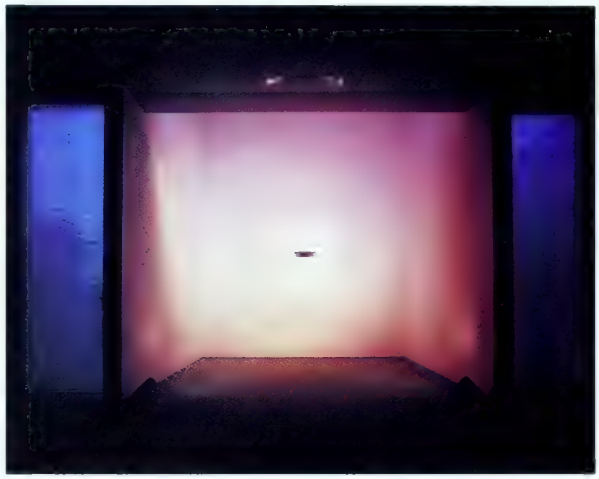
In the living room, *above*, a Morris Louis and a Frank Stella flank a garden vista. Behind a grouping of Mies Barcelona chairs, two Robert Graham dancers are silhouetted against the window. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Stairs between the second and third levels offer changing views of a Frank Stella and Matisse's *Jazz* series. Broad overhangs shade indoor and outdoor living areas, and grassy steps connect the lower terrace and lawn. Another Maillol figure faces the library on the far side of the inner courtyard. Bass family portraits by Andy Warhol, commissioned for this wall in the dining room, are mounted above more Mies chairs and a Rudolph-designed table surfaced in subway grating inset with pieces of mirror.

e human body, became the genesis of the house"



feeling of warmth. When we moved into the house, I remember going out onto the lawn with my daughters, who were then four and six. The temperature was a hundred degrees and one of the children said that there wasn't a tree to stand under. Two landscape architects later, there are plenty of trees." A dedicated and skillful gardener in her own right, Anne Bass first engaged Robert Zion, who was responsible for the overall layout of the grounds and the peripheral plantings. Russell Page subsequently collaborated with her in developing the domain beyond the house. Every aspect of the landscape was designed to reward contemplation from the many vantage points offered by the architecture. The grand view focuses upon Maillol's sculpture *La Rivière*, centered in a black-tile reflecting pool that dominates the central axis of a broad and deep lawn. This magnificent sweep of grass is bordered on one side by a gentle slope and on the other by an allée of thirteen-year-old pleached oaks. A path off the allée steps down to a rose garden, conservatory, pergola, and lily pond. Bordering the whole are carefully nurtured woodland and a meandering stream.

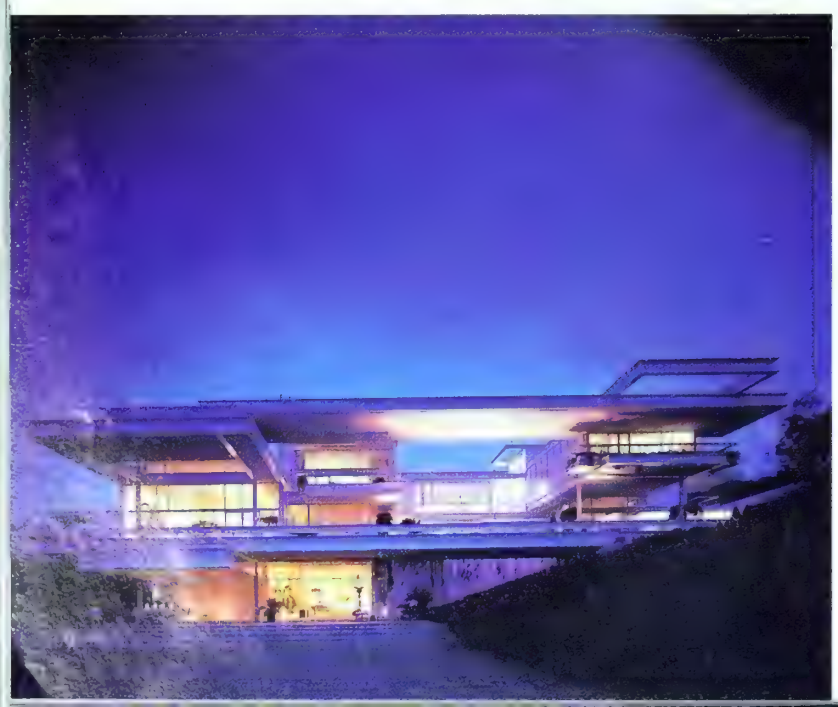
Just as the landscape was conceived to warm and enrich the house, the art collection was gradually selected to enhance this particular setting. "I have rather definite opinions about art," declares Anne Bass, "and I do like color-field, minimal work." Only once did the Basses directly commission a piece for a particular space, inviting Andy Warhol to do the series of family portraits assembled high on a wall in the dining room. Nevertheless, throughout the house, the positioning of paintings and sculptures in space produces the effect of inevitability.



Anne Bass confesses that she often buys an object without knowing exactly where it is going to go, confident that since it fits her aesthetic, she will eventually discover the right place. "Sometimes I've had a piece that I've moved around for several years, not knowing what to do with it, and then, all of a sudden, I discover just the perfect spot—I mean the perfect spot to me."

Today Anne Bass is making few changes to her Paul Rudolph house, which she keeps in mint condition. Sustaining and nourishing architecture comes to her as naturally as her support of other arts. A leading patron of the New York City Ballet, she sees the painstaking upkeep of the house as analogous to a dancer's discipline. "Many dancers," she explains, "say that if you miss one day of class, you know what you have missed; if you miss two days of class, your teacher knows; and if you miss a week, your public knows. A house and garden are similar." To see Anne Bass's Texas tour de force is to know that she will never miss a step. ♠

Early on, Anne Bass revealed her spare aesthe
"Do we have to have curves," she asked Rudol
"or could we just have straight lines?"



Elevated on a stepped platform, *opposite*, the master bedroom's modernist canopy bed is covered with embroidered linens. *Top left:* Bound volumes of botanical prints lie open beside miniature potted topiaries in the study Anne Bass has dedicated to literature on gardening history and landscape design. *Above:* A niche opposite the bed in the master bedroom frames a lighted acrylic sculpture by Robert Irwin. *Left:* Nighttime illumination presents a cross section through some of the twelve floor levels and fourteen different ceiling heights with which Paul Rudolph subdivided the three main stories of the house.





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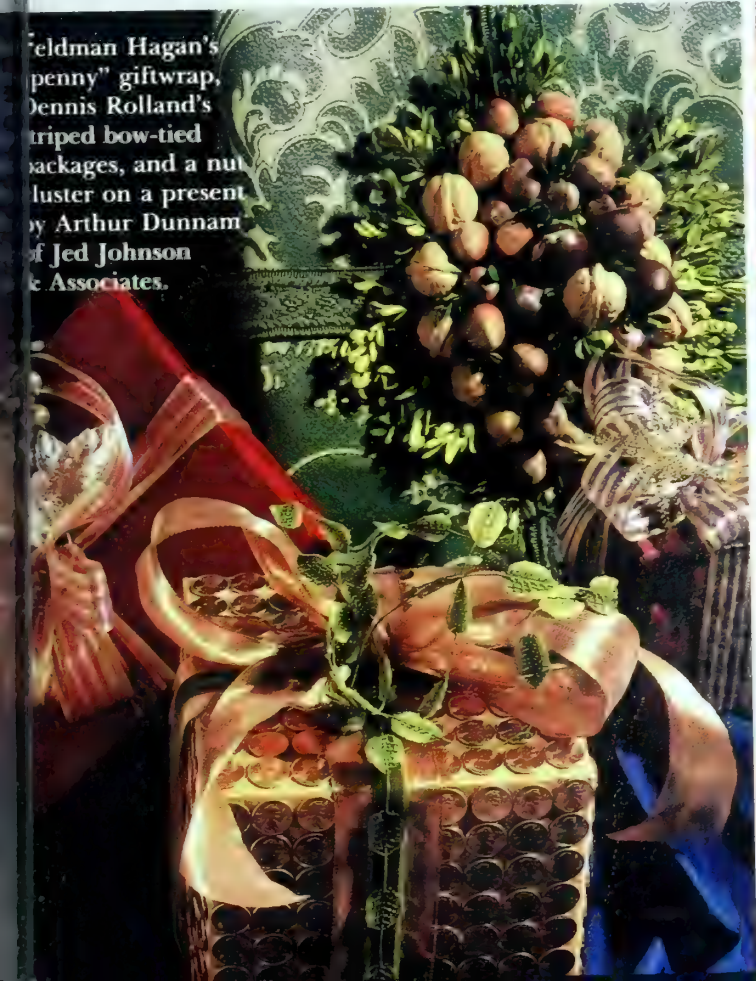
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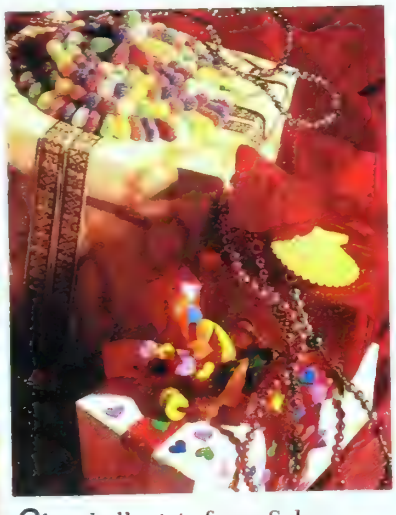
Decorators and floral designers spread good cheer

By Alexandra de Rochefort

During the winter holidays, when most people spruce up their surroundings, professional decorators and floral designers don't stop with the mistletoe. Improvising with a wit and spirit reserved for the season, they transform everything from spare change to fruit and spices into a cause for celebration. Among this year's merriest offerings: a gift wrapped in pennies, a cascading cloved orange topiary, and, in the towering confections category, a six-foot replica of the Empire State Building made of peppermint sticks.



Feldman Hagan's "penny" giftwrap, Dennis Rolland's striped bow-tied packages, and a nut cluster on a present by Arthur Dunnam of Jed Johnson & Associates.







Glass balls, *top,* from Salou, NYC. *Above:* Dunnam, Robert Currie, and Susan Zises Green topped gifts with gumdrops, a shell, and hearts. Beads from Judyth vanAmringe. *Above right:* Richard Keith Langham's cashmere slipcover; wallpaper from Christopher Hyland. *Right:* Cloved fruit and creamware in a plate stand, all from Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC. Details see Resources.

great ideas





Designers deck the halls. *Clockwise from far left:* Bilhuber's peppermint stick Empire State Building. Fantasia Floral's wreath of fresh pepper berries. Gilded star and leaf curtain tiebacks and a brass box on an organza tablecloth, all from Dampierre & Co., NYC; ball from Salou; calla lilies and vase from Renny, NYC. Hethea Nye's tree ornaments. Topiaries by VSF, NYC. Tulle-swathed table set by Bob Patino & Co. with flowers by Zezé, NYC. Bookshelves in Bunny Williams's apartment crowned with a starburst sculpture by R. W. Russell.








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Sharp Focus

(Continued from page 112) vases plucked from the Marché aux Puces in Paris. He unearthed the trio of tall cubist paintings leaning by the windows in a less exotic locale—his parents' attic. Amused by the painted figures' distended Plastic Man proportions, Nathaniel guesses that his father bought them in the early fifties and stashed them away soon after. A suite of twenty-four hand-colored etchings by Miró hang on the other two walls ("I tell people they're Nathaniel's childhood drawings," jokes Anne), and from one corner a giant wooden studio camera, circa 1890, peers out like a boxy Cyclops. "I found it in a London antiques shop," Nathaniel says, fondly patting its brass lens.

Nathaniel's admiration for the photographer's art also comes through in the bedroom where a trio of Mapplethorpe photographs rest on a Zeff-designed curved set of shelves of cherrywood and iron. "With all the apartment's straight lines we needed to introduce some sensual contours here and there," says Zeff, who gave the bed an arced headboard that can dovetail into the bookcase. Also composed of interlocking parts are the twin Pierre Chareau steel nightstands, whose segmented geometric tops fan open and closed like a hand of playing cards.

Perhaps all the mobile elements—the sliding screen, the adjustable nightstands, the pivoting shelves, the Marcel Breuer wheeled chaise longue in the living room—appealed to Nathaniel because when the apartment was being decorated his life was in a state of flux. But now that this repatriated Upper East Sider has settled into a marriage and a flourishing photography career, the apartment has absorbed the couple's everyday paraphernalia and taken on an aura of stability. No doubt Kroeger Woods's and Zeff's designs will continue to adapt to Nathaniel and Anne's changing needs. "I try to provide a substantial environment," Zeff says. "That way my clients can go on with their lives when I bow out." ♠

Couture Cuisine

(Continued from page 131) New York where he studied fashion design at Parsons and worked for a New York designer before going out on his own. His first collection, presented in the fall of 1989, won accolades—and the patronage of the regal godmother of young designers, Martha's Lynn Manulis.

Now Toi is creating both his couture and his culinary magic in new quarters on 57th Street—and serving them up with an artistic flourish in a showroom that feels more like a living room than a commercial establishment. "It's more home than home," he says, the place where he spends nearly every hour of every day and where his friends hang out, drinking his special iced tea brewed with fruit and mint.

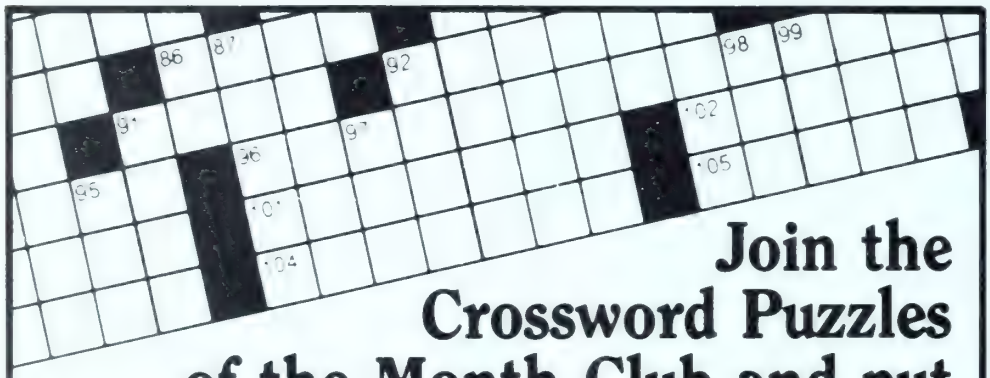
In the future Toi dreams of owning a brownstone with a boutique, a showroom, and a café, where the food will change with his moods and the seasons, just as the clothes do. "I've always wanted to combine food with fashion," he says. Until then, the magic words are "Won't you stay for lunch?"

DAD'S FABULOUS CURRIED CHICKEN WITH GOLDEN EGGS

13 quail eggs, hard-boiled
2¼ cups corn oil
½ cup jasmine rice
2 shallots, finely minced
4 tablespoons curry powder
2 tablespoons salt
1 stalk lemon grass, chopped
1 large chicken, cut into 13 pieces
1 tablespoon sugar
7 small red chili peppers
3 cups coconut milk

Peel quail eggs, then deep fry in about 2 cups oil until golden brown. Set aside. Toast the rice in a frying pan over medium heat, then grind into a medium-fine powder. Set aside.

In a wok or large pot heat the remaining ¼ cup corn oil and brown the minced shallots over medium heat. Add curry powder, salt, and lemon grass. Cook, gently stirring, until golden brown. Add chicken, sugar, chili peppers, ¼ cup coconut milk, and browned rice powder. Cook 7 minutes, stirring constantly, then add 2¼ cups coconut milk. Bring to a rapid boil, reduce heat, and simmer 40 minutes. Stir in remaining ½ cup coconut milk and the eggs. Cook over medium heat 13 minutes. Serves 6–7. ♠



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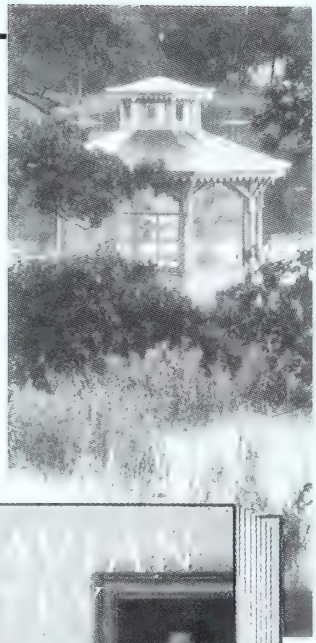
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California Suite

(Continued from page 163) shelves. We painted the walls a funny old blue that was in the background of one of the majolica pitchers and hung some fabulous old yachting and ocean liner pictures. In the dining room I started with Creil plates and these really pretty West Indian engravings of plantation life and a bunch of nineteenth-century toile cushions. It was the same for the living room—I had a lot of tole and papier-mâché trays..."

In their pretty and exotic clutter, the Brancas' rooms have, in Lynn's phrase, "intellectual glamour," a seemingly unstudied and seasoned stylishness undiminished by either the deliberation or the dispatch with which they were assembled. Nearly everything in the house was bought locally, which is one reason Lynn was able to fill 10,000 square feet in three months. Another reason was John Branca, who'd hoped to have the job done in one month and who acquired many of his new belongings before they'd been unloaded from the trucks behind Indigo Seas.

"The fun part of it was I love to shop," he says. "And Lynn likes to shop. So it was great to go out and buy just about anything you wanted, and if Lynn agreed that it could work, you knew she'd find a way to work it in." It's all, Branca emphasizes, about working it in. His fingers graze the polished burl surface of an escritoire in the bedroom: "Here's a very pretty French writing desk. Eighteenth century, original paint. By itself it would be gorgeous, but it's stuck in the middle of a zillion things, which is kind of great."

Late last summer, John Branca negotiated a contract between Sony Music Entertainment and Aerosmith which will make the latter the highest-paid band in rock history. Now and then, in a philosophical mood, he finds his own presence in the middle of a zillion things rather at odds with his rebel roots. "You know, there's this dichotomy," he says. "Here I am with a top decorator and a Corniche that Michael gave me. But then I also drive a Jeep." And then again, as they say in L.A., that's another screenplay. ♠

Despot of Decoration

(Continued from page 144) horrified.

When war broke out in 1939, Beistegui stayed on in France as a neutral with honorary diplomatic status. He had recently acquired the Château de Groussay near Versailles, and its aggrandisement was his answer to the challenge of war. Instead of an architectural gem he could not have touched, Beistegui settled on a nondescript neoclassical house where he could give his folie de grandeur full rein. Hostilities were never allowed to deflect him from his task or interrupt his way of life. His notion of a wartime disaster was a maid who had the impudence to have her hair permed.

Beistegui's transformation of Groussay owes much of its success to the ingenuity and imagination of his architect friend Emilio Terry, whose quirky neoclassicism and sense of theater were rooted in admiration for the eighteenth-century visionary architect Ledoux. Beistegui's astute sense of gigantism found its happiest expression in the château library formed out of four rooms on two floors. On one side of this lofty room a pair of faux-mahogany staircases spiral past shelf after shelf of morocco-bound books to a gallery just below the ceiling. In the unshelved section of the room, vermilion walls are hung hugger-mugger with smallish old masters interspersed with classical reliefs. The atmosphere of urbane connoisseurship at Groussay is only faintly marred by the shrill carpets Beistegui commissioned from the royal factory in Madrid. I find them garish, his only lapse in taste.

Beistegui acquired few major works of art. For him, as for so many decorators, paintings helped fill a space, evoke a period, or compensate for a lack of ancestry. And although he acquired some important pieces of furniture, these often as not rubbed shoulders with things that were merely meretricious or copies. However, as befitted a man whose fortune came from silver, Beistegui had a superb collection of plate. He had a canny eye for porcelain, preferably monumental in scale. He also had a special penchant for delft tiles, which he used to decorate the interior of one of the more be-

ing follies at Groussay, a striped al tent inspired by Gustavus III's rdhouse at Drottningholm.

1948 Beistegui bought the Palazabia in Venice, and for the next e or four years its rehabilitation ld be his main priority. The Labia renowned for its dazzling frescoes Antony and Cleopatra by Tiepolo, it was in a run-down neighborod. At one point, an army of squathad moved in, and even though a rooms had been restored in the 0s, the palazzo had sunk back into pidation. The frescoes had recentbeen damaged by a munitions exsion. There was, however, an xpected bonus: some fine furnie turned up under old dust sheets.

o celebrate the restoration of the azzo—eighteen staterooms and a en bedrooms—to the height of settento magnificence, Beistegui held a at masked ball on September 3, 51. Outfitted as a Venetian procurain crimson robes, full bottomed g, and the platform shoes that the lonobility had worn at carnival time, istegui towered over his guests.

Fêtes such as this traditionally opened with a succession of entrées, groups of guests who banded together to represent a theme. The most ambitious entrée was organized by the Chilean guano king Arturo López, who came as the emperor of China and costumed his wife and friends as his court. Caked in enamel, fitted with fingernails inches long, aflutter with feathers, they could hardly disembark from the rococo junk that brought them up the Grand Canal. The most bizarre entrée was "the phantoms of Venice," a grotesque group of giraffelike dancers thought up by Dali in collaboration with Dior. To keep the populace sweet, Beistegui donated 200 million francs to the local Communist party and organized a bal populaire in the piazza. People who had not been invited to the main fête found it much livelier.

By the time I visited the Labia in the late 1950s, Beistegui was consumed with crotchety disdain. Friends of mine who were staying in the house complained that Venetians avoided the place: the company was gloomy, the hospitality meager. After suffering financial reverses and a stroke in 1960, Beistegui sold the palazzo to a television network and auctioned off the contents. Back at Groussay, he became more and more morose. He no longer had the means, but this did not stop him building more frantically than ever. So long as his pagodas and pyramids were under construction, he was like a man possessed, whizzing about the park in a faux bois golf cart, brandishing a cane at the workmen. Once a building was finished he lost all interest. In 1970, just as he was about to embark on a boxwood maze, he died.

It was a sad end for this century's most lavish patron of the decorative arts. Groussay, however, did not suffer. The château was inherited by Charlie's nephew. Juan de Beistegui may not have the fantasy of the uncle, but he is far more exigent about quality. Little by little he is replacing the copies with authentic pieces and upgrading his uncle's collection. Informed connoisseurship has taken the place of nostalgia and snobbery. Groussay is not only more attractive, but more fun. ▲

apital Collectors

ontinued from page 106) "We're not seus collectors," she says modestly, nking of pals who are being courted this museum for their print collecn or by that museum for their paintgs. But what's not serious even about s fetching collection of buttons? The ounds of Aubusson pillows? The inese ceremonial robes? The first itions piled, stack upon gold-emssed stack, on Napoleon's own bilrd table in the library and fervently scussed by guests who retire there afr dinner? The couple's interests and owledge are abundant. "We both ve such eccentric tastes we're lucky found each other," she says.

Which is another thing to be said out the couple and their house. We're very romantic," says the husnd. Tonight it will be just the two of em. They'll cook pasta together. Maye plan their next trip. They'll light the ented candles in the living room and e tapers on the dining room table.

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Sculpture in Green

(Continued from page 118) garden centered on a Florentine wellhead. From the gate, the vista extends over the well through a low wall, and downhill to a large urn set in the middle of a lawn. Straight as this axis is, it is not centered on the house. The paving turns increasingly informal along the way from the gravel of the drive, through the almost Mozarabic pattern of narrow stone paths and grass around the wellhead, to the swale of lawn beyond.

To look west from the terrace is even more intriguing. The line of sight traverses one edge of the sunken garden, flanks a small stone structure, and ends with a glimpse of the corner of a tall-hedged space set at a slight angle to the path. Inside the hedge is the cutting garden, filled with roses, phlox, Iceland poppies, gerberas, delphinium, ranunculus, and a wall of white callas. The tantalizing oblique view is an invitation to go and visit it.

The south garden turns the north parterre inside out. Instead of working sinuous elements into a rectangular geometry, it spreads down the hill in a single expanse of lawn, interrupted subtly by stone and water and hedged only at the perimeter. A straight stone path lined by rose trees and candytuft descends to a balustraded seating area under a gigantic gnarled old oak tree, a remnant of Montecito's original landscape. The whole terrace is curved, as are its benches. Even beside it, where a straight, nearly invisible stone wall steps down slightly to the lower lawn, the pavers are framed in unobtrusive stone volutes that look almost organic. The only architectural surprise in this part of the garden is an oblong lily pond—visible not from the gravel court but from the terrace balustrade—which reflects the oak tree.

During the first decades of this century, many Californians wanted to possess their own Arcadian fantasy of the Mediterranean world, a vision inspired as much by the colorplates in storybooks or travel literature as by the places themselves. At Il Brolino, Florence Yoch found the alchemy to make the difficult task of giving them their Mediterranean seem not only simple but appropriate. ♠

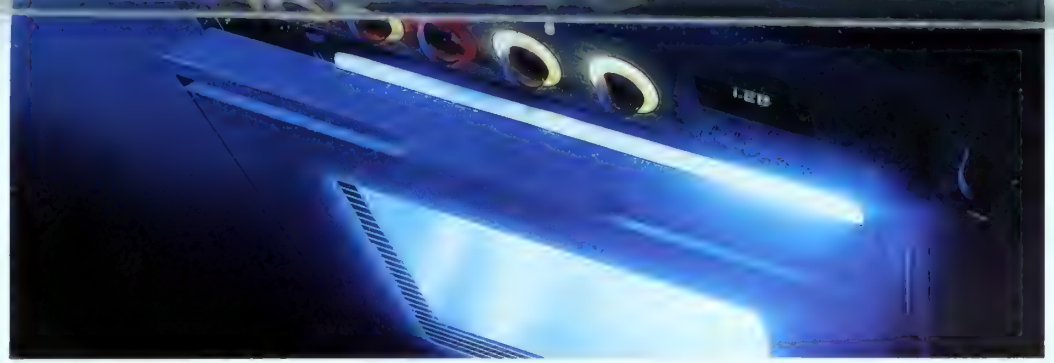
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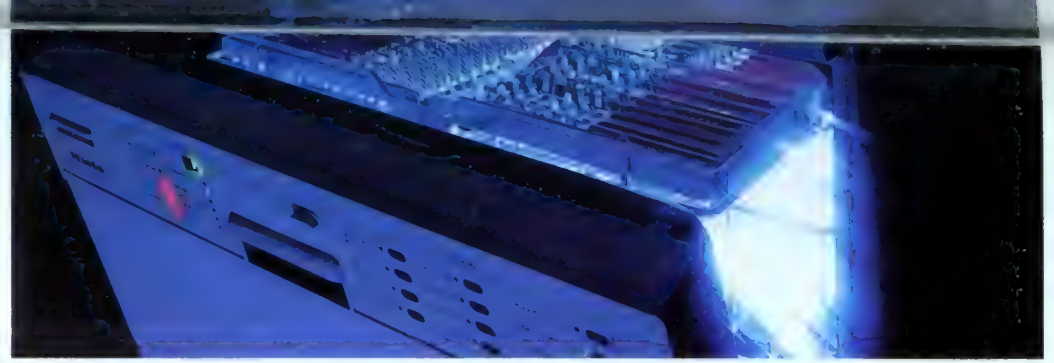
(Continued from page 156) away birds rests atop a plastic copy of an Austrian stove that was probably used as a theater prop; above that, a large paper fireplace fan reposes in a semicircular niche. Together the stove, the ball, and the fan are as beautiful as the finest of her antiques.

In her search for objects that meet her exacting standards, Pellé has begun to design furniture. The centerpiece of the bedroom is a bed that she had made in New Jersey—a sweeping black form of laminated steel. "At first they told me it was not possible to do. But they did it, and look how well," she says proudly. The impact of the steely black bed is softened by the lace-edged antique sheets that drape across it and by the vibrant bed of flowers below it: a canvas floorcloth inspired by a Christian Lacroix dress. Beside the bed is an ironwork end table that Pellé discovered, she recalls, "on the sidewalk at 74th Street and Lexington," and in the corner stands Lucio Romero's delicate sculptural evocation of the underpinnings of eighteenth-century court dress. Leaning against the wall behind the bed is a moody portrait of Carlotta O'Neill, the wife of the playwright, by Abram Poole. That such disparate pieces can coexist successfully is a tribute to Pellé's visual sensibility.

Her signature style prevails in all her projects, whether created in her own quarters with relatively limited funds or in a public space like Bendel's, where chairman Leslie Wexner, inspired by Zola's novel *Au Bonheur des dames*, spent freely to realize his vision of a "ladies' paradise." Pellé's taste informs the look of the store, from the choice of materials to the design of the tea room, the coffee bar, and the wrought-iron railings—which, in typical Pellé style, echo a detail from her Paris apartment.

What's next? "I want to build a house in Africa," Pellé says. "I don't know where yet, but I already have the doors. They are big cedar doors that had been removed from a New Jersey courthouse. I have a dream, so I anchor my dream. The doors are the key to something I will do someday." ♠









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Our appliances are known throughout Europe as the very top-of-the-line. Superbly designed. Constructed of superior materials. Meticulously engineered for impeccable performance. Today ... tomorrow ... and for years to come.

Miele is a German company managed by third-generation descendants of our founding families. Nearly a third of our employees have been with us for more than 25 years. There is a continuity of leadership here ... and a long-standing spirit of pride. Our engineers and designers, our scientists and craftsmen, simply won't compromise on quality. Perhaps that's why Miele has led the industry in technological innovations: the first tub washing machine. Europe's first dishwasher and first tumble dryer. The world's first computer-controlled appliances.

We care about our reputation for ongoing consumer-oriented research and product development. And we care about the environment, too. For decades (long before it became a fashionable cause) we worked on design advances geared to conserving energy and protecting natural resources.

Which is another reason we build our appliances to last.

Small wonder that Miele has such a rapport with "rebels." In a throw-away society, we share a rather more enduring vision.

One of the fine appliances from Miele is featured on the reverse of this page. Miele appliances are available through your architect or designer, and from preferred dealers.

For information, please call:

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Miele®

Anything else is a compromise



Miele.

A shining example of what dishwashing can be.

After nearly a hundred years of creating state-of-the-art appliances, some companies might be tempted to rest on their laurels

At Miele, however, our view is just the opposite. Our engineers and designers and craftsmen have an *ongoing* commitment to innovative technology and uncompromising quality. Which is why Miele has so often led the way in setting new standards of excellence.

Our dishwashers are a case in point. Miele made Europe's very first automatic dishwasher - quite a revolutionary concept in 1929. Then, in the late 1970's, we introduced the breakthrough technology of micro-computer touch-control. And now, Miele's newest dishwashers boast features light-years ahead of the rest of the industry

Take our unique cutlery tray. A simple, utterly sensible convenience destined to make the old silverware basket obsolete. Individual grooves hold each piece of silverware separately for thorough, gentle cleaning with no danger of scratching. The tray even lifts out, so you can just slip it away in a drawer, silverware and all

On a rather larger scale, there's the advantage of an indestructible cabinet of surgical stainless steel. The blissful quiet of triple insulation. *Three* spray arms with strategically angled nozzles for powerful jet cleaning of even the most casually loaded pieces.

These ecologically and economically sensible machines use as little water, detergent, and energy as possible. They're designed with an advanced triple filtration system, plus a water softener that's built right in. And, of course, our intelligent wash programs can be trusted to scrub the lasagna pan *or* to carefully bathe the Baccarat

Does such innovation have its price? Of course. But it also provides the entirely satisfactory assurance of getting precisely what you pay for uncompromising quality

Miele dishwashers are made in Germany and are part of the fine line of Miele appliances now available through your architect or designer, and from preferred dealers.

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TEXAS TOUR DE FORCE

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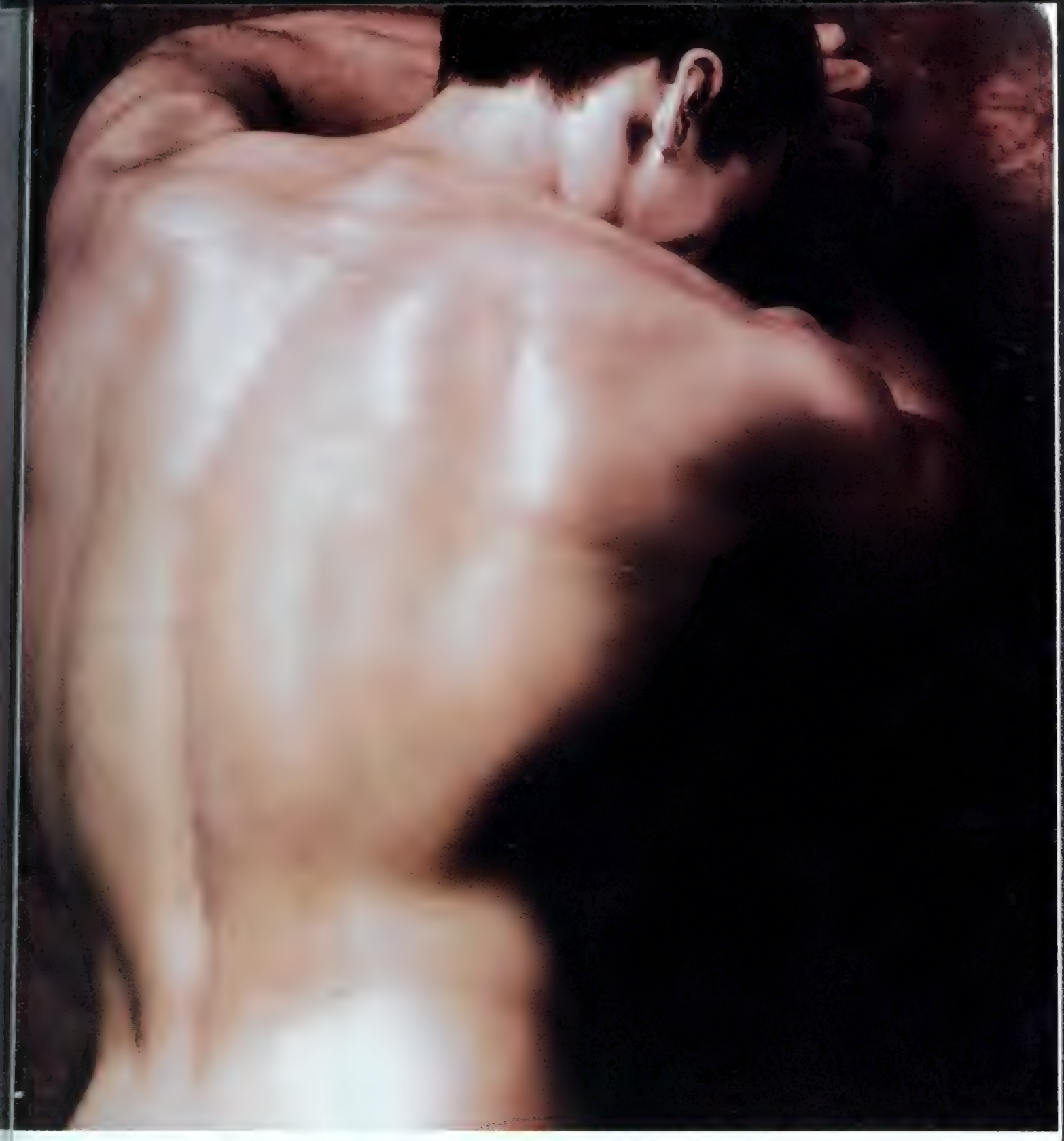
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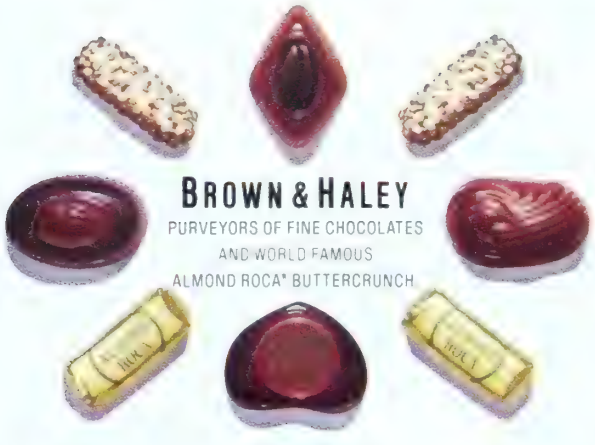
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THE END OF FRENCH RESISTANCE.



Gandee AT LARGE

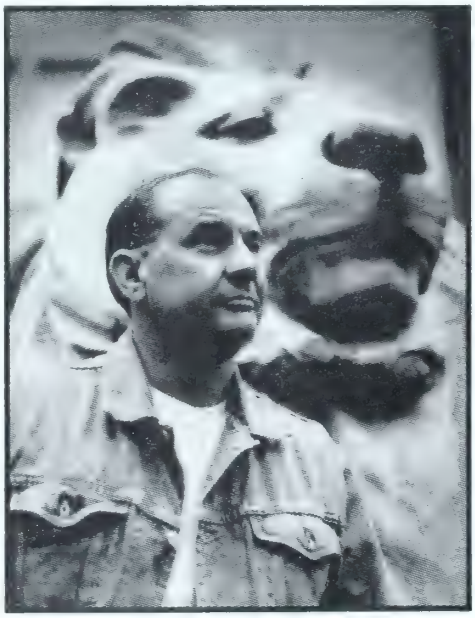
I asked Bob Bray to tell me a Christmas story

"When Mother shot herself with Dad's .22-caliber rifle, I stood over her and looked at the fresh pool of blood as red as the duchess of Windsor's fingernails and I made a silent vow to myself that someday I would be famous. The radio was blasting Elvis singing 'Don't Be Cruel.' It was 1956. I was thirteen. OK, so maybe the radio wasn't blasting Elvis, but if at a strategic moment in her autobiography Diana Vreeland can look up and see Charles Lindbergh making his way to Paris, I can have Elvis on the radio. Yes, definitely Elvis.

"Anxiety and lack of an audience muted any sounds my voice might have made to call for help. I suppose it was anxiety. I have always had difficulty naming feelings and I have had too many to try naming them all. The scarier ones got buried before they got named.

"My brother, ten years older, was in the army's language school in California at the time. Dad was not at home. Dad was never at home. Never.

"If it is true that less is more, I was born with everything. We lived in a town called Fox, in nowhere southern Oklahoma, in a three-room shack without plumbing. It was at the foot of a recently toppled wooden oil derrick at the end of a dusty dirt road. To add further embarrassment and humiliation to this circumstance, Dad, who never finished anything, had painted the house the same shimmering silver as the oil field storage tanks that littered that part of the country. 'The best primer money can buy,' he had said, before permanently tilting himself back in a chair at the domino table in the pool hall which was to become his home and hangout for the rest of his life. Occasionally I would hitchhike into town to sneak a peek at him through the window. Sometimes he would notice me and wave but usually not. Dominoes was a serious game requiring a concentration which could not allow the burden of a family. Nonetheless, I loved him.



Bob Bray at the New York Public Library.

"Mother regained consciousness; Dad appeared at the screen door. This duel of uncanny timing was as shocking an event as Mother's 'accident,' as we came to call it. No words were spoken. We made eye contact, significant eye contact: Mother, stoic; me, painfully questioning; Dad, predictably, not readable. But he did handle all the details with an efficiency totally alien to our household, quickly driving to the general store to call for an ambulance, putting Mother into bed. I cleaned the red off the highly waxed yellow floral linoleum.

"The arrival of the local black hearse, which doubled as the ambulance, added its own worn morbidity to the scene. Mother was taken away and, with her, her very special brand of schizophrenia, which she had polished and honed to the delight and the fright of her children. The surreal evening came to a close quickly. Dad in his '52 Chevy followed the hearse. I could see them both a mile away where the dirt road intersected the pavement. The hearse turned north toward the state hospital, Dad turned south toward his domino game.

"You're asking, what does all of this have to do with decorating? I'm telling you, it has everything to do with decorating. As far back as my memory reaches, my environment was a source of shame, a symbolic manifestation of one family's malfunction, a billboard blatantly stating NO SELF-ESTEEM HERE.

"I hated heating bath water on the kitchen stove. I hated the outdoor toilet—freezing in winter, black widow spiders in summer. I hated too-small spaces, no privacy, a house that did not work, a house that insulted my inexplicably high regard for aesthetics. I wanted to have lunch with Bertrand Russell and Dame Edith Sitwell at Pauline de Rothschild's. I wanted to wear Frank Lloyd Wright's cape to take tea with Coco Chanel at 31 rue Cambon. How did I know these people existed? These places? The books. The shack had books—in every corner, on every surface, under anything on legs, on top of the refrigerator. Voltaire, Balzac, Nietzsche, Camus, Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, Steinbeck, Faulkner, Hemingway, Wolfe, Lawrence, Dostoyevsky, Twain, Whitman, Tolstoy, Fitzgerald, Capote. My mother and brother were avid readers with a religious reverence for anything in print. The books were their legacy to me.

"If it is true that less is more, I was born with everything"

"Long before my formal training, I had the books. Long before the travel and the work with the rich, the famous, the artists, the writers, I had the books. Long before my partnership with Mike Schaible, I had the books. Barbara Bush is right. Reading educates. Education saves children. In America anything is possible. In a democracy anyone can decorate. Give a book for Christmas."

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Charles Gandee